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The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. X.

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NO. 1.

LINES.

F. M., '98.

Dost thou long to be a painter,
With thy brush to sway the world?
Dost thou long to brighten others
With the light thy own life furls?

Do there throb within thy bosom
Visions fair, majestic, grand,
Yet thy canvas always spoiled
By an erring, faithless hand?

Dip thy brush in dyes of heaven
And upon thy life's white roll
Let the Master painter draw thee,
On the windows of thy soul.

Let Him paint those high ideals,
And the world shall then descry
What thou wouldst have done with earthly,
Painted with a heavenly dye.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT NASHVILLE.

LUCILLE ARMFIELD.

Of the many great gatherings of the past summer, a notable one was the Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Nashville, Tenn., on June 22nd, 23rd and 24th. While the hearts of England were throbbing with many and mighty emotions as they celebrated the jubilee of Her Majesty, the Queen, the hearts of thousands

of men and women of the South were stirred to their depths by the jubilee of the "Johnny Rebs." Coming as it did, during the great Tennessee Centennial, and in a city lying in the heart of a section that was the scene of some of the fiercest fighting of the war, the Reunion this year was unusually enjoyable and interesting. More happy circumstances for the success of such a meeting could scarcely be imagined. The very low rates due to the Exposition and the central location of Nashville caused the attendance to be larger than ever before, and thoroughly representative, not only of all sections, but also of the rank and file of the Southern soldiery. Indeed it seemed that much the greater part of the Confederate survivors were present, for it was officially stated that 15,000 men were in attendance.

From the very first moment the traveler boarded the train, the figure in gray was conspicuous, destined to become so familiar later on. He was well-dressed and prosperous-looking, belonging to a company which still keeps up its organization. But soon one learned to recognize as Confederate soldiers the plain, poorly-dressed old fellows who wore no uniform save the uniform of gray that Time had placed upon their heads. By the time the Tennessee line was passed the crowd began to make itself felt. Every seat was taken. "Hundreds of tickets sold in Knoxville;" "Four car loads waiting in Chattanooga;" "Crowded specials coming from Atlanta;" and so the news went. But the crowd was in fine spirits, for they were all going one way and no one felt that he could go wrong.

Chattanooga was reached about midnight. There a change had to be made, and a stop-over of two hours. The huge car-shed, re-echoing with the great blasts of the engines and the slow ringing of bells, produced at that hour of night a weird effect upon even the sleepest passenger. Above the roar of confusion there sounded a yell of "Rah, rah, rah; whackety-whack; sis, boom, bah," or words to that effect. Thus a dozen or more college boys announced themselves. Then a group of "Old Vets" returned the salute with the famous old-time Rebel yell. It had been inspiring to hear those young fellows, representing as they did the best and brightest life in our civilization; but somehow even a young woman caught herself thinking that this was something finer still.

As the train sped on through the darkness, all within was joy and good-fellowship. The great majority of the passengers were

Veterans, and they seemed determined to enjoy every moment of their trip. A rough, but kindly old fellow, hailing from Mossy Creek, in the mountains of East Tennessee, exhibited with much pride a large oil-painting of a pet rooster, which was his comrade through the war. The picture bore some such inscription as this: "Jim Crow, enlisted June 5, 1861, captured such-and-such a date, prisoner at Point Lookout, released April, 1865, died December, 1869." How that rooster survived Point Lookout and its starving inmates is surely subject for wonder. But not now. It was no time to be skeptical. And so as the night wore on, the slumbers of the weary were disturbed by the constant rehearsals of all the old battles and experiences. The passenger bent on sleep might be dropping off into a little cat-nap, when a voice would begin: "Yes, 365 of us went into that charge and only 85 came out." For one wild moment the heartless would-be sleeper wished that only 84 had survived. Tullahoma was reached in the "dawn's early light." Everybody seemed to have been wounded near Tullahoma, and so the long series of reminiscences began afresh. From Chattanooga the train was made up of nine cars, packed full. All day heavily loaded trains from various quarters poured into Nashville every half-hour. It was one of the sights to go down to the station to see the trains come in. Every section and every social grade was represented by the visitors. It was truly exciting and pathetic to see the greetings between those who had not met for thirty years or more. Grip-sacks and other baggage were deliberately set down and considerable hugging indulged in. And tears—they were unrestrained. It was far, far better than any play that was ever written to catch these glances of human dramas of love and sorrow and joy. The Veterans were immediately hurried off by the reception committee to headquarters, where homes were assigned them. For three days the generous and hospitable people of Nashville entertained this army of 15,000 men. At the "Confederate Hotel" alone 36,000 meals were gratuitously served to Veterans during this time. Numbers visited friends and relatives,, and many good women entertained in their own homes two or three or more soldiers who were strangers to them, and felt honored in so doing.

Nashville claims 85,000 inhabitants, and that day she claimed 85,000 guests within her walls. Everything was crowded: streets, cars, houses and yards. It was odd to ride along the beau-

tiful residence streets and see a dozen or more people sitting on every veranda. A big wholesale house on the square fitted up its entire second floor with cots and housed 75 Veterans. The city was gay with decorations and an ever-moving throng. Miles of red, white, and blue bunting and thousands of flags and mottoes made a brilliant scene that will live in the memory for years to come. The people themselves had caught the decorative fever, for every one was wearing badges, buttons and ribbons of varieties that were legion. At Headquarters there were meetings of various companies and of old comrades. There it was a continual love-feast. But a real love-feast took place in Sam Jones' big Tabernacle, at which only Veterans were present. They ate and drank together, sang the old songs, cheered the old heroes, and wept over the dead. What a rich, full time that must have been !

Tuesday evening there was a general reception in the magnificent Capitol building, to which crowds flocked. And what a strange throng it was ! Old soldiers and young in showy uniforms, men in faultless evening-dress, and women in costly gowns and flashing diamonds, greeted and elbowed the alpaca coat and the inevitable shirt-waist. The large Hall of Representatives was packed with people standing while the fair sponsors of the various States and their maids of honor were introduced. Brilliant and beautiful they appeared, dressed in lovely evening-gowns, sparkling with gems and loaded with flowers. The soft lights touched them kindly and their beauty was enhanced many fold as they stood blushing and smiling under the admiring gaze of thousands. When all had been duly presented and cheered and admired, a Nashville woman with a wonderful voice sang "The Bonnie Blue Flag" with much spirit and feeling, while she waved on high the Confederate flag. The crowd joined in the chorus ; but above the voices of the multitude, above the strains of the orchestra, was heard that merry, rippling, sparkling voice, that was half laughter as it sang :

"Hurrah ! Hurrah ! For Southern rights hurrah !
Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag that bears the single star."

"Dixie" was given as an encore. No wonder a few of the old Rebs forgot themselves and yelled and sent up a hat here and there ! The evening was closed with a grand ball in honor of the

sponsors and their maids, where they danced and were admired to their heart's content.

Wednesday was the day of the great parade. Early in the morning the streets were swarming with people, and by 9 o'clock the cars had to be stopped along the route of the march. The crowd was so great that no carriages were allowed on the streets except those that were to be in the parade. All the business-houses displayed placards which read: "Closed in honor of the United Confederate Veterans." Broad street, where the procession was formed, presented a bewilderingly gay appearance. It was packed, as were several cross streets, with carriages, tally-hoes, horse-back riders and soldiers on foot, all waiting for their place in the line. Meanwhile a sort of informal reception went on.

The men moved about freely among the vehicles, greeting old acquaintances and making new ones. Compliments flourished in great profusion. It was a delightful time for all; and in instances where the wife, or daughter, or sister of some brave hero was seen she received an ovation—men crowding around to grasp her hand.

A detailed description of the parade is well-nigh impossible, as it was a very long one and made up of various elements. Of course the Veterans were the idols of the crowd. Everywhere they were cheered, "Here come the Boys in Gray!" "Boys," ah me! with the prattle of grandbabies still sounding in their ears. Now and then an old crippled darkey passed, representing that class of faithful slaves who followed their masters throughout the war. One company had their cook, who received much attention—an old darkie riding a mule and leading another, on which cooking utensils were packed in regular army style. Several companies were dressed and equipped as they were in the sixties: canteens, blankets rolled up and hanging from their shoulders, knapsacks on their backs, etc. And though they did not make a very handsome appearance, yet one felt that they were the genuine article, true to life, and that they gave the younger generation an adequate picture of the real Southern soldier. Grizzled and battle-scarred, they were in marked contrast with the correct, natty, well-dressed laddies of the many military companies. The marshals of the day were old officers, and were dressed in the officers' uniforms which they wore thirty years ago—now moth-eaten, but still very handsome.

Rivalling the Veterans in the attention and admiration of the crowd were the pretty girls. Tally-hoes were loaded with them in clouds of white organdie and fluttering white parasols. Beautiful girls rode horseback, as only women can ride where fine horses are appreciated. As one carriage passed, containing a vision in bright-hued organdie and gay ribbons and flowers, one old fellow waxed enthusiastic and cried out: "We didn't need you in '61, but we need you now!" The vision bowed and smiled and waved her hand to him, and cheer after cheer followed her till they were lost in the shouts. And handsome matrons, too, rode beside distinguished men in beflowered and beribboned carriages. Everywhere the beautiful palmetto branches of South Carolina were seen, waving in long, graceful curves. Some of the carriages were literally hidden in flowers, wheels and all. The ladies' handkerchiefs were kept in constant motion, returning the salutes of the people, at every window and balcony, and on the house-tops. And some of the more distinguished men rode with heads almost constantly uncovered, so hearty and continual were the cheers.

Men famous in war and peace added to the distinction of the procession. A fine appearance they made as they sat, erect and dignified, upon thoroughbred horses with handsome trappings. General W. H. Jackson, of Tennessee, was there as Chief Marshall; Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Veterans, and Judge Reagan, of Texas, the only living member of Jeff Davis' Cabinet since the death of Maj. George Davis, of Wilmington, N. C. Gen. Simon B. Buckner rode in a carriage, being unable to stand the heat and fatigue of a horseback ride.

So few of the Generals are left now that the presence of these was especially pleasing. The surviving members of Forrest's Escort made a conspicuous group, with two little fellows who filled their grandfathers' saddles.

About 15,000 Veterans were in the line. None of them would give up the privilege of marching again with their comrades. One fellow, as a companion was trying to convince him that the march would be too much for his failing strength, indignantly exclaimed: "Man, I was with Stonewall Jackson." True, some walked on crutches and wooden legs, and many an empty sleeve was seen. All were gray-haired and showed the marks of Time. But when they fell into the regular swing, shoulder to shoulder, keeping step to the old war-tunes, the real martial spirit seemed to breathe in

them once more. Several old battle-flags were carried, torn, perforated with bullets, and discolored with the blood of heroes and the stains of Time. These were received with enthusiasm everywhere. Ah ! everyone was so gay, but it was a sad sight withal. Well might the bands play their merriest, cherriest tunes, the horses prance, the maidens smile, and the glorious sun shine ; for it was one of the pitifullest, most pathetic old processions this old world has ever seen.

Arrived at the Centennial grounds, which are three miles from the centre of the city, the great crowd assembled in the Auditorium, where many short speeches were made by men renowned in war and affairs of State. It was a veritable love-feast. All the stories were re-told and the old experiences lived over again. Representatives from all the Southern States made talks for their respective States. The oldest living Confederate soldier, Michael Bulger, of Alabama, was lifted to the platform. He was bowed down by the weight of 94 years, and he trembled in every limb ; but when an old flag was waved over him and the crowd broke into applause, he straightened himself up, and his eyes flashed with their old-time fire. This exercise at the Auditorium closed the Reunion proper.

For two days the Centennial, good and great as it is, had paled into insignificance, and even the city itself, with its many beauties and attractions had been forgotten. The Veterans were the heroes of the day, the objects of the kindest, tenderest interest and solicitude.

Surely it is good in this commonplace, every-day, middle-aged world, now and then to lose ourselves entirely in some deep overpowering emotion, to be literally carried away along with the great common crowd. Surely it is good once in a while to be generous, to forget our own selves, to admire and applaud and reverence something outside of our own little selfish lives.

THE BIBLE INSTITUTE.

L. N. BLAIR.

From August 11th to 17th New Garden Meeting House, Guilford College, N. C., was the centre of attraction for about 200 people.

To many it was a time of great spiritual blessing and an arousing of a more lively interest in Bible study. The thought running through the lessons of the Institute seemed to be "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

The doctrine of Sanctification was shown to be a definite work of grace subsequent to regeneration, and those who have the experience are *able not to sin*. This is in contradistinction to the teaching of a body of people who hold that when one is sanctified he is *not able to sin*, but whose every day life shows that their doctrine would better be labeled sanctimoniousness.

Some of the subjects treated of were as follows :

"The Plan of Redemption" in three lessons, by William P. Pinkham, of Woonsocket, R. I. This was a very clear analysis and exposition of the subject. He treated it under the following heads : (1) Man as Made ; (2) Man as Fallen ; (3) Atonement ; (4) What a Savior must be ; (5) Jesus Christ such a Savior ; (6) Man under Redemption, or the Benefits of the Atonement.

Repentance, by J. R. Jones, Guilford College, showed the elements of repentance to be conviction, loathing of sin, sorrow, submission, confession, forsaking, forgiveness and restitution.

Joseph Potts, of Greensboro, read an able paper on "The Gift of the Holy Ghost.

The Suppressed Question, by Mead A. Kelsey, High Point, proved to be that of secret societies. He showed conclusively that they are very detrimental to the spiritual growth of the church.

The Bible in History, by Prof. John W. Woody, Guilford College, was an interesting series of lessons, showing that history corroborates the Bible.

J. Walter Malone, of Cleveland, Ohio, gave several lessons. One of the most interesting was The Church Periods from a Prophetic Standpoint, in which he showed a parallelism between the

prophetic parables in Matthew 13 and the Epistles to the seven churches in Revelation 2 and 3, and that they cover the church's history from the time of its founding at Pentecost to Christ's personal return.

Other lessons were given on "The Plan of the Ages," which was illustrated by chart.

Effective Preaching, by William P. Pinkham, was defined as that which accomplishes its purpose, and its purpose is found in Acts 26:18. He gave many suggestions as to both essential and helpful preparation, chief of which is "Be filled with the Spirit."

In his lessons on Reasons and Remedies for Poverty of Results in Bible Schools, the reasons are disbelief and unbelief on the part of teachers, ignorance of the underlying truths of the Bible and indifference to questions of doctrine. The remedies are, the superintendents and teachers should be experimental Christians. There should be parental instruction, and all instructors should seek for the early conversion of pupils.

Religious Fads, by William P. Pinkham, was defined as thoughts that become popular by their plausibility and are in the way of the reception of religious growth. The first of those spoken of is False Liberalism, or that which allows equality to all opinions whether true or false, whether honestly held or otherwise, provided the holder is sincere or conscientious, and puts fact on the same level with opinion. The second is, dogmatism in the interpretations of prophecy whether liberal or mystical; and the third, blind acceptance of the hasty inferences of great men, both scientific and religious.

The Institute closed under a feeling that the Holy Spirit had been present at all the sittings, guiding and directing the work.

"LIFE AND TRAVELS OF ADDISON COFFIN."

ADA FIELD.

This autobiography will certainly meet with a hearty welcome from Addison Coffin's many friends and admirers.

Like himself, it is simple and straightforward, yet deep and noble. All through the book there breathes a loving, peaceful trust in God, by whose power "he was what he was."

Few have had a more bitter struggle with poverty in youth than he, yet few have more splendidly overcome their difficulties. He always looked on the bright side, and has enlivened his work with a number of amusing stories.

Uncle Addison, as we love to call him, is very interesting, especially in his accounts of his connection with the Underground Railroad, of his great emigrant excursions to the West, and of his travels.

He travelled all over Western United States, parts of Mexico, Egypt, Palestine, and all the nations of Europe, and made a visit to British Columbia. His intense love and appreciation of nature, his wonderful memory, his knowledge of history and geology, his keen eye, and his eager, thoughtful mind make the record of these journeys both entertaining and instructive.

We quote from his account of a visit to his son in Nevada :

"Near Carson City is another remarkable object not surpassed in any corner of the earth. It is the footprints of men, animals and birds found in a solid rock foundation, when excavating in the yard of the State prison. When I first saw these footprints of a past geologic age it filled me with inexpressible astonishment, for here were traces of beings that had existed long, long before the fossil forms on John Day River had seen the light. They were back of the prison building, where the heavy sandstone rises in a hill sixty to one hundred feet high. An acre or more, had been excavated for building stone, twenty to thirty feet at the east, south and west walls. As they progressed, the layers of stone varied in thickness from two to six feet. At the depth mentioned a layer was uncovered, showing footprints of huge elephants, giant men, innumerable birds, deer, horses, dogs or wolves, a huge elk, a gigantic bird, and other animals wholly unknown. The tracks had been made in a stiff clay about six inches deep ; there it had hardened and been covered by a deposit of the material of which the rock was formed, preserving the foot-marks in perfect condition. The elephants' tracks were twenty-two inches in diameter ; the men's eighteen inches long, eight inches wide at toes and six at heel ; the other impressions of known animals were similar to those of the present.

"Under this formation, which was two feet thick, the same kind of marks were found on the stratum below, but double in number. In one case a child had been led by the parent, leaving perfect

footprints. The tracks were scattered thickly over the space. The animals seemed to have crossed in every direction. Then people seemed to have walked singly over in groups. Near the west side of the yard an elephant had died and left an outline of its form, and several fragments of its tusk were near by. Its mate had apparently, from the marks, remained by it for some time. Sixteen horses had gone by in a company, all close together and in a direct line ; they appeared to have been the last to pass. One unknown animal left a roundish track nearly eight inches in diameter, wholly different from all the others and from anything now living or among fossil remains yet discovered.

" These footprints open up a new chapter to geologists, and reveal the existence of animals in a time heretofore unknown, and the presence of man in an age and under circumstances inexplicable. I was so interested in this discovery that I charged my memory with the whole picture so it would not fade, and on arriving at home drew a chart and had it engraved and printed. It was fortunate I did so, for when I last visited the prison yard, in 1893, it had been dragged over with heavy stones, carts and wagons, and all marks were destroyed, excepting a few near the east wall and close to what was then the southwest corner."

The story of his long and eventful life Addison Coffin donated to the Girls' Aid Committee of the North Carolina Yearly Meeting, and profits from its sale will be used in that noble work.

BROWN EYES.

Ah, sweeter to me than songs of the birds
That herald the sun's early rise,
Or zephyrs that float from the land of the nymphs,
Is the glance in my darling's brown eyes.

Ah better, far better, than hoards of pure gold,
And fairer than stars ever shine
Is the glance that comes from the bonnie brown eyes,
And tells me my darling is mine.

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SEPTEMBER, 1897.

THE financial managers of THE COLLEGIAN wish to call attention to the advertisements, and insists that all students and subscribers patronize those who advertise in our magazine.

We also wish to say that THE COLLEGIAN cannot be printed without money. A good number of our subscribers are behind with their dues. We hope that these, as well as all others will make it a point to pay up at the beginning of the year. Do not put it off until next Commencement ; now is the time we need money.

OBLIGATIONS AND INTENTIONS.

According to the comment of exchanges, THE COLLEGIAN has had in years past a place among the leading college publications. The newly elected editors have no reason to believe that this was undeserved, and in the light of such a gratifying record, we feel upon ourselves an added weight of responsibility. We realize that we are under a most binding obligation by precedent and example to make THE COLLEGIAN during the coming year all that it has been, and add to this, if possible, the progressiveness that

has characterized it. It is far from our purpose that it should be otherwise.

As for our intentions, we have no detailed policy to delineate. It might be said, however, in just a word, that one of our chief desires is, that this paper be perfectly frank and bold. Anything short of this would certainly be contrary to the spirit of true journalism. We have no patience with unnecessary complaint or pessimistic views, but whenever during our term of service we shall become convinced that any missarrangement or unwise management, whether in matters of trivial or much importance, prevails in the College, we shall consider it the duty of THE COLLEGIAN, as a journal published in the interests of the institution, to expose these faults and failures in such a way that they will receive the proper attention by those responsible. In fact, it would be the part of an enemy rather than that of a friend to do differently. Of course all criticisms must be made with perfect justice, and concerning matters, which can be practicably remedied.

In contemplating the work which we have assumed we would not affect to be unconscious of difficulties. We realize that this is a mere beginning and that we have much to learn. We consequently feel the need of tireless effort and extreme vigilance on our part. This shall be given, but alone does not insure success. We must have the co-operation of students, alumni and friends, both as regards subscriptions and literary contributions. Although as usual, we will be partly dependent on the Alumni for matter, still we wish to make THE COLLEGIAN more than ever the paper of those now in College. Students, THE COLLEGIAN is for the expression of your ideas, and it is for you, to a great extent, to fix its standard. Without your assistance the magazine will lack representative matter, and fail in one of its important purposes, namely, the stimulation of literary activity among the students. We cannot here discuss the advantages of writing to the writer. It is from THE COLLEGIAN'S standpoint that this request is now made and with your help and that of the Alumni, we see no reason why its prospects should not be reasonably encouraging.

FOOT-BALL.

The class—if we may call them so—which hold the idea that College athletics is useless and the person who devotes any time to it must necessarily be the loser of that much time, seem to be taking a more liberal view of the subject. This, of course, is noticed with much joy by those interested in athletics. The time was when foot-ball was too rough for human beings; but at present no one can say that it is too rough for a good healthy man. It is thought by many—who have only a hear-say idea of the game—that it is merely a game of muscle and grit. In other words that it is simply a slightly modified barbarious sport. This idea of foot-ball of the present is most certainly erroneous. Foot-ball is a manly sport and no other such out-door game will call so many muscles into play at the same time and require a man to use his mental forces as well.

The rules have been so modified that the play now is necessarily more open than it has ever been, and that the rules are more satisfactory than ever before is shown by the rules of last year giving entire satisfaction and being unchanged for this year's play.

College athletics cannot be successfully carried on without the aid of the student body as well as the faculty; and we hope more interest will be shown in it this year than ever before.

SYSTEMATIC WORK.

The importance of systematic work cannot, to new students, and old ones too for that matter, be too emphatically presented. By having a time for everything and being diligent during that time all will be accomplished that can reasonably be expected by the pupil or instructors. Neglecting this precaution much time will be wasted, recitations will often be hastily and imperfectly prepared at the last minute, progress will be correspondingly unsatisfactory all through the term and at the end there will be much to regret.

Shall we then be systematic or the opposite in our habits of study. There are a great many things which claim the student's

attention. In addition to some twenty or so recitations a week, to be prepared, he should give part of his time to athletics, some to society work, and some to keeping informed on the current topics of the day as discussed in newspapers and magazines. Certainly none of these should be neglected, to say nothing of affairs of less importance. Now, if some period of time, definite as to when, and how long, has been set aside for the preparation of each recitation, and for attending to athletic, society, and other interests, just so soon as more than the allotted time has been consumed on any subject the student will be clearly conscious of the fact, know how the time has been lost and what will be required to make it up. In other words he will know constantly the precise point reached in the performance of his duties. This, it seems to us, would be the best preventive of wastefulness of time and a continual stimulus to effort. It is true that when working on the plan of preparing a lesson at just any time, a very keen feeling of being behind with everything is often experienced, but in this case the knowledge of what needs to be done is so indefinite that usually nothing results.

In connection with this thought on system we feel like saying a word about regularity of meal times. The students are very much accommodated by the improvement which has been made in this respect and hope that those in charge will allow no relapse. It is very annoying to have to wait for a meal from fifteen to thirty minutes after the proper time. Besides being a poor example it interferes with the arrangements of those wishing to study during the interval between meals and the opening of school. "A time for everything and everything in its time" is a motto which might well be adopted by every student and all engaged in work pertaining to their needs.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

THE RECEPTION.

The first Saturday night of the term is always made pleasantly memorable by the reception given in behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union. This was especially true of the last occasion, August 21st. The entire program was rendered in a most impressive and agreeable manner and all enjoyed themselves immensely, or appearances were deceiving. The evening partook of the religious and social feature and may properly be noticed in those two divisions.

First came the devotional exercises consisting of song, reading and prayer. Following this was the address of W. E. Blair, President of the Y. M. C. A. We would give this address in full if space allowed, for it was particularly strong and well adapted to the occasion. He traced the growth of the Y. M. C. A. movement from the time when the Christian work in Colleges was carried on by the few to the present day of well organized Associations, having a membership of the majority of students, all united in harmonious effective effort for their improvement and the uplifting of others. He spoke of the value of religious and athletic training in supplementing the instruction gained at College, and so rounding out the College man to a symmetrical completeness. Lastly a cordial welcome was extended to new students and an invitation to co-operate in the work of the Christian organizations of the College.

The next speaker was Miss Ruth M. Worth, the representative of the Y. W. C. T. U. She has had no small experience in this art and by her pleasant and earnest manner never fails to impress her hearers. The necessity of perfect consecration in all our work as students was her chief theme.

President Hobbs followed with a short talk in which he endorsed the preceding addresses, and added fitting words of welcome. This part of the program was concluded with instrumental music.

The committee on the social had provided a very unique arrangement by which unacquainted parties present were to be brought together. Cards, on which a quotation from some standard author had been written, were cut into two pieces in an irregular way. Half these pieces were distributed among the young ladies and

those fitting into them among the young men. After it had been explained that each fellow was to find, and talk with the young lady whose section of card fitted his, they set out in earnest search of the companions for whom they were destined. Very few, however, ever pursued the search to the finish. After trying to fit the cards several times—often only once—with no success, it seemed to occur to all that it was useless to go further and in the face of a disapproving fate a halt was called, and in many cases the evening passed in the company of the young lady with whom each one happened to be when his confidence in the wisdom of the card's decree was shaken.

The social was given variety by several lively exercises. Among these was the auction conducted by Dr. Stubbs, whose wit and pleasantry kept the audience laughing almost continually. The articles were sold under correct but very misleading names. For instance the person who purchased the "board of education" was surprised to find that the package contained a large wooden paddle.

Following this were rendered a male quartette, recitation and vocal solo. All were particularly bright and well suited to the gayety of the occasion.

The time rapidly passed away, all seeming to be "in it," and the sound of the bell, meaning disperse, came all too soon. Many pronounce this reception the most pleasant for many terms.

J. M. Greenfield represented the Association at the Southern Student Conference at Knoxville. He reports a thoroughly successful session, and may give an account of his trip, to the Y. M. C. A. some time soon.

The prayer meetings thus far have been moderately well attended and the usual amount of interest manifested. It is the desire of the Association, however, to go beyond the ordinary, and it is probable that after the old and new men become better acquainted this will be the case.

ATHLETICS.

College work is again well begun and the Athletic men are once more urging their comrades to take more interest in all College Athletics. Foot-Ball is again on hand and the prospect for a good team certainly is not discouraging. Indeed, our men seem to be extremely light, but if they make up for the loss in weight with agility there will be no material loss for the season.

Guilford has this year taken a step forward in the line of Athletics. Mr. Joel Whitaker, of the University, came down September 1st to train the foot-ball team. For the past two years we have had no coach and hence systematic plays and manner of offensive as well as defensive plays were not so good as those of our opponents. This year we expect to make a good record on the gridiron and there is no reason why our expectations should not be carried out.

We consider ourselves very fortunate in obtaining Mr. Whitaker as coach. He has played on the U. N. C. team for two years, being captain last year. The form of play is the same as used by Princeton as well as many other Universities. Where last year we had every man numbered, which was very complicating as well as tedious, now we have the plays numbered and just one figure tells all there is to be known about the play. The form of interference is most excellent.

The Athletic Association met at the regular time—the first Monday of the term—and elected officers for the ensuing term, which were as follows: J. O. Redding, president; J. W. Lewis, secretary; H. C. Petty, treasurer. Mr. Petty was also elected manager for the foot-ball team and is now corresponding with other College managers in regard to games.

LOCALS.

J. W. LEWIS, EDITOR.

—Many strange faces at the opening.
—Laura Worth is librarian for the year.
—The hazing spirit seems entirely extinct.
—The return of the entire Senior Class is very gratifying.
—Thomas has at last arrived. "Say, have you got a stamp."
—Several rooms in Archdale are connected by telegraph lines.
—Jesse Stanley succeeds Lee Smith as postmaster at this place.
—Only one slice of pie. The Chief says he intends treating this editorially.

—Prof. Hodgins, Hiram Worth and Jos. Gant were among the visitors at the College recently.

—Carl Chadwick went home soon after school opened on account of being unwell, but has returned.

—Farmer Knight, with his engine, has been engaged for some time filling the silo in the cattle barn.

—Miss Pearl Moffitt, of Lexington, was the guest of Miss Cornelia Roberson for a few days recently.

—Rev. Mr. Pinkham, of Woonsocket, R. I., conducted the opening exercises in the Chapel the second day of the term.

—Johnson talks in his sleep a great deal. Perhaps he is troubled about that Faculty mark he got for looking at the girls.

—Miss Lena Freeman was confined to her room a day or two on account of a sprained ankle. She was alighting from a wheel when the accident occurred.

—Prof. G. W. White built a very neat and commodious dwelling near the College during the Summer. It is occupied by Miss Ada Field and her mother.

—The C. E. prayer meetings are well attended this term as usual. This is the most lively religious organization at this place, and is accomplishing much good.

—Ask Greenfield for quotations on jokes. He has the monopoly on this article, but at the same time he thinks fifty cents is too high for one, no matter how good it is.

—Chas. Kerner and Flavius Brown drove down from Kernersville a few days ago and spent the night here. Kerner will be in school at the University this year.

—Melon wagons visit us nearly every day, and an opportunity to purchase this delicious fruit so cheaply is seldom neglected. All will much regret the close of the season.

—O. E. Mendenhall, '95, was at the College on the 26th ult. He goes back to Haverford where he has been in school for the past year. He is taking a special course in English.

—Science Hall! It is now erected, covered, and flooring is laid. It is the tallest and handsomest structure on the grounds. The plasterers are on hand and the work will be rapidly finished.

--School was dismissed at eleven o'clock on August 25th to give the students an opportunity to attend the services conducted in the church by Rev. Mr. Pinkham. The discourse was plain and very profitable to all present.

—A number of Archdale, N. C., boys who are in school here went over to that place on the 27th of August to take part in a game of base-ball for the championship of Randolph County. Miss Freeman went along to root for the boys.

—The two lectures to which we have thus far listened were delivered by President Hobbs and Professor Davis. The former spoke on "The Study of Language." The latter discussed "Books and Reading." Both were directly applicable to our needs.

—Professor from the west to new boy, after the latter's first game of foot-ball: "How did you like the game to-night?"

New boy: (slightly misunderstanding). "It is rough enough for me in the daytime." He went on to describe the dangers and horrors of a game in the dark and the bystanders walked away chuckling to themselves.

—There are two new professors on the Faculty this year, and the College considers itself very fortunate to have secured the services of these men. Prof. J. R. Howard, who has charge of the English Department, has a Master's Degree from Penn College, Iowa.

Dr. Stubbs is instructor in Natural Science and History. After graduating at Haverford he took the Ph. D. Degree at John's Hopkins University.

—Not long ago Professor Howard and two Senior boys went to the negro protracted meeting being held about two miles from the College. Fortune seemed smiling upon them until the return began. The party took a so-called "short cut," in accordance with the kind advice of one interested in them, but it soon became apparent that the new road was anything but a short cut. They wandered on and on with stoical determination, hoping all the while that they would soon come upon familiar scenes. Vain hope! They at last came to a negro cabin and one listening might have caught the sound of a voice, pathetic almost to tears: "Please, sir; we want to know the road to Guilford College." When they got their bearings it was found that their destination was yet several miles distant. A desperate effort was made to keep this mum but it at last leaked out, much to the amusement of all.

PERSONALS.

W. H. COWLES, EDITOR.

W. A. Allen has a good position in Winston.

T. G. Pearson, '97, goes to Chapel Hill this fall.

Elbert White, '93, is now practicing dentistry in Hertford.

Hiram B. Worth, '94, is secretary for a railroad official at Burlington.

Messrs. Kerner, Glenn, Gant, Thompson and Foscue will attend the University this year.

Henry White, '94, who graduated at Haverford last year, will teach at Union Springs, N. Y., this winter.

Guilford will be represented at Haverford this year by Ottis E. Mendenhall, S. H. Hodgin and Oscar Moffitt.

Mollie Roberts, '96, who has been pursuing a business course in Baltimore, will teach in Franklin, Va., this fall.

Ed. Petty, an old N. G. B. S. student and a graduate of the University, will probably teach in Texas this year.

W. J. Armfield, Jr., will leave the bank in High Point to accept a position as cashier of a new bank in Asheboro, N. C.

Prof. A. W. Blair and Genevieve Mendenhall were united in the holy bonds of wedlock 7th month the 1st. They are now located in Raleigh where Professor Blair has a position as State Chemist. THE COLLEGIAN extends its best wishes to them.

EXCHANGES.

RUTH MURRAY WORTH, EDITOR.

This issue of our College Magazine represents the maiden effort of the editorial staff in literary fields. The Exchange editor looks forward with pleasure to the hours which will be spent in becoming better acquainted with the traits and characteristics of the Colleges in our land. It is hoped that this year will mark no abatement in the efforts to make the best use of the influence which may be wielded by College journalism.

The students who have been interested in Woodrow Wilson's Works were no doubt pleased with the sketch and picture of him given in the *Davidson Monthly* for June.

The *Wake Forest Student* is a neat, well gotten up magazine.

There are not many exchanges on the desk now, but the *Central Collegian*, *Emory Phoenix* and *Hendrix College Mirror* are worthy of mention.

DIRECTORY.

PHILAGOREAN SOCIETY.

President—Lena Freeman.
Secretary—Anna Anderson.

WEBSTERIAN SOCIETY.

President—J. O. Redding.
Secretary—H. C. Petty.

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President—Ada Field.
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W. R. RANKIN, MANAGER.

The Guilford Collegian.

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No. 2.

THE MAKING OF THE POET.

L. A.

For years he walked amidst the human throng,
Unseeing and alone; for fixed and far,
His gaze was set upon a wondrous star.
He eager yearned to catch the heavenly song
The spheres sing in their course; and striving long,
To shape in language true the thoughts that are
So fine and high that words their beauty mar;
But ever failed, for he was weak and wrong.

At last among the toiling ones he wrought
To earn his daily bread, with sweat and tears;
And learned to feel their common woes and mirth.
Then straight the words were wedded to the thought,
The strains divine resounded in his ears,
And lo! the star had come to dwell on earth.

PORTIA.*

'98.

Shakespeare presents a character in the Merchant of Venice, the Princess of Belmont, upon whom he has lavished all the delightful qualities of her sex. But besides the dignity, sweetness and tenderness which are general characteristics of her sex, Portia is individualized by many qualities peculiar to herself. The circum-

*An essay written for regular class work.

stances with which the poet has surrounded her early life naturally enough give her many distinguishing qualities. She is heiress of a princely name and countless wealth, and from her earliest youth she has breathed an atmosphere of ease and splendor—never knowing want, or fear, or disappointment.

The whole interest in Portia's history is centered in the peculiar manner in which her suit was to be made, and the decisive way in which she carried out the last will of her father by which Bassanio became her husband, and the romantic results in consequence of their union.

Locked within the three caskets, "the will of a living daughter was curbed by the will of a dead father." It is obvious that this part of Portia's heritage would furnish ground for much anxiety, but hard as it may have seemed that she could "neither choose one, nor refuse none," she held the will of her dying father sacred to the last. But it could hardly be expected that under such circumstances one would be at all times full of contentment and congeniality, and possibly we could not claim this for Portia.

In fact, after it had been known that there was such a person as Portia of marriageable eligibility, and she began to be besieged by admirers of all kinds "from the four corners of the earth," she, in conversation with her faithful maid Nerissa, manifested a little impatience and showed a spirit of criticism. For instance, she referred to the Neapolitan Prince as talking of nothing but his horse and how he could himself shoe him; and the County Palatine who did "nothing but frown." And then there was the Frenchman, Monsieur LeBon, for whom the best that Portia could say, "God made him and therefore let him pass for a man."

And again when the Prince of Morocco and the Prince of Arragon who were more determined than those previously mentioned, desired to try their hand at the lottery devised by Portia's father, there may have been something in her demeanor that would lead to the belief that she was despondent. She had evidently not as yet seen the wisdom in her father's plan, for in referring to Morocco's coming she was led to say, "If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I could bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach; if he had the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil I had rather he should shrive me than wive me." And after his choosing was in vain Portia exclaimed, "Go let all his complexion choose me so."

But, who comes! A young Venitian ambassador, with greetings and rich gifts. He announces the coming of his Lord, Bassanio! A moments reflection, and the name thrills Portia's heart as she remembers the visit of the scholar and soldier in her father's time, and she is conscious that she is in love.

If conceded that Portia's life had bordered on the indifferent and gloomy in the ordeal through which she had just passed, it must now be claimed that her sweetness and tenderness has again returned. She seems now to recognize the wisdom in her father's plan and with confiding faith she patiently awaits the result. While very frank her confessions to Bassanio are sincere. While intensely interested she maintains her dignity and does not in the least use her own knowledge in teaching Bassanio how to choose the right casket. But when it is known that Bassanio has solved the problem which determined her future happiness, like the true spirit that she was, with her heart and affections she surrenders all her possessions into the hand of her husband. Her destiny is in a measure determined and she is in the midst of the battles of real life. From this point she is viewed as the faithful wife of Bassanio.

It is when she knows of the losses of her husband's friend, Antonio, that her great ability and true womanhood shine forth most brilliantly. Portia at once sends Bassanio to Venice to the side of him who had been such a friend, and she begins the great scheme for the protection of her husband's honor and the release of Antonio.

The line of defence which she adopts and the manner in which she conducts herself at the bar are truly wonderful in what might seem an inexperienced girl; and it is here that some would try to detract from the crowning glory in Portia's life by claiming that she stood in the Venitian Court only as a mouth-piece for the learned doctor of Padua. But from the gravity of the case and the distinction of the parties involved we cannot for a moment tolerate such an idea. Now, two of the most prominent and wealthy men in Venice are at law. The case is of such consequence, and there is a point of law in question so delicate that it must be decided by some Doctor of Law from Bologna or Padua. The learned Bellario's decision is called for. Because he could not go himself do you think he would for a moment have thought of committing the folly of placing his reputation in the hand of an incompetent, giddy girl and rushing her off to defend in the higher court of Venice a case of such national importance?

Bellario appreciated full well the gravity of the situation and he was not unfamiliar with the change that might be brought about in the court room in a single moment by the cunning and trickery of opposing lawyers. A character such as the enemies of Portia have pictured could not even render intelligent testimony in a court of justice, much less defend with such ability the life and honor of a bankrupt Christian against the wealth and hatred of a merciless Jew. The truth is, Portia, at some previous time, had acquired a knowledge of law, which together with her ready wit and natural ability, eminently qualified her for this emergency. With her loving heart throbbing for Bassanio, and with a burning desire for justice, she stood in the Venetian court for no other purpose than to save the honor of her husband and the life of Antonio.

Portia is a most remarkable character. Though ideal we cannot say she is over-drawn. Though Portia may have never lived except in the powerful imagination of Shakespeare she is true to life. If considered as a breathing reality—clothed in flesh and blood—the keenest critics have placed her without an equal. She is rightly assigned the first rank as uniting all the lovable qualities that ever met in woman.

“LEFT,” AND WHAT RESULTED.

One day last summer I had the pleasure of taking tea with one of my customers, a thing we traveling men very rarely have an opportunity to do. The gentleman at whose hands I was the recipient of this kindness is one of the most successful young business men in Virginia's great metropolis, Norfolk, he being a partner in a large wholesale grocery establishment on Water street. We were as yet only slightly acquainted, his invitation to his home having been given chiefly on account of the intimate business relations of our houses, but I was conscious that I had growing interest in the man, his force of character being such as to attract attention at once, and I fully intended to use this opportunity to learn something of his past life; especially his business career. An intimation which I remembered to have heard that he began under the least flattering circumstances, quickened my curiosity.

After the meal had pleasantly passed, at which only he, his mother and myself were present, we three seated ourselves on the veranda of his elegant little home, and Mr. A. and I having lighted cigars in accordance with the generous permission of the lady member of our little company, we were discussing in a leisurely manner business, politics, the improvements in the city and such natural topics, neglecting, as two men usually do when with one of the other sex, to select subjects for conversation in which all three are interested. Mr. A. had just mentioned some of the important business men who had located in Norfolk within the past few years, and thinking I could then very naturally make an inquiry about a matter in which I felt I was becoming more and more concerned, I ventured the remark:

"I believe, Mr. A., that you are not a native of this place?"

"No," he replied, "mother and I formerly resided in Western North Carolina, and moved to Norfolk only about five years ago."

"Is that a fact?" I exclaimed, my face and voice brimming with curiosity. "Wished to do business on a larger scale, I suppose?"

"Not exactly," he said. "We were formerly engaged in farming on a small scale, and my getting into business here was wholly unintentional. But I see that I am leading up to the story of our removal here, which is probably too long to be agreeable. We were speaking of the price of wheat; how do you explain the phenomenal advance in its value?"

"Partly, at any rate, by a limited supply abroad; but pardon me, I am sure nothing could be more agreeable to me than to hear you relate the story, if such it is, of your coming here. I promise the closest attention. However, I do not wish you to yield to my inquisitiveness against your pleasure"

"Not in the least, sir," he said. "I suppose my statement that I was so short a time ago on a one-horse farm, four hundred miles from here, justly requires an explanation; and if you really wish, and it does not suggest to mother too much that is unpleasant, I will give, as I have often done before, the facts relating to an occurrence which has meant more to me than any other of my life."

"Don't hesitate on my account," laughed she, "I shall not mind hearing. Besides there is much that is pleasant in the narrative and, like the fairy tales, it has a happy termination."

"You have already heard my wish," I added.

"Well, here goes," he said, and, so nearly as I remember, related the following :

"As I have already stated, mother and I were living well up among the mountains of North Carolina. My father had died when I was ten years old, and you can imagine the kind of life I lived up to the time of which I shall speak, when I was nineteen years of age—a life extremely simple, not without its joys and characterized by hard, unremitting toil. I remember to have had for several years before I reached this age, an ardent desire to travel, but it is scarcely necessary to add, this desire had never been gratified. It required the utmost diligence and economy to provide the necessities of life.

One day about this time of summer, six years ago, I saw advertised an excursion to be run from a neighboring city to Norfolk by a little town near our place. I was anxious to go. It was very cheap—only \$4, if I remember rightly, for the round trip. Mother and I talked it over at great length, calculated the expense of a day's stay in the city, and after much careful planning as to where the money was to come from, and what we must do without, to enable me to take the trip, we decided that I should go. What a thrill of pleasure I experienced as we reached that conclusion.

From this time on I was all joyful expectancy. I should see a large city—something of the world. I pictured to myself the whole of what I should experience—nearly all incorrectly. I studied the excursion posters, noticed all the points of interest. Yes, I should see the ocean, the navy yard and Old Point.

At last the day arrived. I went in the company of a fellow by the name of Will Hackwell, who lived on an adjacent farm. He had been about some, and had experience enough to direct the affairs of us two. The train was crowded, and for a good part of the way I was compelled to stand, but such was the excitement and novelty of the occasion that I was then scarcely tired. On, on we went through two-thirds the length of the State, across the boundary line of Virginia and finally the train pulled up at Pinner's Point, in sight of our destination. The party was here transferred to a boat, which landed us on the Norfolk wharf.

I can never forget a remark made by a middle-aged fellow while on the tug, who, besides never having been off the land before, was a little tipsy. As the crowd got thick around him he authoritatively exclaimed: "Stand on t'other en', some of you; you'll upset the

critter. You must reckermember we uns hain't on vicersey now."

Well, my companion and I, after extensive inquiry from policemen, found a cheap boarding house, which was kept by a lady. We had arrived here just as night was coming on, and after traveling since about sunrise, you can imagine how tired we felt. We ate heartily of the supper set before us and, after conversing a short time on the experiences of the day, turned in. We had decided on the following program for our stay in the city. In the morning we would take the first train to the beach, return by 10 o'clock, if possible, spend the remaining time before noon at the navy yard, and have the entire afternoon in which to visit Old Point, with its powerful fort and other things of interest. Next morning before ten, at which time our train was scheduled to leave, we would ride over the city on the horse cars. The trolley car was not then in use here. Long after the light had been put out I lay awake wondering what the next two days would bring forth, and thinking of the sight-seeing and pleasure in store for me. In my imagination I saw much as it really happened, but how utterly unforeseen was at least one event!

Morning dawned brightly and, as had been decided upon, we went down to the beach on the early train. I can never outlive the memory of the feelings that filled me when first I beheld the ocean. I had read, heard, and seen pictures of it, but what are such descriptions to the sublime manifestations of mighty nature herself! Sometimes I had heard the waves described as being higher than I found them and their roar as louder than it really was, but so far from being disappointed I forgot that there had ever been a description of what I now beheld. I suppose I stood thus enraptured for an hour or more looking at the billows as in quick succession they broke and boiled at my feet. I filled my lungs with the invigorating sea air. I never knew whether any one came near me or not during that time. I just looked and thought and *felt*. My conceptions, I am sure, of nature and of God were right here widened far beyond any previously known limit. I was never before so impressed with the idea of immensity. The surf could be seen for a mile or more on my right or left and there it seemed to vanish in a low cloud of mist and spray. The thought of the extent of the coast line came into my mind—how one might travel for hundreds, yes thousands and thousands of miles in either direction and keep

continually in sight of these wild, restless waves and within hearing of their sobs and moans. I thought, also, that through countless ages the waves had been rolling in and sending up through the skies the thunder of their breaking, without a moments intermission or rest, and that in all probability they would continue to do so through ten thousand times as long a time. And so my thoughts ran.

I was aroused from this delicious reverie by a tap on the shoulder and an inquiry by Hackwell if I didn't wish to go in surf bathing. After some hesitation I agreed and rented a suit with part of my scanty supply of cash, but I again felt well repaid, and so the morning was passing away. When at last we were ready to leave the beach it was almost noon and we arrived in Norfolk just in time for dinner.

But let me hurry on to that of which I wish especially to tell you. My mind is still teeming with the memories of that day, and it is difficult to keep them out of the story. In the evening we thought it best to visit Old Point first, considering it of next greatest importance, and fully intended to return in time to give the Navy Yard a careful inspection. But at Old Point, as at the beach, we consumed more time than we had intended, and night almost overtook us on the return. I will not stop to give an account of this trip, though I still retain with original vividness, the impressions of the sunny bay, frowning fortress, gigantic guns, etc.

And so the day for the return came. Will and I were up early debating how we could best spend the time before 10 o'clock, when our train was to leave. From the first I was emphatically in favor of visiting the Navy Yard, while he was equally obstinate in his purpose to spend the time looking around the city. "The idea," he said, "of visiting a place and then seeing everything but the place itself. I shall stay right here in Norfolk till time to leave." "Very well," I replied, "We wont disagree about that. I shall go to the Navy Yard and you remain here. Perhaps I can find the way."

I got breakfast as soon as possible, packed in my grip everything except what I had on, settled with the landlady and went hurriedly to the wharf from which we were to start. I there had my valise checked home so as not to be bothered with it, and proceeded to the ferry wharf where I took the boat for Portsmouth. Very fortunately I caught a car going to the Yard, and so arrived there with-

out any trouble. The lovely grounds first claimed my attention. There I became much interested in the relics in the shape of pieces of broken armor plate and cannon used in the Revolutionary, Mexican and Civil wars. From here I went to a large war vessel recently built, then in port undergoing repairs. There was an old fellow here who, I think I am safe in saying, was the most fascinating talker I ever listened to. He seemed to be only too glad to show me over the ship; explained everything, and added many reminiscences of battles, in all of which he seemed to have been. When we had examined and discussed guns, pilot house, engine rooms and all, he said, looking at his watch: "Well, young man, we have seen about all there is to see and I have some work I must attend to just now. It is about ten." "The exact time, please," I cried in unaffected dismay. "Nine-fifty. Why, what's the matter?" "I must catch a train to leave at 10," I replied, as I started hurriedly for the gangway. "You're left unless your train is late," he quietly observed, "but probably it is." I left the Yard about as fast as I could run, and soon emerged into the streets of Portsmouth. A car was just coming and I rushed up and excitedly asked the conductor if it would take me to the ferry wharf. He said it would and I got on. It seemed that the slow pace at which that car moved would distract me. I should not have hesitated to walk if I had known the way. To make matters more distressing I found that we were not going directly to the wharf but in a round-about way through the city. O, that horrible ride! The thoughts of it even now make me nervous. But more trying things were yet to come.

At last, after many vexing delays for passengers to get on and off, we arrived at the wharf. I immediately noticed that the boat had just left. This meant at least five minutes delay. I looked towards the Norfolk wharf from which the excursionists were to leave, and to my ineffable consternation saw the two tugs which were to convey the party to Pinner's Point filled and ready to start. In a moment they did start, and with this nearly all hope left me. The ferry boat was now at hand, and although I scarcely dared think I could, by any means, get to the Point in time, yet hope is not easily extinguished, and a remaining spark suggested that I might get a tug to carry me across, or perhaps this was not the last boat load. Consequently, after crossing over, I rushed from the ferry to the excursionists' wharf, a distance of several blocks. The place,

with the exception of a few truck hands, seemed deserted. I made my way frantically to a man who was giving directions to a negro, and gasped, all out of breath: "Please, sir, can I possibly get to the Point before the train leaves; I am one of the party."

"Yes, I think so," he said, and immediately signalled to a tug. "But stop," he added, pointing with his finger, "look there; can you see your train?" I shaded my eyes with my hands and looked. Yes, I could see, and it was receding under a cloud of smoke. As it disappeared my every hope, ambition and cherished prospect vanished into thin air for the time being. I was dazed. Could it be that I was *left*? That awful word kept ringing distractingly through my throbbing brain. Left in a great city penniless, or to be exact, within fifteen cents of it. The valise containing all my effects was gone. I imagined how distressed mother would be when I failed to come, and this increased my misery ten fold. The regular fare home was \$12 or \$15. You may laugh at my situation if you choose, but it missed the amusing farther than anything I ever experienced. The sum needed was not great, but it was lacking. I confess I walked off by myself a little way and brushed away several large tears.

I finally grew thoughtful and tried to decide what to do. I could not hope to borrow enough money to go home on. People don't lend to absolute strangers; there are too many sharpers in the world. By writing home I knew I should get the money necessary, even if mother had to sell some of the property. I also knew that this would be her only way of raising it, for she had already made several sacrifices to give me the trip. I could not ask it. Nor would I try to "beat" my way. There I was, with no prospect of getting away. Suddenly an idea came to me. Why not earn the money to pay my passage? I was strong and work was plentiful; at least so it appeared, for others were doing it.

From this moment my determination, which I seldom change, was formed. I was left through my own carelessness and through my own labor would I extricate myself from the situation. I wrote mother a few lines explaining that I was left, would earn money enough to come home in a few days, not to worry as I was all right, etc. I gave no address for fear she would try to furnish me my expenses."

"A wise precaution," said his mother, "for I certainly should have sold the cow and sent you the price. I never spent such a

miserable week in all my life as the one following the time you were expected back."

"Nor was it of the most pleasant nature to me," pursued Mr. A. "All that day I looked for work but the search was a flat failure. For dinner and supper I ate bread purchased with my remaining money and slept that night on a pile of shavings in an alley. Early next morning, without breakfast, I renewed my search for work. After spending about two hours fruitlessly, I came to a large wholesale grocery store and made the usual inquiry: "Was there any work for a common laborer."

"No," replied the man questioned, eyeing me closely. "We haven't more than enough to keep our present force busy." I told him something of how I was situated, but he again said "No," and I was about to turn away when a gentleman, who seemed to have overheard our conversation, came out and addressed the fellow to whom I had first spoken, "Jim, let the boy arrange the rear part of the basement if he wants to work at 50 cents per day. It will employ him for two days anyway." So I pulled off my coat, went below, and, with a few instructions, got at it in earnest, and did what I firmly believe the hardest day's work I ever did. I toiled on all day without breakfast or dinner and you can imagine that when night came I was tired and hungry. I had finished the work, but this, in all probability, only meant that I was out of a job a day sooner. I called at the office and asked if I could be paid at once as I was without means to purchase supper. The gentleman who had suggested the work handed me fifty cents and pleasantly inquired how I was getting along. "I finished just a moment ago," I said.

"You must have neglected something. I will go down with you and see," he replied. "No, everything is all right," as he scanned the new arrangement. "Well, here's a dollar for extra work. Come back in the morning. Such fellows as you are always in demand."

"Now, I will bring my story to a close. I got a position at \$1.50 per day keeping the store in order. At this rate I soon had enough to go home, but here a question confronted me. Should I go or stay here and keep my position? I was making more than I could possibly do on the farm and might soon be able to have mother come to the city and live. I wrote her about my plans, and soon received a letter full of good advice and encouragement, in which

she said do as I thought best. I decided to remain and soon, through my knowledge of arithmetic, gained at home and in the district school, was given office work at an increased salary. I found it true that diligence brings its reward, and in about a year was able to rent a cottage and have mother come to keep it for me. I purchased this house last year when I became a partner in the business. And so being left here is the best reason I can give for living in Norfolk. It was a lucky thing that I was, for had I caught that train I should, without doubt, have been still pursuing the old life on the farm."

"Perhaps it was providential," reverently suggested his mother.

"However that may be," I ventured, "it shows how one's entire life may be changed by a seemingly very trifling occurrence."

SUPERSTITON.

Superstition is so general that it is almost a natural instinct. In every age and among every people it is the fear of belief, as opposed to Christianity, the confidence.

The ancient Europeans were firm believers in superstition. They could not be induced to violate certain customs and they were bound hand and foot by a whole system of superstitious beliefs and omens which cramped their energies. A common superstition among them was that a child must be sacrificed to the strength of a building; so when a building was erected some poor little innocent child was brought to an untimely death.

In Italy there is ten times as much superstition as belief in the Catholic religion and though they always try the saints first, they find sorcery and spirits best in the end.

These spirits bear the name of gods, among them is Linia, god of thunder, lightning and storms; there is also identified with this god an herb, called tigna, which is used in magic to repel Linia when he injures crops.

The ancient Etruscan Bacchus is another god, described as "enchantly beautiful" and given to good natured mischief; when the peasants are gathering grapes he comes invisibly and

knocks their panniers all about; but if this is taken pleasantly he replaces everything and then his ringing laughter is heard; sometimes he falls in love and, of course, woos successfully.

Through all this lore there runs the idea that all disorder and ill luck are caused by witchcraft and must be cured by Christian saints or heathen sorcerers, of whom the latter are usually preferred.

In Paris the number thirteen is considered very unlucky, and it is almost impossible to rent a house with that number on the door; so the proprietors of the rows are permitted to number the thirteenth house as 12B.

The Superstitions of the Egyptians are very peculiar; they worship snakes and crocodiles, and hold cats and dogs especially sacred.

The old historian, Herodotus, tells us that when a fire occurred in an Egyptian town the chief attention of the inhabitants was to preserve the cats, allowing the houses to burn; they formed themselves around the buildings to prevent the cats from rushing into the flames, and allowed the houses to burn.

The soldiers would often come home from war loaded with a precious booty of cats, dogs, hawks and vultures; and the Egyptian mother would be transported with joy at the news of her child being devoured by a crocodile.

The Superstitions of other people of Africa are scarcely less curious than those of the Egyptians. They have a horror of having their pictures taken and wear certain beads and bits of wood as charms to ward off evil.

They have an idea that the preservation of the skulls of the dead, and especially the skulls of a tribe or family, guarantees a future reunion. They avoid telling any stranger of the death of one of their tribe; and if a familiar face is missed and an inquiry is made some one promptly says, "He has gone on a journey."

The fires are not allowed to go out in the villages; a special fire may go out, but it may be relighted by a blazing fagot from a friend's hearth.

They believe that their ancestors inhabit the bodies of the colobus monkey, and will not under any circumstances kill one of these animals. Upon approaching the forest they preserve an odd silence and pick their steps with a precaution that indicates an honest belief in their superstition.

The superstition connected with the Blarney stone is not without interest. It is situated on the summit of a castle in Blarney, a small village in Ireland. The kissing of this stone is thought to endow one with the gift of coaxing and flattering. The true stone is said to be in a wall, where it can be kissed only by a person held over the parapet.

The Scone is another interesting stone. It was formerly located in Scone, a Scottish town. A legend declared that this was the very stone on which Jacob had slept at Bethel, and which he afterward set up as a memorial pillar. Upon this stone all the kings of Scotland were crowned, and it bears this inscription :

“Should fate not fail, wher’er this stone be found,
The Scot shall monarch of that realm be crowned.”

It is now at Westminster Abbey, and is under the royal seat on which all the kings and queens of England have been throned.

Perhaps the most wide-spread of the English superstitions is that concerning thirteen at dinner. Many people will positively assert that they have actually known cases in which one of a party of thirteen at dinner has died in the course of a year—and perhaps with perfect truth ; for taking the average age of the assembled guests to be 35 or over, the mathematical chances of death occurring among them within a year are more than one out of thirteen.

The chances of a death would be even greater if the number were twenty, and would amount to almost a certainty in the case of one hundred.

In old colonial times almost every one believed in witches and superstition. They believed the devil to be in form very much like a man, only he had horns and cloven feet, and that he could confer great power on these witches, enabling them to raise storms, sink ships and set tables and chairs to dancing ; and to make themselves invisible ; to creep through key holes and to ride on broom sticks

Many people were accused of being witches through envy or jealousy, and were led out and burned.

However, it is not only the people of foreign countries and the poorer class who are slaves to superstition, but even some of the most matter-of-fact people of this fair land believe in it ; and could the ancient Egyptian exorcist be revived, it would not be difficult in the very heart of civilization to introduce him into quarters where

he would feel that his art might still be pursued with much pecuniary and social success.

There are hundreds of thousands of citizens who are willing to pay hard and honestly earned money for medals and chains of some ecclesiastical benediction, which are supposed to have the most remarkable specific properties. One charm, it is believed, will give success in agricultural operations, another in domestic matters, while others are efficient in sick rooms.

Even little children are not strangers to superstitious beliefs. A little child was once heard to remark : " I know some one is coming to-day because I dropped a fork, made a rhyme, and my nose itches." Either of these reasons would have been proof enough, but the three together made it thrice true.

Some people will not begin a piece of work on Friday because it is regarded as a very unlucky day, but of all days it should not be so regarded by the Americans, for it was on that day 405 years ago that America was discovered.

Among other common superstitions are those concerning death. It is the sure sign of a death in a family if a whippoorwill is heard near the house, and if a hearse stops on the way to the cemetery, another member of the family will soon be taken.

It is considered ill luck when one finds a pin with the head toward him, or to start anywhere and turn back ; however, if the person will only make a mark on the ground and spit in it, he may return with perfect safety.

There are other signs of ill luck which sadly affect the superstitious mind. Woe to the one who spills salt, for besides the waste, his mind is troubled with a fear that some sad calamity will come upon them during the day.

Sadness fills the hearts of the bride and groom if it happens to rain on their wedding day, for they feel sure that fate will be against them all through their married life.

These are only a few of the many superstitious beliefs of the American people, but they will be sufficient to show that the edifice of superstition is all too solid in our enlightened land. There is much to be done in helping individual minds to cast off their fetters and put on instead the wholesome restraints of reason.

The structure of ordered knowledge which science is building is growing in extent day by day, and little by little is expropriating the ground on which the temple of intellectual darkness has been

reared, and there is great hope that the world will soon find that beliefs in charms and practices which can not be brought to the test of utility can have no claim to respect.

The bonds of superstition will be irretrievably broken when the truths of science are welcomed and honored in the minds of the people, and their souls filled with the love of Christ.

DER MELENCHOLY TAYS.

'oo.

Der melencholy tays vas come,
Der saddest of der year;
Dey makes me vant mine sourcrout,
Und der lofely mugs er beer.

Der liddle birds haf all flown off,
Der notes vas no more heard;
Und I vas glad ven he vas gone.
Myself dond lof dot bird.

He vakes me up ven I vould sleep,
Und mine liddle Gretchen, too,
Dot bird, he vas a liddle steep,
He sings der whole tay thro'.

Der pumpkins, dey vas getting ripe,
Der fruits vas on der tree,
Der hickory nuts vas youst all right,
Und dey vas goot ter me.

Der schack-rabbits vas youst come oud,
Myself vould haf some pie;
So ven dose veary tays vas come,
Dere vas no goot ter sigh.

Der boet vas weeping ven he wrote
Aboud dose leafs so sear,
Vat vas der use in doing dot?
Dere vas some more next year.

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OCTOBER, 1897.

THOSE who take part in football this term are very grateful to the management of the boarding department. Encouragement of outdoor sports should be given by all, and the fact that the football men are allowed to have their supper half an hour late each day certainly is a much-desired departure from the old way of "letting the boys take care of athletics."

A DEAD LAW.

'Tis a part of the policy of Guilford's faculty to have few regulations, but these well observed. We believe this is right, that a dead letter rule is worse than none, and we would urge the literary societies to act more upon this principle.

Among the by-laws of each of the three societies there is one like this:

"It shall be the duty of those members of this society who are in either the Sophomore, Junior or Senior classes, except officers of THE COLLEGIAN, to present for publication to the Editors in Chief of the paper one article at least during the scholastic year.

Such articles shall contain not less than eight hundred words and not more than sixteen hundred words, and shall be left to the discretion of said editors for disposal.

Members not conforming to this by-law are subject to fine."

Now, this law is all right. Every student ought to feel a personal interest in the college magazine and the magazine ought to reflect the college life. We appreciate to the fullest extent every contribution from former students and friends of the institution, and would be glad of many more, but the talent of the present student body should also appear more than it does. It is our duty to the societies, to the college and to ourselves.

Even if the article should unfortunately find its way to the wastebasket, the time and labor given to its composition would be well spent, for the feelings of the average student will not let him do more work in composition than is beneficial.

The trouble with this by-law is that it is not observed, yet it exists and is a good thing, and why not make use of it?

SUPPORT OF ATHLETICS.

At the time this goes to press the first match game of the season has just been played, viz: with the University. The enthusiasm has again risen to a high pitch and every one is bespeaking for our foot ball team fair success. To be sure we do not suppose that our team will win all its matches, but when it comes to lining up against those in our class and those who have equal advantages in athletics we will not sustain many defeats at their hands, but with high regard for our college preserve her reputation.

Those who are interested in the success of athletics at this place, however, should not be forgetful that nearly half of Guilford's students are girls; thus the amount of material from which we draw our teams is small in comparison with that of other Colleges.

The support of an athletic team of any kind must necessarily depend, to a considerable extent, upon the student body. Individually speaking the student who retains the idea that what he does towards aiding a foot ball team eleven, by going out and playing on the scrub team, is merely an accommodation to the team and of no real benefit to him is very much mistaken. The man who thinks

he has not time to devote to a moderate amount of exercise each day is to be pitied, for we know he will not be in condition for mental work any more than physical, in a short while. Development, physically, is quite as important as development mentally. Again, it has been noticed in some of our Athletic meetings that some of the higher classmen have, in many enthusiastic terms, given all to understand that they were more interested in foot-ball than ever before and were going to do all they could to promote it and almost immediately go and seek to carry out some individual scheme which often times interferes with the game by drawing out of practice an important scrub. Let us for the sake of our "Alma Mater" and those interested in general, put forth more strenuous efforts in behalf of all athletics and infuse more vim and fire in all our work and without a doubt better and more satisfactory results will be had in the end.

NEWS READING.

As in almost everything else, there are two extremes in regard to the reading of current news. Every student body which has constant access to the daily and weekly publications of the country furnishes examples of these two extremes, namely: those who read the papers too much and those who do not read them enough.

There are some who, to the neglect of regular studies, spend a great part of their time in the reading room. It seems that, with them, lessons are secondary in importance to the daily papers. They read not only some of the things really useful to know, but all the "blood and thunder" matter in which so many journals of to-day abound. Crimes, lynchings, detailed evidence in trials, and other such space-filling stuff, which is nearly always of only local or no importance, all claim some of the time of these extremists. The error of this practice is so manifest that it is not worth while to give much proof. Those who are given to such reckless habits of reading either do not know what is best for them or do not have their own welfare at heart. One may read diligently this trashy kind of matter for a week, and at the end of that time he will be unable to recall a single item of really profitable information received therefrom. It requires no further argument to convince us that students can, least of all classes of people, afford this.

The tendency toward the other extreme, though by no means so dangerous, is unprofitable, unsatisfactory, and ought to be checked. There are students who seldom or never get outside of the text book. It is true that grades are often made, and honors taken by this class, and surely this is commendable. But can it be said that they are well rounded as regards knowledge? They know considerable of the laws of Lycurgus and Solon, but little of what the last session of Congress did. They can name England's sovereigns in order, and define the course of her politics, but probably do not know who compose McKinley's cabinet, nor what are the principal tenets of our great political parties. In short, they are pretty well acquainted with history and knowledge in general except that of the present. This ignorance of the very affairs which constitute the history of to-day, and consequently have such a direct bearing on every individual, is deplorable, especially among upper-class men. We see no objection to the plan adopted by some graded schools—that of reviewing, say every Friday, in history class, the important events of the week, throughout the country and world.

To all students we feel safe in giving this advice as to how much to read in papers. Keep informed on the news of to-day which will become the history of to-morrow and all future time. We can scarcely afford to do less or more than this.

THE MEASURE OF CRUELTY.

Thoughtful men have for a long time recognized cruelty as the basic element of all evil, and after the relation has been pointed out it is easy to find instances of it everywhere. The word itself is almost synonymous with savage and barbarian.

Heathen religions are often steeped in cruelty. In many the value of worship is measured by the number of sacrifices.

It is noticeable that the Hebrews were never *commanded* to offer animal sacrifices, but on the other hand their own eager desire to do so was restrained and regulated. It is also noticeable that the brilliant but immoral civilizations of Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome were full of cruelty. Athens shone resplendent with wisdom and beauty, but sunk in wars caused by tyranny and jealousy. Rome rose a city of virtuous men, but her cruel, aggressive spirit

so demoralized her that at last she sank a tyrant, a city of amphitheatres, at the hands of outraged subjects.

The fading glory of the Spaniard and the hated name of the Turk warn us to-day that if we would have a high and noble civilization we must strive to root out this its deadliest enemy.

How? Preeminently through the home and the school. As a Christian nation believing in a gospel of mercy it is our duty to train our young people in kindness and sympathy with every living thing. Young minds are almost always interested in animals, and books very largely decide whether this interest shall be vicious and cruel or kind and sympathetic. If the student is led to pursue scientific studies with a loving interest in nature and her ways he will find in his work a fascination and practical value to be found by no process of vivisection or other experimenting which blunts the sensibilities and rudely crosses nature's laws. The student thus trained has a good start in a noble life, while a large part of our harvest of crime we reap from the seed of cruelty to animals—seed which springs up unchecked in hearts having little or no humane teaching. We call ignorance the cause, and perhaps rightly, but heart ignorance and not that of brain.

Humane education ought to be a part of every school curriculum and its importance should be measured by the value of character above that of knowledge. It need not be an extra study added to a course perhaps already crowded, but let it be a golden thought running through the whole course. We wish to gain all the knowledge possible, but by no means let us sacrifice to it the very foundation of character.

ATHLETICS.

Boom-a-lak-a, boom-a-lak-a, sis, boom, ba,
Guilford play ball, ra, ra, ra.

This was the enthusiastic yell of the College boys as the Guilford team started for the University on the morning of the 9th instant. To be sure if the meaning was to put a bull-headed determination to push the ball along, into every man, it had the desired effect.

The fact that the A. & M. College had been beaten so badly by them was an incentive to every man to beat that score, and it was with such a determination that Guilford played ball. Every one was more or less uncertain as to whether he could "do" his man or not, before the game commenced, but no one was uncertain a minute after the game was called.

Captain Belden flipped the coin and Captain Tomlinson chose the wrong side for heads came up and Guilford had the sun in her eyes during the first half.

Guilford has the kick off and kicks 20 yards; University fumbles and Guilford's man falls on ball but U. N. C. gets it again on a fumble; U. N. C. then makes 15 yards around end, 4 yards through line, 5 yards through line, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards through line. Then lost 10 yards on kick. Made 15 yards around right end, 18 yards around left end, 6 yards around left end, 2 yards through line. Ball goes over.

Guilford made 5 yards left end, 4 yards left end, 3 yards left tackle. Loses 5 yards and made $1\frac{1}{2}$ through right tackle and then kicks 25 yards.

Carolina then made some hard dashes at our line but failed to be effective.

Armfield makes end for 8 yards; loses 1 yard on fumble; Hill makes $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards and 2 yards, and Tomlinson 4 yards through centre. Carolina then made slow but sure progress, and time was called with ball on our 2 yard line.

First half showed that the University could make little through Guilford's line and that Guilford made good rushes but not enough men got into the interference.

U. N. C., o; Guilford, o.

The second half Carolina took a brace and made a touch-down in 9 minutes. The play was much the same as the first half except

McRae for the U. N. C. made splendid and plucky gains. Guilford has the ball about one-third of the half, but is unable to make sure of aims.

The most noteworthy players for U. N. C. were McRae and Belden. Belden's kicking and McRae's rushes were very fine.

For Guilford English and Worth played a good defensive game and Armfield and Hill showed grit and pluck in the offensive play.

The team is to be congratulated upon its plucky spirit, but if they wish to beat the A. & M. College on the 22nd as badly as the University did on the 2nd, (40 to 0,) harder and more earnest training must be introduced.

The teams lined up as follows:

U. N. C.

Guilford.

Faison,.....	left end,.....	Lewis,
Simmons,.....	left tackle,.....	Bennett, Holton,
Bennett,.....	left guard,.....	Joyner,
Cunningham,.....	centre,.....	Wheeler,
Cromartin,...	right guard,.....	Farlow,
Turner,.....	right tackle,.....	Petty,
Klutz,.....	right end,.....	English,
Osborne,.....	quarter,.....	Worth, Cowles,
Bushee, Collins,...	left half,.....	Armfield,
Johnson, McRae,.....	right half,.....	Hill,
Belden, Captain,.....	full back,.....	Tomlinson, Captain.

LOCALS.

J. W. LEWIS, EDITOR.

- At last the girls have a nice tennis court.
- Glass had better keep off the football field.
- Miss Ruth Blair visited the college recently.
- The girls, this term, are very fond of grapes.
- Lewis & Greenfield have dissolved partnership.
- Basket ball has been indulged in to some extent.
- The library is now closed for one period every day.
- Salves and liniments are greatly in demand here now.

—Only one dude in school. His name is Dennis, not "Mud."

—Jos. Peele conducted chapel exercises a few mornings since.

—The boys now have a shower bath arrangement in Archdale.

—The girls have a large cradle with which to amuse themselves.

—Many of the boys are now wearing hats made in the college colors.

—The Founders girls are more noisy than the boys, so Professor Howard says.

—Dr. Robinson was confined to his home several days recently on account of sickness.

—Taylor brothers were detained at their home in Greensboro for a week on account of sickness.

—There being no lecture on the 25th of last month, the students enjoyed a social in Founders' Hall.

—A number of the girls have wheels, and very often they take Miss Louisa out for a spin in the country.

—E. K. Stone is becoming noted in literary circles. One of his poems was recently seen published in a Pennsylvania paper.

—No one need be ignorant of the college regulations now, for they have been conspicuously posted in several of the buildings.

—The primary department of the Sunday school at this place held a picnic at Guilford Battle ground on the 18th of September.

—Dr. Stubbs lectured September 18th on "The Air We Breathe." He illustrated his remarks with a number of interesting experiments.

—O. P. Moffit, '97, stopped at the college on his way to Haverford College. He received the Haverford scholarship from Guilford for this year.

—Prof. Howard was unable to meet his classes for several days recently. His illness was occasioned by his eating some cake which had in some way become poisoned.

The football team was to have played the A. and M. College in Raleigh on the 25th of September, but the A. and M. team cancelled the game and then gave us credit for it. Guilford was ready and anxious to play.

—Rev. David Sampson preached two fine sermons at this place on the 26th of September. He was on his way to the Indiana Yearly Meeting as a delegate from this State.

—The following is the first law of motion as a Sophomore gave it: "When motion is at rest it will tend to stay in that position unless some external motion tends to draw it down to a straight line."

—One of our promising football men was severely injured recently and had to cease playing for a few days. He sprained his big toe. It is a wonder mothers permit their sons to play football.

—Misses Ruth Worth and Clara Woodward went down to Mr. Daniel Worth's on the 21st of September to join in celebrating the fortieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Worth. They reported a most enjoyable evening.

—A marriage ceremony took place in Founders' Hall Saturday night a few weeks ago. There were no cards out. The contracting parties are well known, but as there was no clergyman present we are inclined to think it unconstitutional.

—W. H. Cowles left on the 30th of September for Philadelphia where he goes to make preparations for entering West Point. We are sorry to lose Mr. Cowls as a student. The football team, too, will feel his loss. Cowls was captain and half back.

—V. L. Brown was on the campus a few days ago. He goes to Chapel Hill this year, making three of last year's class at the University. Brown was our heaviest football player last season, and filled the position of centre. He will possibly find a place on the 'Varsity eleven this fall.

—Rev. Jos. H. Peele conducted a series of meetings in the church a few weeks ago. Mr. Peele is a preacher of the plain gospel truth, and speaks in an eloquent and forcible manner. There were a number of conversions and the general religious life of the community was greatly quickened.

—State Secretary Lewis visited the college on October 3rd and addressed the members of the Y. M. C. A. He presented the idea of personal Christian work among the students. We were very glad of the Secretary's visit, for he came just when he was needed, and though his stay was short the association was greatly benefited. As a result of Mr. Lewis' visit the class in Bible study was reorganized and a number of new names were added to the list.

—On Saturday evening, September 11th, a lively company made up of the students, several members of the faculty and a number of young people from the neighborhood gathered in the collection-room at Founders'. At the invitation of the Y. W. C. T. U. they had come together for a social. All had begun to talk merrily when there was a burst of song and the room rang with "My Country 'Tis of Thee." This was followed by a few words of welcome from the "Y" president, and Mrs. Mary Mendenhall Davis then gave an interesting account of "Y evening"—the oratorical contest of four college Y's—at the W. C. T. U. State Convention at Henderson, N. C.

A sextette by the girl's glee club ended the literary program.

On the cool green lawn, back of Founder's, a number of little tables had been placed and on these refreshments were served.

Everybody reports a very pleasant evening and a neat little sum was added to the treasury of the Y. W. C. T. U.

PERSONALS.

E. K. STONE, EDITOR.

E. E. Farlow is working in High Point.

John Ferree is attending Trinity High School.

R. C. Teague is clerking in a cigar store at Dunkirk, Indiana.

J. K. Pepper will take a medical course in Baltimore, Md., this year.

Henryanna Hackney is teaching in the graded school at High Point.

J. H. Jordan who is clerking in a store at Bennettsville, S. C., expects to return to the College next year.

Addison Hodgin, '91, is one of the proprietors of the McAdoo House.

H. Hunter Scales has a position in a drug store at Reidsville.

Virginia Ragsdale, who won the European scholarship last year from Bryn Mawr College, is now studying in Germany.

Clyde Capel entered school at Horner's.

Will Cook is in the mercantile business at Pomona.

Robt. Wilson goes to Haverford to complete his course.

Edgar Darden is clerking for a drug firm at Norfolk, Va.

Anna K. Blair will remain at Archdale during the winter.

John H. Pannill has charge of the Reidsville electric plant.

Nasseem Siman is again principal of the Yanceyville Academy.

Julia White, class of '91, is teaching school at Newberg, Oregon.

Wade Reaves has returned to Wake Forest where he graduates this year.

W. C. Tomlinson is in the snuff business with his father at Durham this year.

Annie V. Edgerton is attending Walter Malone's Bible School at Cleveland, Ohio.

Charles Estes and Gilmer Joyce are in Mt. Airy, acting in the capacity of clerks.

Anna Jones left for Raleigh recently where she will take charge of a kindergarten school.

R. S. McCain, who received his license to practice law a few days ago, will go West quite soon.

Ed Petty, whom we mentioned in our last issue, will not teach in Texas but at Lexington, N. C.

L. C. VanNoppen, class '90, U. N. C. '92, has of late been in Holland where he has been occupied translating some very difficult Hollandish literature.

Sallie Stockard, of last year's graduating class, has entered the Senior Class at the University. She has the honor of being the first female graduate of Guilford at the U. N. C.

EXCHANGES.

RUTH MURRAY WORTH, EDITOR.

Our exchange table is filling up with the papers and magazines for this month.

The literary merit of some of these is very apparent but others contain decidedly poor "stuff." There is one suggestion which deserves the attention of those who contribute to our College journals. We must, in just as great measure as is consistent with our highest aim, publish those things which please most. To embody our ideas in the most attractive form is to gain for these ideas consideration and approval which they would not otherwise receive. There is a recognized demand for poetry from the students, but we do not respond as we should. Every one cannot write poetry but College men and women who write commendable prose could put their thoughts in verse *if they would only try*.

In reading over the *Davidson Monthly* we feel assured the editors have a high standard for their College magazine. The following little verses contain no very deep thought but they are delightful because of their gracefulness of expression.

THE VIOLET.

Bluest in thine azure blue,
 Deep as Southern skies,
 Violet, thy fairest hue
 Glows 'neath crystal drops of dew,
 Like my lady's eyes.

How thy fragrance fills the air,
 Far beyond all art!
 Surely 'tis a tiny prayer
 Wafting forth an incense rare,
 Welling from thy heart.

The *Penn Chronicle* has a very noticeable characteristic. It is brief and to the point. If its literary department received a better representation the magazine would be improved.

"Guarded Treasure," in the *Earlhamite*, was a valuable contribution.

We would like to express our appreciation for the following exchanges received: *The Westonian*, *The College Message*, *The Austin College Reveille*, *The Tar Heel*, *Blue and Gold*, and *University Cynic*.

AT TWILIGHT TIME.

At twilight time there comes a hush,
A pause in life's unhallowed rush,
The blush upon the cheek of day!
A gentle spell holds loving sway
O'er fact and dream; and from each one
Are webs of fancy lightly spun.
The longing for ideals grow faint,
We live the scenes that memories paint.

—*The University Cynic*.

Ian Maclaren's second theological work, "The Potter's Wheel," will soon be out.—*Ex.*

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The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 3.

TENNYSON'S IN MEMORIAM.

C. F. TOMLINSON.

The IN MEMORIAM of Tennyson was written in memory of the poet's friend and college companion—Arthur Henry Hallam. Tennyson was the son of a distinguished English clergyman; Hallam the son of the distinguished English historian by that name. The two met for the first time at Cambridge University, where they spent four years together, forming one of the strongest and most devoted friendships. "The friendship was not founded upon a common participation in the ordinary interests of youth, but they sympathized in poetic temperament and philosophical taste."

Hallam was also engaged to Tennyson's sister, and this circumstance strengthened the domestic ties between the two families.

After leaving the University, Hallam took a trip on the continent, but was stricken with fever during its progress which resulted in his death at Vienna. Thus the entire acquaintance of these two kindred souls was of only five years duration.

The death of Hallam was a crushing blow to Tennyson, and IN MEMORIAM recites the pangs of sorrow that brooded over the poet's soul for many years after his friend's demise.

To the casual reader only the story of a strong and lasting friendship is revealed, but to any one who is willing to make a systematic study of the poem, a far grander field is opened. We are ushered into that mysterious realm of shadows—there to contemplate God, and faith, and knowledge, and immortality.

The production as a whole is composed of one hundred and thirty-one minor poems, each containing from two to ten stanzas, and while the story is continuous throughout, still a distinctive idea is developed in each of these beautiful lyrics.

The poem was not given out for publication until seventeen years after Hallam's death, and the prologue, which is a summing up of the poet's sorrowful experience and the embodiment of his doctrine of faith and knowledge, was the last section to be written,

What does the poem teach? is a question that may well be answered before we proceed to its further consideration. One critic has said that it shows how sorrow leads a man to believe in the immortality of the soul. Another thinks the chief thought to be that love is immortal, and still another regards it as a message of comfort to the Christian whose faith has been shaken by doubt.

The poem teaches all these things. It is one of the grandest monuments that has ever been erected to the memory of a human soul.

In the first lyric Tennyson gives the keynote to the whole poem :

I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

That is—all our experiences slowly perish as they happen and we rise on them to attain to higher experiences. We shall soon see how the experience of sorrow roused Tennyson to think upon "higher things."

The poet recounts the return of Hallam's body to be buried in English soil, and as he sees his dead friend laid away forever the conflict between spirit and self begins. Why had this sore affliction fallen to his lot? Would it not have been better had the friendship never been formed? But this ignoble thought soon gives way to nobler thoughts, and with a melting heart he exclaims:

I hold it true whate'er befalls;
I feel it when I sorrow most:
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

With the approach of Christmas the poet's heart is still flooded with sorrow. The windows of his soul are closed to the joys and pleasures and the merry bells of yule. He expresses his feelings thus :

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly 'round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possessed the earth
And SADLY fell our Christmas eve.

Still the family made vain pretense of gladness, they had their usual Christmas games, and then with every eye dim they sang a song in which Hallam had joined them the year before. But the poet is glad to see the day pass by, and as the midnight hour approached this beautiful prayer of hope was uttered:

Rise, happy morn, rise holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
O, Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when hope was born.

In the second cycle, or the time intervening between this and the following Christmas, Tennyson still lingers in a state of morbid despair. His supreme experience is slow in perishing, but he is at last able to control it and his mind becomes calm, as he himself puts it:

And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair.

His great soul now bursts forth in a constant stream of love for humanity. He begins to "speak for the whole human race, as well as for himself." Not only does he continue his majestic tribute to his departed friend, but he drifts into a discussion of some of the deepest questions that confront the enquiring mind. Listen to him as he refutes the idea that there will be no individuality after death. He says to be conscious now of a distinct individuality and yet merge at last

In the general soul
Is faith as vague as all unsweet;
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet.

The reference in the last line is of course to Hallam.

He next touches upon Universalism. He hopes and believes that Universalism is one of the great facts of eternity,

That somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

But how reverently does he discuss the subject. He says:

Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all
And every winter change to spring.

Christmas again returns and the old wounds of sorrow bleed afresh. Still he feels it his duty to be cheerful and make the joyous Christmastide a blessing to humanity. He says:

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly 'round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possessed the earth,
And CALMLY fell our Christmas eve.

They had their usual recreations—the song, the dance, the blind man's buff, yet

Over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

With the new year Tennyson regards the cruelties of fate with a kindlier spirit, and but one fact remains over which he fails to be comforted. How beautifully he expresses it:

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He puts our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

The third Christmas approaches. Two and one-half years have elapsed since Hallam died. The Tennysons have left the land whose hills and dales are so full of blessed memories of the departed, and Christmas eve finds them in a stranger's land—in another part of England.

To-night, ungathered, let us leave
This Laurel, let this holly stand;
We live within the stranger's land
And STRANGELY falls our Christmas eve.

Then comes the beautiful lyric on "The Bells"—that exquisite longing for the "times that are to be." The old year is rung out by wild bells to the wild sky, and the poet would have these same bells ring out all the abuses and evils of the time, and ring in the millenium day, and the Christ that is to be.

And what can be finer on the subject of faith than this?

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"
And heard an ever breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
 The freezing reason's colder part,
 And like a man in wrath the heart
 Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

The poet's sorrow has made his faith so strong that the vision of immortality is no longer seen "as through a glass darkly." He says :

My own dim life should teach me this,
 That life shall live forevermore,
 Else earth is darkness at the core
 And doubt and ashes all that is.

And how appropriate that this declaration of faith should be followed by his last declaration of devotion to his departed friend :

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
 I have thee still and I rejoice.
 I prosper, circled with thy voice;
 I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

* * *

Returning to the prologue, which is a summing up of the poet's conclusions drawn from his years of sorrow, he first makes this striking confession to Christ himself :

Strong Son of God, immortal love,
 Whom we that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
 Thou madest life in man and brute;
 Thou madest death; and lo, thy foot
 Is on the skull which thou hast made!

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
 Thou madest man, he knows not why,
 He thinks he was not made to die;
 And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood thou;
 Our wills are ours, we know not how;
 Our wills are ours to make them thine.

And then he gives his belief as to the relation of faith and knowledge :

We have but faith ; we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam is darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee when we do not fear ;
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Finally he brings the poem to a triumphant close, asking forgiveness for his sorrow if it be a sin, and for his poem if it lacks in truth :

Forgive what seemed my sin in me,
What seemed my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee,

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature whom I found so fair,
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

I am fully conscious of the fact that a brief review of one of the grandest poems that has ever been written cannot be otherwise than incomplete. Read the poem for yourselves, and you will find a sermon in every line, and some of the finest conceptions of practical Christianity that can be found anywhere.

As stated before, Tennyson, through *In Memoriam*, has spoken for the whole human race. He has enquired into the nature of death, and immortality, and the soul, and God, and whatever each of these may be as separate wholes, this one fact he has firmly

established—that love is the link that binds them all inseparably together.

Tennyson's years of sorrow for a departed soul led him finally to speak these words: "I know this soul of mine is *immortal*. Because He lives, it must live also, when it leaves this darksome house of mortal clay. I know that I shall see and recognize Arthur Hallam. I have felt, therefore I know." His words of grief and darkest doubts give way to triumphant faith and the sublimest hopes, and his vision of the future reveals the sentiment expressed in these words: "I am the resurrection and the life. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

A MORNING IN CENTRAL PARK.

EULA DIXON.

One bright spring morning the writer boarded a Broadway car for Fifty-Ninth St. and Central Park. She was on her way to the Zoo. She had only that morning learned that Johanna was in the city and having heard so many marvellous reports of her wonderful accomplishments, was extremely desirous of an introduction. All enthusiastic over the thought of seeing Johanna, the country girl on reaching the Park passed through the entrance and walked hurriedly along the smooth asphalt walks which wound their way through spacious lawns and clumps of trees and flowers until she came to the grounds occupied by the menagerie, and without looking to the right or left, made her way straight to the monkey quarters.

Now nearly everybody in New York knows Johanna, and nearly everybody outside of New York has heard of her. When resting from travel she resides at the Zoological Garden in Central Park. Her full name is Johanna Chimpanzee and she came all the way from the banks of the Congo several years ago as the bride of the late and lamented simian, Chico. Since her husband's demise however, she has resumed her maiden name—simple Johanna.

So delighted was the country girl over her first opportunity of seeing Johanna that she had developed pronounced symptoms of

ecstasy. Imagine then her disappointment when informed by one of the keepers that Her Royal Highness from the Congo had been withdrawn from exhibition to the general public, and that it was necessary to have one's card countersigned by a Park Commissioner before admission could be gained to her presence. As the country girl had no acquaintance with any Park Commissioner, and it would have taken some time to find one anyway, she resolved to try her powers of persuasion on the big policeman who tramped up and down in front of the building where Johanna was kept. Notwithstanding his protest that it was "against orders" he at last relented, doubtless because the petitioner was a stranger in the city. "Go" said the big policeman "to the guard at the front entrance and tell him you want to see Mr. McKay, Johanna's keeper, and don't say who sent you, just say a policeman." With trembling the country girl walked up to the guard and made known her errand. After first refusing he finally yielded to persuasion, not, however, without asking *who* sent her, which question she answered with accurate, though indefinite, truthfulness, "a policeman." The guard then pointed out the way to Johanna's room on the second floor of the building. On reaching the desired quarters the country girl found herself in a little company of perhaps a dozen men, women and children, all of whom in gaining admission had doubtless had an experience similar to her own.

Johanna's room was about twelve feet square, built of one inch iron bars, set perpendicularly from floor to ceiling. This was surrounded at a distance of six feet by a stockade of iron bars. In reply to a question, the gate keeper informed the visitors that no one could pass inside the stockade in the absence of Johanna's keeper, who, he added, would be in "presently." Waiting, of course, was the next thing in order. The country girl was not idle, however, during that interval. She was taking a mental photograph. She found that Johanna measured when erect, at least four feet. Her facial expression, while not exactly refined or spirituelle, was not displeasing. True, she would have appeared more intellectual if her ears had been two inches lower down from the top of her head. Her nose was not sufficiently prominent. The general contour of her form, though well developed muscularly, was not modelled after the Venus of Milo. Considered from that artistic standpoint, which once prevailed in Greece and Rome and still prevails, Johanna was not a success. A Darwinian would prefer to class her

as a fair representative of the Pre-Adamite, or more correctly speaking, the Pre-Evite woman.

By the time the above mental estimate was completed, Mr. McKay appeared. He was perhaps twenty-five years old, a nice looking young man with a blond mustache. As he came in sight, Johanna's face, which had heretofore worn a diffident look, took on a distinctly pleased expression, which developed into a broad smile and finally into a hearty guttural laugh as Mr. McKay said in gentle tones, "Hanna, Hanna, my girl, come here." The keeper and his charge exchanged a few signs and words and then with utter disregard of the rules of etiquette, Johanna allowed Mr. McKay to manicure her nails. Her lunch was ordered; she partook of it slowly and in silence and evidently not caring a snap for the opinions of the W. C. T. U., or her reputation for sobriety, she finished her meal with seltzer and wine, of which she drank *freely*.

Meanwhile Mr. McKay was entertaining the visitors with a recital of Johanna's likes and dislikes and her various accomplishments, in nearly every point comparing her with her sisters of the human family. In matters of personal adornment he had noticed many peculiarities distinctly feminine, among them her love of finery and trinkets, and especially her vanity—she having been known to gaze at herself in a mirror for hours at a time. Traces of femininity were to be seen in the patience she exhibited in examining the intricacies of a bit of lace and no less in her fastidiousness in the matter of food, wines especially, she, like her vivacious sisters in aristocratic circles, tabooing everything of domestic manufacture, even the best California makes, and drinking none but European products.

The one radical difference mentioned as existing between Johanna and the daughters of Eve, was her lack of fear. None of the things calculated to inspire that feeling in the ordinary female have ever caused Johanna the slightest uneasiness, not even burglars or mice. The only thing that ever suggested danger to her was a seltzer bottle which no power has ever been able to force her to touch since that memorable day, when, with true womanly curiosity, in twisting and turning the syphon, she happened to get the nozzle pointed straight at her face and at the same instant to press the spring. "For hours afterward," said the keeper, "she refused to be comforted."

It was plainly evident to even the visitor from the country that

Johanna's education had been neglected, though her progress subsequent to landing in America was nothing less than phenomenal. So developed had her literary inclinations become that writing original hieroglyphics was one of her amusements. Dozens of sheets of paper bore evidence of her work. Her drawings, too, were very creditable, considering her heredity. Though most of her efforts were crude and much like the boy artist's productions under which if he happened to draw a horse he found it necessary to write "horse," still they suggested possibilities of a brilliant artistic career.

Johanna seemed to be very fond of her keeper. She would caress him tenderly and allow him to hold her hand to the limit of his patience. Mr. McKay was careful, however, never to put himself completely at her mercy inasmuch as she had previously used up a couple of people. Common rumor about the Zoo was that Johanna was in love with him. The keeper did not commit himself upon that point more than to say that while Johanna never objected to familiarities toward him from persons of the masculine gender she showed exceeding displeasure if a woman came near him. Upon hearing this statement the country girl audibly expressed her doubts as to the truth of it, whereupon the keeper said: "Just come here, madam, and place your hand on my arm and *see* what she will do." The country girl did so, and immediately there was a flash of flame from two savage eyes, a howl of rage, and one of those long hairy arms shot out from beneath the bars and made a grab for the country girl's head. If the keeper had not been alert and snatched her out of harm's way just in time her hat would have been forevermore a wreck, and the girl herself from henceforth but a name. The visitor's love for Johanna dropped to zero then and there, and she immediately left her presence without the formality of a handshake.

ADDITIONS TO THE MUSEUM AND MENDENHALL
MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

L. L. HOBBS.

All readers of THE COLLEGIAN will be pleased to learn of important contributions to the Museum which have recently been made by Mr. Richard P. Mendenhall, of Greensboro, at one time a pupil in New Garden School. His father, the late Cyrus P. Mendenhall, was a man of unusual ability and fondness for scientific study, possessing special knowledge of geology. He was an expert collector of minerals and made a most valuable collection of minerals found in Guilford county. To these his son had made important additions from different parts of the State. A large part of the collection was labeled and in fine condition to aid in the study of geology; and a considerable portion is in mass awaiting classification. Mr. Mendenhall has placed the entire cabinet on deposit in the college museum, which will soon be arranged in the splendid room in Memorial Hall now about completed.

The college is very grateful to Mr. Mendenhall for his interest in the museum thus shown.

The recent donations made to the Dr. Mendenhall Memorial Library deserve notice. This library was started by Francis R. Cape, of Germantown, Penn., in honor of his life-long friend, Dr. Nereus Mendenhall. It now contains many excellent books, especially such as relate to ethics and religious history. The daughters of the late Dr. Mendenhall have presented to this library the most valuable books selected from his private library, thus adding much to the value of the collection of books already purchased for the Memorial Library.

Mr. Richard P. Mendenhall, also in his contribution to the college, gave a number of valuable books to the same library. The two contributions are such as merit an expression of gratitude on the part of the college, which is hereby made.

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NOVEMBER, 1897.

THE USE OF THE GYMNASIUM.

It was stated in an editorial of a former number that we expected this magazine to be of use, if possible, to the student body. In view of this fact it seems only proper that a few words be said in behalf of the students in regard to the *gymnasium privileges*.

Quite a little comment has been indulged in by the boys as to their rights and privileges in regard to the use of the gymnasium. The comment may seem to some uncalled for, but the fact that the building is not open to the students any specified period for work each day or even each week, it appears as if the proper use is not made of it. 'Tis true the classes in regular work have specified periods twice a week for their gymnastic performances, but these classes do not include all.

It seems to be very generally understood that if one will get special permission to go out of bounds and to the gymnasium and can then find the party who has the key, he may, by complying with the condition of having on gymnasium shoes, (though the regular classes which perform there twice a week are not so compelled), go in for a while, after being instructed that no one else is to be allowed that privilege except by permission.

It is conceded by all that the gymnasium is wanted by the majority of students on wet days, when outdoor exercise is impossible. Certainly no one cares for a gymnasium on bright sunshiny days. The management of the foot ball team had requested the use of the building on wet days and has until quite recently been favored by the privilege. This privilege now, however, is cut off. The claim for this action seems to have been that the floor received heavy scars. This may be so, but it does not seem probable that eleven men trotting through a few plays would scar the floor any more than a class of twenty-five or thirty, all wearing ordinary shoes. Nevertheless, what we want is uniform and just regulations governing the use of the gymnasium. It is impossible for all to become members of the classes in gymnastics, therefore, let the same conditions govern the member as the non-member. If the classes are compelled to obtain shoes &c., then compel all, but if not one, then most assuredly not the other. If possible have an appointed period for those who wish access to the building and satisfaction will then be insured.

THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

The recent elections, of which that of Greater New York was the most important, demonstrate anew the changeableness of the popular vote. The reaction which makes Van Wyck Mayor of Greater New York, converts the quarter of a million Republican majority of last year in the State of New York into 60,000 Democratic plurality, and reduces the large majorities in the states of Ohio and Iowa to a mere minimum, is indeed phenomenal. There is little to account for this, except that the legislation of the present administration has not satisfied the people. As to whether this dissatisfaction is justifiable or not, it is not worth while to express an opinion here. For the last dozen or so years the victories in many states, and the nation, have almost alternated between the two great parties. At times this has resulted from fickleness and lack of information on the part of the voters, but frequently from unfulfilled pledges and disastrous policies. It is probably better for the people to be too ready for a change than not enough alert as to their wrongs.

Many are apprehensive of a very corrupt city government from the election of Van Wyck, it having been brought about by a party machine. His election is certainly to be deplored if it so results, but it may be counted upon that this same great check upon politicians—public opinion—will detect such corruption and displace the administration.

IDEALS NECESSARY.

Ideals are usually considered as something to be *aimed at*, tho', in reality, never to be reached. If the ideal is what psychology calls the "perfectly realized self" it is certainly out of reach, but if it be the "identification of the self with the Divine Personality" it not only may be reached, but, in reaching this ideal, man achieves his only true success.

The word purpose in reality signifies the same thing as ideal, but in common acceptance has a much broader meaning.

Perhaps there is no one who has no ideals or purposes, but there are comparatively few who have one supreme ideal. Yet this is what gives unity, strength, energy, and noble achievement to a life. To every one we would say: *Have one purpose, one ideal, and know what that ideal is.*

Now, do not for an instant suppose we mean a hobby. By one *ideal* we do not mean one *idea*. Have just so many minor purposes and ideas as your life calls for, only let them be such as will harmonize with the chosen supreme ideal.

Thus strength will not be divided, time will be saved and a unity and solidity given to character not to be gained in any other way.

One thing more, and the most essential, let the ideal be the highest.

PARTISANSHIP IN COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

In the editorial columns of a few—happily only a few—College Magazines which come to this desk there is manifested, a very intense spirit of partisanship. Now, to be sure, it is not expected that editors in this field must give expression to only those senti-

ments in which every student and subscriber will concur, but when dealing with a matter concerning which there is a difference of opinion, they should before speaking, be sure, both that they are right, and that an expression of their views will be productive of good. To enter the arena of politics and proclaim, either directly or indirectly that "we" are disciples of the Democratic, Republican, or some other faith, can result only in mischief and bitterness. If the student body represented is a unit as to political belief, it might be allowable, but otherwise it is manifestly unfair to those supporters of the magazine who entertain opinions different from those of the editors.

This brings us to the very important point, policy. College Magazines cannot, like newspapers, adopt certain political views and then exist through the exclusive support of those of similar beliefs. Their subscribers are almost invariably confined to the students and alumni and they can ill afford to lose any of them.

We have in mind, a great American weekly whose success is largely referable to its strictly non-partisan policy. We refer to the *Youth's Companion*. It enters the homes of people of nearly every belief, class, and condition, and offends none. The editors of college papers may well imitate this prudence. It may be some satisfaction to give their political views in the columns over which they have charge, but it is unjust to part of those represented and does not pay.

A DUTY IN OUR SPHERE.

A little work-a-day world with its own standards, successes and failures is the school life. Not, to be sure, is it entirely shut off from the great world and not much different from it. One striking likeness is in the fact that in both, one stands on his own merits. He is himself responsible for the record he makes, the society in which he moves, the advancement he achieves. When he enters college he enters a new world, a new life. To some this comes as a temptation. "Now I may do as I please; the folks at home won't know." To others it is an inspiration. "Now I am free from the drawbacks of former surroundings, influences, companions, or the burden of a bad reputation. I can begin life anew. I have a chance to begin to be what I want to be." To him who

is always and everywhere striving to be his best it is simply added opportunity.

But while each new comer may make for himself almost what standing he will, what he really chooses to do depends largely on the life in the midst of which he finds himself. Just as in the great world outside, he will most likely find three or four well defined grades of society. One class is always ready to welcome him as soon as it has satisfied itself playing tricks on him—the “hoboker” class.

Now let the better classes make themselves so agreeable and friendly, and at the same time “let their light so shine,” that the student will not only feel at liberty to join them *if he wishes*, but may feel there is some reason for wishing to be one of them; that there is something high and noble in their lives and aims, and also that they will be glad to welcome him into their midst.

ATHLETICS.

By mistake, the score made with U. N. C. was omitted in the account of the game given in last issue. It was intended to have been placed in the head lines. This score, we will now state, for the benefit of those who have not seen it, and in order to have it on record, was: U. N. C. 16, Guilford 0. We certainly have no desire to obscure it, and although of the three matches played, this is the only one in which our team has been scored against we are no less proud of the result of this game than the others.

THE GREENSBORO GAME.

Guilford, 6; Greensboro, 0.

Guilford's second match was played with the Greensboro Athletic Club. The game was closely contested, but Guilford's snap and science prevailed over their opponents' weight and strength. The features naturally were, the end runs by the lighter, snappier, team and the line gains by the slower, heavier, eleven.

This is the way Guilford won: Greensboro kicks off, and it is G.

C's ball on her 20 yd. line. Lewis goes around right end for 25 yards. Greenboro gets ball on fumble. By steady rushing through line they advance ball 15 yards. They fumble and Guilford man falls on ball. Petty is sent around left end for long gain and places ball in centre field. Lewis fails to gain. Cowles hands ball to Hill, who behind good interference gets around left end and passes all opposing team except full back. The interference is well scattered by this time, but Cowles still runs in front of the ball and by fine blocking prevents tackle, and Hill goes on for a touch down. Tomlinson kicks goal. On next kick off Tomlinson advances ball to centre of field. G. C. then makes seven yards, but next rush Greensboro obtains ball on fumble. They made 5, 6, 7, 4, 11, yards successively, and after an ineffective plunge lose ball and four yards on fumble. Tomlinson kicks 45 yards and first half is over.

Guilford kicks 40 yards and Deven advances 30 yards, but loses half. Guilford by four good end rushes places the ball 27 yards nearer their openent's goal, then lose the ball. Greensboro retains possession of pigskin through the remainder of the half. With the exception of three plays in which they lose 22 yards—more than enough to keep them the ball—their plunges through the line are effective anywhere from 2 to 9 yards. Once a run is made for more than this distance, but Hill stops it by a fine tackle from behind. Time is called with the ball on our 4 yard line.

As the Greensboro team averaged 30 pounds to the man more than ours, no apology is necessary for making the score no larger, but we feel it only just to say that four of our best men, among whom were Farlow, Armfield and Worth, were unable to play. This weakened the team not a little.

LINE UP.

*Greensboro.**Guilford.*

Causey.....	Right End.....	English.
Wharton.....	Right Tackle.....	Petty.
Wright.....	Right Guard.....	Thomas.
Boycott.....	Centre.....	Wheeler.
Daniels.....	Left Guard.....	Holton.
Buchanan.....	Left Tackle.....	Joyner.
Reynolds.....	Left End.....	Bennett.
Taylor.....	Quarter.....	Cowles, C. D.
Devin.....	Right Half.....	Hill
Douglass.....	Left Half.....	Lewis.
Caldwell....	Full and Captain.....	Tomlinson.

GUILFORD COLLEGE VS. A. & M. COLLEGE.

Our football team played their third game of the season at Raleigh, October, 22, against the N. C. Agricultural and Mechanical College. It was a well contested game from start to finish and only by quick playing and systematic team work were we able to win with the score 18 to 0.

The game was called at 4.20 p. m. Captain Tomlinson won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. A. & M. kicked well into Guilford territory. Hill obtained the ball and advanced it toward the center of the field before he was tackled.

Then by a series of steady gains, Guilford carried the ball toward the A. & M. goal and seven minutes after the game was called, Hill scored the first touchdown and Tomlinson kicked goal.

A. & M. again kicked off and again the ball was carried back by steady gains of from 3 to 25 yards at a time. Guilford being able to go round the opponent's ends or through their line at will until they reached A. & M's 25 yard line. The signal given, and a hole was made in the enemy's line, through which a bale of cotton might have been rolled, and Armfield stepped off 25 yards and made a touchdown.

The goal was missed, and A. & M. kicked off, Tomlinson getting the ball almost between our goal posts. By brilliant and steady work the ball went steadily eastward and the first half was over with the ball on Raleigh's 10 yard line.

In the second half, Guilford kicked off and A. & M. returned the ball 20 yards, but almost immediately lost it on downs. When by fast play Armfield made the third touchdown—no goal. A. & M. kicked off with determination, but after good gains by Hill, Armfield and Petty, Tomlinson rushes through the centre and again the ball is behind the enemy's goal, but the kick is unsuccessful—Guilford had scored 18 points.

In the few remaining minutes left for play Guilford advanced the ball to within two inches of the A. & M.'s goal. Another second and the score would have again been increased, when time was called.

A. & M. played a plucky and spirited game. Their defensive work deserves much credit. It was only by strong interference, determination and accurate handling of the ball, that Guilford made her gains. As to offensive work, small opportunity was given to

judge the A. & M. team since the ball was in their possession but three times during the game. Wooten and Sighista deserve special mention for their fine work.

Team work was the characteristic of the Guilford players, and no one man is deserving of special credit. The line proved strong in every position and the backs always did their part. But one fumble was made. At no time had the opponents the ball in our territory, nor was the third down called on the Guilford team.

The game was clean and gentlemanly throughout, the one objectionable feature being the ill-mannered tendency of the spectators to crowd upon the field.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Guilford.</i>	<i>A. & M.</i>
Lewis.....	Left End.....Sloan.
Joyner.....	Left Tackle.....Wright.
Bennett.....	Left Guard.....Woodward.
Wheeler.....	Centre.....Bunn.
Farlow.....	Right Guard.....McKinnon.
Petty.....	Right Tackle.....Irwin.
English.....	Right End.....Asbury.
Armfield.....	Left Half Back.....Wooten.
Hill.....	Right Half Back.....Sighista.
Worth.....	Quarter Back.....Curron.
Tomlinson.....	Full Back.....Kendall.

Umpire, Mr. Busby, of U. N. C.; Referee, Mr. Howard, of Guilford; Linesman, Mr. Wray, of Guilford.

THE MUSICAL.

The most delightful entertainment of the term was given in the form of a musical by Mrs. Albright, Saturday, November 6th, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. The following program was rendered:

- I. Male Quintette—"We'll Meet Again To-night."
Redding, Taylor, Blair, Petty, Tomlinson.
- II. Piano Solo—Playfulness.....*Lange.*
Janie Griffin.

- III. Song—Supposing.....*Bischoff.*
Rosa Moffitt.
- IV. By the Sea.....*Rus.*
Girls' Glee Club.
- V. Piano Solo.....*Jensen.*
Kathleen Lindley.
- VI. Song—One I Love
Josie Griffin.
- VII. Chorus—Plum Pudding.....*Braham.*
Girls' Glee Club.
- VIII. Song—Daddy.....*Behrens.*
Clara Woodward.
- IX. Male Quintette—Boot Song
Tomlinson, Petty, Taylor, Redding, Blair.
- X. Pantomime—A Bird in Hand.....*Rockel.*
Estelle English, Pearle Lindley, Rosa Moffitt.

The program was thoroughly enjoyed by all present, from beginning to end, and it would be unwise to attempt to point out the most interesting feature. However, a word in regard to the pantomime, which was so highly praised, seems not out of place. The three young ladies first represented "three young maids of Lee, who were as fair as fair could be, and had lovers three times three," &c. They had, apparently, lace-fringed bonnetts on the back part of their heads, and acted out the part of three coquetish maids. Next they played the part of "three old maids at Lee, one was deaf and one could not see, and one was as lame as lame could be," &c. These were represented by the girls turning their backs to the audience, and the apparently fringed bonnetts were seen to be false faces with fringe about the sides. The whole thing was very finely acted.

LOCALS.

J. W. LEWIS, EDITOR.

- Junior orations are now on hand.
- No joint entertainment this term.
- W. H. Watkins left school on Oct. 12.
- Percy Worth attended the Burlington fair.
- The Junior entertainment will be Friday, Dec. 17.
- The latest organization at this place is a courting club.
- S. H. Tomlinson was confined a few days last month with chills.
- Miss Clara White, of Belvidere, has been visiting Prof. G. W. White.
- Pike Bros. were called home in Goldsboro on account of the illness of their father.
- Senior Romeo returning from the Capulet's at a late hour found something in his bed.
- The Henry Clay Society has had their hall neatly papered and otherwise decorated.
- Girls, be patient. Oliver's bicycle will soon be here and then you can enjoy yourselves.
- Misses Laura Worth, Ruth Worth and Lena Freeman and Prof. Howard visited the State fair.
- John W. Cook now lives at Pomona, having sold his farm near Guilford College to Mr. Taylor.
- By the time this is in print the Y. M. C. A. district convention will have convened at this place.
- Miss Bertha Snow, of High Point, was here recently, to the delight of a certain dark-haired Senior.
- Miss Cornelia Roberson, '95, is taking a special course in chemistry under the direction of Dr. Stubbs.
- Mr. M. C. S. Noble, superintendent of the Wilmington city schools, was at the College a few weeks ago.

—The walks around the campus have been covered with crushed granite. The gravel walks were becoming a little worn.

—We are sorry to have the Taylor Bros. leave Archdale. They now live on ex-Sheriff Cook's place, but will still be in school.

—With the cool weather the regular classes in gymnastics are in operation. All students except Juniors and Seniors are required to attend.

—Groome, in Latin class: "Miss Louisa, may I look on with Miss ——, I forgot my book." Miss Louisa: "Thee may read with Charles."

—Memorial Hall is now complete except seating the auditorium. A description and cut of the building will be given in the next issue of THE COLLEGIAN.

—If those boys who do not play football wish some exercise that is not so dangerous, let them fix the dam around the College pond, so that it will hold water. We must have skating this winter.

—Oliver was anxious to be called into the football game at Raleigh. He said that he wanted to play so bad that he could taste it—the chewing gum. That article is very stimulating to football players sometimes.

—The clean game of football played by our team and the gentlemanly conduct of the players both at home and away not alone indicates high athletic ideals and a healthy spirit, but has had a decided effect on the success of the team.

—Prof. J. W. Woody has just returned from Cleveland, Ohio, where he has been delivering some lectures on Bible History before the Bible Training School of that place. Mrs. Woody accompanied him to Cleveland and is still there.

—On account of the noise Johnson was compelled to change his boarding place from Archdale to the Davis House. It may be a noise, but it was created under his own vest on the left side, and his friends fear it will not be quieted by his removal.

—It was supposed that the marriage panic of last year had subsided, but from the nocturnal meanderings of one of our unmarried professors and the voluminous mail and evasive remarks of another, we are induced to believe that the tender passion is not yet a non-entity. Next!

—A new college yell and a song or two are much needed by the football team and its exponents in particular, and to give vent to college spirit in general. While the old ones are good, new inspiration would come with new yells and songs. Who will make themselves public benefactors by devising such?

—The following notice was found in Archdale Hall a few days ago:

“Wanted—A room-mate, one who works. Must study well, carry up wood, build fires and bring water. New student preferred. Must not have his head filled with that nonsense about the other fellow's doing half the work. Apply to

ROOM 18.”

—Several of the boys attended the circus in Greensboro on Oct. 16. When the ticket man asked Briles for his ticket he said: “Why, man, I paid fifty cents for this ticket and I expect to keep it.” But no ticket, no show; so Briles forthwith forked it over. Another attendant was Willie Blue. He said it was the greatest thing he had ever seen. Among the animals in the menagerie, he said that the *hypotenuse* and the *hippodrome* were the most ferocious.

—Friday night, Nov. 5th, will long be held in pleasant remembrance by the members of the Websterian. On that occasion they had the rare opportunity of visiting a meeting of the Philagorean Society. First on the program was a pathetic recitation which was beautifully rendered by Miss Moffatt. Next came a very able discussion on a subject concerning the return of the Jews to Palestine. Most of the boys had in their own judgments wronged the debating capacity of the girls and the manifest power of this debate was a pleasant surprise. Following this were several light exercises all exceedingly bright and lively. “The Three Old Maids of Lee” and the recitation by Miss English were intensely amusing and kept the members of the visiting society roaring during their performance. A song by Misses Woodard and Anderson accompanied by Miss Lena Freeman was touchingly sweet. The program was so well balanced that interest did not flag in the least. After the program was over Miss Louisa allowed the two societies to spend fifteen minutes in social chat together and the boys went away in high spirits, some declaring that their lives had been lengthened five years by this pleasant evening.

PERSONALS.

E. K. STONE, EDITOR.

- ✓ William T. Hinton is at the A. & M. this year.
- ✓ W. J. Carroll is teaching near Reidsville, N. C.
- ✓ W. G. Frazier is keeping store near Gulf, N. C.
- ✓ Dora C. Matthews is teaching at Deep River, N. C.
- ✓ James Cox is clerking in a store at Asheboro, N. C.
- ✓ Ethel M. Diffie is a student at the G. F. C. this year.
- ✓ Elsie M. Meredith is teaching near Greensboro, N. C.
- ✓ Isa Woodley and Helen L. Smith are teaching at Charlotte, N. C.
- ✓ Arthur H. Stack is a clerk at G. H. Royster's, Greensboro, N. C.
- ✓ L. E. Grover will probably spend the winter at Southern Pines,
- ✓ Joseph H. Peel is pastor of the Friends Church, New Providence, Iowa.
- ✓ Lucy Deves is teaching in the Vanderview High School, near the coast.
- ✓ George Beall is a clerk at Wakefield Hardware Company's, Greensboro, N. C.
- ✓ Everett Couch is connected with the electric light works at Southern Pines, N. C.
- ✓ Sallie Stevens has again accepted her position as teacher in the Graded Schools in Goldsboro, N. C.
- ✓ J. Waldo Woody is book-keeper for his father at Prosperity, N. C. We hope the McKinley wave has reached him.

We extend our congratulations to Mrs. Genevieve M. Blair, who received three premiums on her decorated china at the State Fair.

- ✓ We are sorry to hear that Robert T. Blair, a student here in 1849-'95, is very ill at Westtown, Pa. We trust that he will improve rapidly.

✓ We learn that William Wiley is to establish a broom factory at his home, near Jamestown, N. C. We wish him much success in his new enterprise.

EXCHANGES.

RUTH MURRAY WORTH, EDITOR.

The college life and spirit of Haverford is faithfully represented in *The Haverfordian*. In the October number a full account of the commencement exercises is given; also an interesting article on some of the cricket games of the summer.

The *Southern University Monthly* contains much that is of general interest. To keep the public informed regarding the great questions of the day is not the mission of the college magazines, but when one is well posted and writes concerning these things in a short, concise way his articles will be gladly read. In the last number of the *Monthly* there is a contribution entitled "Moral Courage," which is well worth reading. The writer quotes these words from Emerson: "Have courage not to adopt another's courage." In commenting upon this the following striking sentence is used: "We should stand upon our own individuality and dare to respond to our name in the roll call of life."

In *The Wake Forest Student* for October there is a very interesting sketch of Queen Victoria. The writer shows that he has a keen appreciation of the virtues of Her Majesty.

The opportunities that come to us to-day can never come again.
* * * Time passes from us and we grasp after it in vain. We have lost it. "Lost, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, sixty golden seconds, each studded with sixty diamond seconds. No reward is offered—they are gone forever."—*Western Maryland College Monthly*.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours,
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
O, cherish God's best giving
Falling from above!
Life were not worth living
Were it not for Love.

—*The Crucible*.

Day dreaming is mental laziness.—*The Penn Chronicle*.

What we get from books is directly proportional to what we bring to them. The sublimest thought can mean little to the mind that has never itself felt a stirring, or whose natural ability has been weakened by its devotion to the ignoble or to the artificial. * * * If we deserve much by reason of our greatness of soul we will receive accordingly.—*Wesleyan Advance*.

The possession of these (humility, faith, charity and cheerfulness) fits one for the duties of life.—*Trinity Archive*.

SUNRISE.

Through the orient gates of the morning,
 While night, her sable curtain
 Has slowly drawn aside,
 There through its rainbow portals,
 Aloft on his golden car,
 Whose refulgent dazzling brilliance
 Dims the light of every star,
 Whose wide reflected glory
 Paints the heavens a roseate glow,
 Comes Apollo, king of the morning,
 Lord of the silver bow.

—*Georgetown Journal*,

DIRECTORY.

PHILAGOREAN SOCIETY.

President—Anna R. Anderson.

Secretary—Ruth M. Worth.

HENRY CLAY SOCIETY.

President—L. L. Barbee.

Secretary—C. D. Cowles.

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The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1897.

NO. 4.

TO ELIHU E. MENDENHALL.

On the Eightieth Anniversary of His Birthday,
5th Month, 4th, 1897.

MRS. M. M. HOBBS.

Almost through a century's span,
Thou hast lived and been a friend
Unto many a fellow-man,
Toiled for many a worthy end.

Not a movement of advance
In thy day has missed thy aid,
Thou hast mastered circumstance;
Nor of hardship been afraid.

What was needed to be done,
Thou hast done with willing mind.
On a furrow once begun
Thou hast plowed, nor looked behind.

Through the calm and through the storm,
For our college thou hast stood,
Heat and cold in varied form
Thou hast braved to win her good.

When all others have despaired,
Thou hast said, "This must we do;"
And, thy arm for conflict bared,
Thou hast steered the vessel through.

All our lives we've looked to thee,
Standing firm and kind and true,
With thy helpful sympathy,
Wise to *plan* and sure to *do*.

We were young and full of fun
And thy laughter joined with ours;
We are older, sadder grown,
Still we feel thy kindly powers.

"As thy days, thy strength shall be,"
This thou'st proved through day and night;
In His hand He holdeth thee,
In thy evening it is light.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE EDUCATIONAL CONDI- TION OF FRIENDS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A. W. BLAIR.

From its very beginning the Society of Friends has always taken an advanced position on all moral, religious and civil questions.

Friends in England, as well as in America, became famous for their opposition to slavery, and were among the first to advocate the abolition of that degrading institution. Their testimony against war, and their crusade against strong drink, early gave them a peculiar and characteristic place among the churches.

They long ago recognized woman's equality with man as a minister of the Gospel and public speaker, and to-day as a result, thousands of women are bearers of the Gospel message and able defenders of the temperance cause. On the subject of education, Friends have taken a no less advanced position.

The following quotation from the history of Haverford College will be of interest: "From the time of its rise the Society of Friends has taken a deep interest in education. Among those associated with its founder were graduates of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and a number who had enjoyed the higher conti-

mental seats of learning. George Fox valued very fully the importance of instrumental agency in the Divine economy, and especially in the work of education."

Almost with their first landing in America Friends set themselves to making provision for the education of their children. Scarcely were their meetings established when they also began to establish schools, in many instances supporting them from their own private earnings.

In 1695 New England Yearly Meeting advised "that school-masters and school-mistresses, who are faithful Friends and well qualified, be encouraged in all places where there may be need, and that care be taken that poor Friends' children may freely partake of such education as may tend to their benefit and advantage."

The object of this article is not, however, to trace the history of education in the Society of Friends, but rather to inquire into the present status of education in our own yearly meeting and see whether or not we are keeping up to the standard set by those pioneers of education who so successfully founded Haverford, Providence, Westtown and New Garden boarding schools.

In 1830 a committee of North Carolina Yearly Meeting reported: "There is not a school in the limits of the Yearly Meeting that is under the care of a committee either of a Monthly or Preparative Meeting. The teachers of Friends' children are mostly not members of our own Society, and all the schools are in a mixed state." This report called forth an address to the subordinate meetings on the subject, and the result was "the establishment of a few excellent Monthly Meeting Schools," and finally in 1836-'37 of New Garden Boarding School.

From this we are almost ready to believe that our Yearly Meeting was more fully alive to the educational needs of her members sixty-seven years ago than she is to-day, for within recent years little has been done towards the successful establishment of Monthly and Quarterly Meeting schools. The committee on education at our last Yearly Meeting reported that one address had been given among Friends, and that they had spent \$5.00. That so little was done cannot, however, be entirely the fault of the committee, for the Yearly Meeting does not outline a definite work for them to do, neither does it give them sufficient funds with which to work.

Statistics show that there are in our Yearly Meeting seventeen hundred and fifty-three children who are under twenty-one years

of age. Of this number certainly a large majority are over six years of age, thus making them school subjects. Where are they being educated? What percentage of this number ever see within college walls, or even have the advantages of a good academy? If we ask where the trouble lies, but one answer can be given—*among our own members in our own Yearly Meeting.*

In educational matters we are not the aggressive people that we claim to be; we are not willing to make the sacrifices which were made by those who founded New Garden Boarding School, and those others who stood by her in her days of weakness. We fail to fully recognize the importance of having good schools in our neighborhoods, and do not fully appreciate the value of a broad, generous culture which develops all the latent powers of men and women and fits them, so far as circumstances will allow, to act not in one sphere only, but wherever their talents and environments lead them.

The Yearly Meeting ought to appropriate annually \$500 (and in a few years double that amount) to aid in conducting schools in the Quarterly Meetings; and the very best it could consistently do, would be to see that educational addresses are given every year throughout all the Subordinate Meetings. There was a time, soon after the late war, when we could plead poverty as an excuse. The country had been devastated, homes had been broken up, the money had been sent out of the country and men were compelled to neglect the education of their children in order to make a bare living. But even under those trying circumstances education was not to be put aside as a secondary matter; for through the kindness of Friends in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the personal work and encouragement of Joseph Moore and Allen Jay, Normal Schools for the better training and equipment of teachers were established, and thus was new life infused and greater interest awakened.

Now, however, conditions have changed. The South is no longer what it was thirty years ago. The great chasm has been almost completely closed and the bitterness of the past forgotten. Northern capital has been invested in our midst; agriculture, mining, manufacturing and commerce have reached a state of development which was little dreamed of even twenty years ago. We can no longer plead the poverty which blighted the country immediately after the war. We no longer have the claim upon our Northern

Friends which we once had. They have helped us beyond what we could have asked. In the future their liberality will find other fields, such as missions, charities, reform schools, etc., which will be considered more needy if not more worthy. Henceforth our help must come largely from our own State and our own membership. Can we to-day afford to be less interested in the cause of education than were those noble men and women who struggled and labored so faithfully to establish New Garden Boarding School away back in the thirties, or those others, who soon after the dark days of civil strife, so zealously and earnestly went about the work of reorganizing and building up the schools among Friends? We must then arouse ourselves from the lethargy into which we seem to have fallen, put forth every effort, double our energies, and have such an educational awakening in our church as has never yet been known. The time has passed when men can go through life without an education because their fathers and grand-fathers did. The inventions and discoveries of the last half century, and the rapid development of manufacturing, civil and electrical engineering and agricultural science make it imperative that men and women, too, shall be educated. The spirit of the age demands it, and Friends who for so long a time have been leaders on questions of reform and education cannot now afford to fall behind.

But, an examination into our educational interests does not reveal a condition in all respects satisfactory.

How many Monthly Meeting Schools are we successfully conducting? How many high schools and academies, taught by, and largely attended by Friends are we supporting? How many educational meetings are annually held in the limits of the various Monthly and Quarterly Meetings? How many Friends' children are prepared for the Freshman and Sophomore classes at Guilford College before going there?

On the other hand, how many have to stop with the three or four months of schooling which they can get at the district school? or, if they are enabled to go to Guilford, they must go to begin one or two years below the Freshman class, not having had the advantages of a preparatory course at home.

I do not advocate the establishment of these schools, in the limits of the Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, in order that we may dispense with Guilford College, but rather that Guilford may be maintained, and become the power in the church that her founders intended she should become.

I do not hesitate to say, that if Guilford College is to continue to be the educational exponent of North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends—and without such an exponent it is safe to say the Yearly Meeting cannot exist—she must have the unqualified support of the entire body of Friends in the State.

As when a great nation is attacked by a foreign enemy, all disputed questions and petty sectional differences vanish, and all unite in a common cause against a common enemy; so when we see the great need of education in our church, and realize what a small body we are compared with other churches, we should set aside any slight difference of opinion which may exist in regard to creeds or customs, and with one mind and one thought, give to our schools and college that support and that encouragement which they so justly deserve.

This can only be done by beginning at home—in the Monthly and Quarterly Meetings. Not that I would have fewer students at Guilford College, but that those who do go, may receive their preparatory training at home and thus be saved the expense of board, so that instead of entering the Preparatory class and stopping when they have finished that, as many do, they may enter the Freshman or Sophomore class and remain to complete the course.

Until this is accomplished, Guilford will be handicapped by a Preparatory Department which is not, and cannot be, any great credit to her, and the upper classes will be small. (It has been tried and demonstrated at other colleges that a college and Preparatory Department cannot successfully exist together). Under existing conditions, Guilford cannot hope to draw very largely, from other denominations, the students she most needs, although she will certainly always gladly open her doors to these students. The other denominations have their own institutions, nearly all of which are well equipped, and can therefore, offer special inducements to their own membership.

The Presbyterians have Davidson for men, and for women Red Springs Seminary, Asheville Normal and Collegiate Institute, and Statesville and Charlotte Female Colleges. The Methodists have opened the doors of Trinity to women, and besides they have Greensboro, Asheville, Louisburg and Littleton Female Colleges. Wake Forest for men, and Oxford Seminary, Murfreesboro•Institute, and the new University, soon to be opened at Raleigh, for women, give the Baptists most excellent educational advantages.

When we consider that in addition to these denominational schools and colleges, and others not mentioned, Guilford has to compete with the State University, State Normal, A. & M. College and the dozens of denominational schools in the State—military and high schools and even the graded schools of the cities—it is not difficult to see that in the future she will have to depend largely upon the Society of Friends for her students. While it is true that during the past few years more than fifty per cent. of her students have been members of other churches or no church, still it is noticeable that the great majority of these students are to be found in the Preparatory and Freshman classes, and never get into the upper classes, especially the Senior.

It, therefore, takes no extraordinary logical ability to see that the students who are to make Guilford what she should be—a college second to none in the State—and those who as Alumni are to stand by her in the future, must come principally from the ranks of Quakerism.

Certainly there are exceptions to this statement, for among the present Alumni are to be found some, who belong to other churches, who are counted among the most zealous supporters of the college.

That Friends in North Carolina are not doing their duty towards Guilford College in particular, and education in general, and that these are not pessimistic ideas strung together simply to give the writer something to say, can be easily shown by a few comparisons.

From 1876 to 1886, inclusive, ('77 and '80 excepted, as figures for these years could not be obtained) the percentage of Friends' children in attendance at New Garden Boarding School was over fifty-five, and in two years, 1882 and 1883, it was over sixty-eight; while from 1887 to 1893, inclusive, it fell below fifty only twice—in 1889 it was 49 73-100, and in 1891, 48 8-10. 1890, '92 and '93 showed a percentage above fifty-five. Since 1893 the percentage has not reached fifty—48 14-100 in 1896-'97 being the highest, and 36 9-10 in 1895-'96 the lowest. In 1881, out of a total of eighty-five students, fifty-five were Friends, while the fall term of 1897—sixteen years later and with a much stronger faculty and several new buildings—out of a total of one hundred and twenty students, fifty-five only are Friends. This falling off in numbers cannot be attributed to the establishment of schools in Friends' neighborhoods, for this has been done only to a very limited extent.

With the increased advantages which Guilford is continually

offering, there should be an increased attendance of Friends children, but statistics do not show this to be the case.

Certainly such a condition should not exist, and in order that this may be remedied there must be a general movement. The President of the College alone cannot do the work, neither can the Faculty, nor the Board of Trustees, but the *laity*, if such an expression may be used in this connection, must put their hands to the plow.

A further discussion of the methods of accomplishing this work would be out of place in a paper of this kind. Suffice it to say that the field is an open one, and there yet remains much to be done.

HAMLET AS A THINKER.*

'98.

Of all Shakespeare's tragedies Hamlet is distinctly one of thought. In this play the young Prince of Denmark is the all-absorbing character, and from his mind emanates nearly all the element which gives the drama its deep and characteristic coloring.

Before discussing this subject, it is necessary to take some position on the oft-disputed question: Was Hamlet's insanity real or pretended? The latter view is preferred. The reasons, briefly stated, are: He deliberately tells Horatius and Marcellus of his intention to "put an antic disposition on," and calmly cautions them not to disclose what they that night had seen. His sayings are nearly always full of a hidden meaning. Beneath the outward semblance of lunacy there seems to be the leading of a clear and powerful intellect. Polonius says: "Though this be madness, yet there's method in it." And the King, who had used every means to ascertain Hamlet's exact condition, says: "Nor what he said, tho' it lacked form a little, was not like madness."

One of the weightiest reasons is this: If his mind, when in full health and vigor, had been crushed beneath the terrible circumstances to which it was subjected, now, when enfeebled by previous

*An essay written for regular class work;

lunacy, could it ever have grappled successfully with those same unchanged and unmodified conditions? For all admit that if crazy at all, he was only so at times. It may be urged that he could have accomplished all he did without this deception, but we have to consider not what he *did*, but what he *intended* to do.

We are introduced to Hamlet, a young man whose life has been devoted to study, now under the shadow of his first great sorrow. Fresh from the college walls, he is little accustomed to the practical affairs of life. He has had idealistic rather than realistic tendencies. How natural then, being of such a nature and temperament, are his feelings under these circumstances. He is fast losing confidence in everybody and everything. He is becoming skeptical and cynical. In view of his mother's disgraceful conduct, he gives expression to his feelings in "Frailty thy name is woman." He wishes he were dead and out of a world in which there is so little good. It is difficult to say whether or not any thought of foul play toward his father had, as yet, entered his mind. Later on, however, when Horatio announced to him the appearance of the late King's spirit, the drift of his suspicion becomes clear, and after the startling disclosure of the ghost itself, his exclamation, "Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle!" shows how deeply and accurately he had pondered on the subject.

Hamlet soon realizes that he is in the midst of his enemies, and believes that he can trust no one except his friend Horatio. He now puts on madness, as a cloak, to cover his thoughts and intents, and as a means for excusing the assassination of the King, which he intends immediately to accomplish. In which case his declaration to Laertes concerning the death of Polonius, "What I have done . . . I here proclaim was madness," would have been used to clear him of any taint of guilt.

But Hamlet has not will to execute. His over-mastering passion is thought, and for the gratification of this propensity he cannot but give up anything else, though it be the carrying out of a command from the spirit of his murdered father. A moment's hesitation before a would-be act and his fine, speculative mind begins planning a more perfect revenge. To this his not killing the King while at prayers is largely referable. Instead of stabbing him on the spot, as the impulsive Laertes would have done, his mind reaches out in philosophical search for the full result of such action. Everything he accomplishes must be done on the impulse of the

moment, as the murders of Polonius and Claudius, without a chance to reflect, or this delightful pastime will cause him to forget his purpose.

Hamlet is the prince of philosophers. He tells his friend:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

He loved to meditate upon the great problem of the present and future life. His soliloquys on man are indicative of the most profound thought and understanding of the subject. The following are good examples of this:

What a piece of work man is! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!

And again:

What is man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capacity and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd.

To know thus clearly these possibilities for the human mind is to have realized them. And the intellect which penetrated these great truths could also descend to a lower plane and pierce the secrets of his enemies. He was seldom deceived or outwitted by them. How quickly in Act II, Scene 2, he detects the mission of the courtiers, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern! However, very little of the workings of his mind are converted into achievements. He thinks for the sake of thinking.

"This above all," Hamlet understood himself. Much of his time is devoted to reflection on his own inner life. He is a subjective, rather than objective thinker. He is painfully conscious of his own weak points and equally cognizant of his strong ones. He deplors his inability to act.

The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right.

He also knew his gigantic intellectual power, and delighted in bringing it into action against the schemes of his enemies.

But I will delve one yard below their mines
And blow them at the moon : O 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.

In these two sayings of Hamlet we have a key to his whole life—a life of little action and much thought.

THE DOUKHOBORTSI.

M.

In a recent number of "War or Brotherhood?" is a very interesting account of a remarkable people in Southern Russia, called "Doukhobortsi," or "Spirit Wrestlers."

Their origin I do not know, but about the middle of last century they made their appearance in the Caucasus, and by the beginning of the present century had so increased in numbers as to alarm the authorities and call forth cruel persecution, because their religious convictions do not allow them to comply with such demands of the state as are connected directly or indirectly with the killing of, or violence to, their fellow-men.

The Spirit Wrestlers not only hold the 5th chapter of Matthew as a theory, but carry it out practically.

The basis of their belief is that the Spirit of God is present in the soul of man and directs him by its word within him. They affirm that the church is where two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ. They pray secretly without ceasing, but on appointed days assemble for prayer meetings where they read prayers and sing hymns and greet each other fraternally with low bows, thus acknowledging every man as a bearer of the Divine Spirit. Their relation to all living creatures is based exclusively on love and they look upon all people as brethren.

We may easily imagine how obnoxious the practice of such principles must be to the Russian government which is military in its

very essence and which regards dissent from the national religion as a crime.

Under Nicholas I persecution was specially severe and the Spirit Wrestlers were all banished from the government of Taurus to Transcaucasia, near the Turkish frontier, where the neighboring robber hordes were a constant menace to life and property. This change was made in order to force them to abandon their principles. At first they remained firm, but finally succumbed, not to adversity and danger, but to the temptations of well-earned prosperity.

In 1887, when universal military service was introduced in the Caucasus, the Spirit Wrestlers at first submitted to it, but urged the young conscripts not to make actual use of their arms. Their consciences became very uneasy at this concession, and when the government seized their public property and banished some of the prominent members of their community they became aroused, and the majority of them, about twelve thousand in number, resolved to hold fast to the traditions left them by their fathers. They renounced tobacco, wine, meat and every kind of excess, and divided all their property, thus supplying the needs of those who were in want. They also renounced all participation in acts of violence, and refused military service.

In 1895, those who had resolved to be true to their convictions, assembled on a given night, and solemnly burnt their arms to the music of psalms. This was done simultaneously in three places. In one of these places forty Spirit Wrestlers were imprisoned and in another they were savagely persecuted for their perfectly legal and peaceful act.

Cossacks were quartered on the unoffending villagers, and the brutalities committed by these barbarian troops rival the familiar story of the Kurds in Armenia. Men and women were mercilessly flogged and otherwise outraged. Imprisonment followed with cruel tortures and wholesale banishment to the hot, unhealthy climate of the Georgian valleys, where fever is rife and where the means of subsistence can scarcely be procured. Their physical condition is pitiful in the extreme, but their patience and steadfastness can only excite our reverent admiration.

The following extract from a letter written last year in one of the prisons shows the beautiful spirit of these people:

"A true Christian cannot make war and shed the blood of his

brother; but on the contrary, he loves him more than himself. For this our brethren are dispersed in painful and distant exile, in order to prevent the spreading of the knowledge of the truth, and of the teaching of Jesus Christ.

Let us ask God to give us patience and meekness to endure these persecutions, calumny, insult, blows, humiliations, sufferings and illness.

Dear friend, they know not what they do. They think that by such unreasonable self-willed, unmerciful tortures they please God. "Forgive us Lord! we sinners and our persecutors! turn them away, Lord, from the way of iniquity, and teach them the way of truth."

No appeal for help has been, or is made by the Spirit-Wrestlers themselves. They say that God, who is their light, will send what they need, and they are content to suffer if it be his will. They say the best thing a man can do is to give his life to the service of the spirit shown forth by Jesus, who said, "Love one another. Love your enemies."

It is said that the Christian bearing of the Spirit-Wrestlers is already making an impression on some of those in authority. Again we see exemplified the scripture that the weak things of this world shall confound the mighty, and put to shame the cowardly acquiescence of more favored classes in the evils against which they are so nobly protesting.

LEFT AGAIN.

I early proposed in my heart,
To ne'er abandon single life,
Till in my search among the fair,
I found an *ideal* for a wife.

Long, up and down this weary world,
I tried this object rare to find;
At last I found her, sweet and good,
Just like the picture in my mind.

I loved her, as I knew I should,
With love unmeasured, without bound;
I told her so and of my search
For one whom I at last had found.

"So you're in luck," she sweetly said,
With glance that made me most unrestful;
"I too, have long an ideal sought,
But ah! I've not been so successful."

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DECEMBER, 1897.

We desire to recommend to the alumni and all interested in the College, the article appearing in this issue, entitled, "Some thoughts on the educational condition of friends in North Carolina." The subject dealt with is vital and if its treatment does not put our denomination to thinking we can't conceive of anything that will. The editors of the COLLEGIAN wish to say a loud "Amen" to everything in it. It all seems conclusive, but in case any question or objection arises with regard thereto, we gladly offer our columns for a further discussion of the subject. If there be no objections, let's act on the suggestions made.

THOROUGH PRACTICAL TRAINING.

The fact that nearly all prominent positions of the government are filled by college graduates and that the responsibilities of every line of advancement rest upon them reminds us of the need of practical work along with theoretical in our colleges. The tendency is decidedly in that direction in this intensely practical age. This

is right, provided it does not go to an extreme. We must know how to use theories as well as know theories. The world seldom asks "what do you know?" but "what can you do?" Although action depends upon knowledge, knowledge, to be of any value, must be the incentive and guide of action.

Another tendency, not so desirable, is in the direction of making preparation too short. We need to apply what John Milton said of his daughters, "I care not how late they come into life, so they come fit." He himself indeed came late into the life of epic poetry, but no one can doubt that he came "fit."

There is too much disposition to hurry over work, to put two years work into one and to begin special work too early. To be a specialist requires not only special studies, but, as a solid foundation, some information in all lines. An education is one thing which cannot be hurried over without destroying its very purpose. The world will be as ready to receive you a few years later,—nay more ready, for it always welcomes him who comes to it not only willing, but also competent to do good work. The time given to making preparation thorough will be gained many times over in after life.

A WORD FOR THE Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association in this, and we suppose in most similar institutions, is a very important factor in the life and spirit of the place. In the hope, therefore, of increasing interest and energy in this work we feel like saying a word, partly by way of reiterating some thoughts brought out in the recent Convention held here. The point we wish to mention now is that about getting new men into the Association at the beginning of each term; and a very good way to ascertain how much neglected this duty is, is to ask the question: "How does the amount of work done in getting men into the Y. M. C. A. compare with similar work done in the interest of the literary societies and athletic association? A moment's thought will convince us that at this institution, at any rate, there is very little comparison. The society men immediately seek out the new student, show him over the buildings, into the society halls, explain the work and the importance of joining some society—especially their own—and make him

the object of their smiles, kindnesses and favors in the most profuse abundance. Everything that congeniality, whether real or affected, can do, is accomplished by the society man. And in behalf of the athletic association the work is no less persistent. Besides in getting students to join, much time and effort is used in persuading them to take part in the sports, particularly during the foot-ball season. Now as to the Y. M. C. A., very little is said at the beginning of the term. Later, when new men are asked to join, the cause is presented, but the zealous, energetic endeavor made in behalf of the other two interests just mentioned is, in this case, lacking.

From these comparisons we certainly do not learn that too much is done for societies or athletics. The interest taken in these two organizations always indicates a healthy college spirit, and is much to be desired. But we do learn that too little attention is given to this feature of the Y. M. C. A. work. Some may say that there is no hurry since no competition with the Christian Association exists, as between literary societies; but this is scarcely true. There are always evil tendencies to be fought against. The way fellows begin at college, the companionships they form, the stand they take, usually determine how the whole four years are to be spent; just as this in turn, decides in a large measure what their after life is to be. Here as in other things, a right start means everything. Upon entering College one is very susceptible to influences, and it is the duty of the Y. M. C. A. to make the influence good.

Before our next issue, another term will have begun. Men whom the Association can either benefit or neglect will have been thrown among us. Let's be ready to do prompt and active service in their behalf.

SATURDAY OR MONDAY?

Now and then someone is heard discussing the question of having as holiday of the week Monday instead of Saturday. In some schools this has been tried and seems to be satisfactory, and there are several good reasons why it would be desirable here. It would help to solve the problem of bad lessons at the beginning of the week. There is difficulty in having a definite time for studying Monday's lessons, and there is a tendency to put off preparation

until Monday morning, or even, in some cases, to study text books on Sunday. Holiday on Monday would remove to a great extent the temptation to Sunday study, and even if the study hour on Monday evening was shortened or not assigned at all the fact that lessons must be recited "to-morrow" would forbid putting off preparation so much as is done on Saturday.

Then, too, all the Sunday headaches with their kindred ailment would, in the natural course of events, make their appearance on Monday and could then be indulged with no objection from authorities nor reproofs of conscience. This would be decidedly advantageous, not only to the individual, but also to Sunday-schools church, Bible classes and prayer meetings.

We think of but one serious objection to the change. No time seems quite so appropriate for the literary societies as Friday evening. If they were held on Monday evening better opportunity would be given to prepare for debate or other exercises, but members would then wish to be studying text-books.

However, we do not wish to express any decided opinion in regard to the matter, but think it worthy of consideration and are glad it has received some attention.

ATHLETICS.

The football season is now over and although we have no great number of scalps on our string, still we feel that the winning of two-thirds of the games played is not a record of which to be ashamed.

Guilford has this year taken advanced steps in athletics in more ways than one and the fact that this year's team is far ahead of any that has been put out for several years is certainly gratifying to Captain Tomlinson, and the football contingency of this place.

The success in general of the past season is due in a large degree to the fact, and we deem it a very noteworthy fact, that certain of the alumni and friends of the college have felt an interest in the game and other athletics here and have made their interest felt in a substantial form.

Each match game played this season showed that the game could be played without the objectionable features of slugging and

unnecessary rough playing. The game with the University of North Carolina was characterized as usual by fast, unadulterated football. It is always a great pleasure to our boys to play with the 'Varsity team, although the chance of winning is never in view.

The last and most successful game of the season, viz: with the A. & M. C., our most distinguished opponent and against whom many of our boys claimed to have "blood in their eyes" because of a severe defeat we suffered at their hands two years ago, was a crowning victory for us.

In summing up the work of the season we can say that the practice on the home grounds has been the most satisfactory for some years. The work of the second eleven was far above the standard considering the extreme light weight of the majority of the men. The success of the first team is without doubt due in a large degree to the persistent efforts of the "scrubs."

The practice in general was very beneficial this year and we know much good must result from the systematic training through which each member of the team was compelled to go.

We bespeak for next year's team a fair season and much success.

THE CLASS GAMES.

FIRST GAME—SENIORS VS. SOPHS.

At last arrangements were made for a test of the respective football ability of the two strongest classes in school—the Seniors and Sophs. They clashed on November 11th, and a great battle they fought. During the first half the Seniors scored six points by steady work. In the second half came the opportunity of the Sophs. They had kick-off, and Tomlinson punted back to centre of field. Then followed a series of rushes by Sophs, in which Hill did by far the best work and finally went over for a touchdown. The goal was kicked. After next kick-off Seniors soon secure ball and make splendid gains around ends. They landed the ball within a few yards of their opponents goal and next rush it was carried across the line, but English had been off side and ball was brought back amid the groans of Senior Captain and given to the Sophs. They made two successful rushes when time was called. The score was tied, each class having scored six points.

SECOND GAME.

On Monday evening, the 22d, the Sophs. and Senior classes met on the gridiron to fight off the tie of the previous game. The Sophs were put at a disadvantage by the absence of several of their players, but were not altogether disheartened, and were determined that if defeat must come it should be in moderate quantities. Neither side was indulging in boastful predictions as to the result, but the Seniors evidently calculated on winning the game. The Sophs kick-off, and by several rushes the ball is carried back past centre of field before lost to Sophs. They fail to make the required yards and it is again the Seniors' ball. Petty is sent around end for a long run, and ball is left behind Sophs' goal, but the referee declares that "down" was not called and rules it only a touch back. Watkin's kick is blocked, but Sophs secure ball, and by steady gains carry ball to centre of field when referee's whistle blows, and first half is over, neither side having scored.

In second half Sophs are not so fortunate. After less than a minute's play Quarter Cowles makes a bad pass and Lewis scoops ball up and makes touchdown for Seniors. Goal is kicked. Seniors receive kick-off far into their own territory, but by long gains by Armfield and Petty soon make another touchdown. No goal. Again Seniors carry the ball up the field by long gains and six more is added to the score, as Tomlinson kicks goal. This makes the final score of 16 to 0 for the higher classmen. Only half a minute for play remains, and the ball, assisted by Senior backs, is again moving up the field at the usual pace when time is called. Ten-minute halves were played. The game was hotly contested throughout, probably due in part to the inspiring presence of the ladies.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

THE Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE.

The Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Winston District was held at this place on November 12th to 14th. Delegates were in attendance from Elon College, Catawba College, Oak Ringe Institute, William Bingham School and Winston.

Among the prominent speakers present were Rev. A. D. Thaeler, of Winston; State Secretary W. M. Lewis; Mr. H. P. Anderson, of Asheville; Prof. Edwin Mims, of Trinity College, and Prof. P. P. Claxton, of the State Normal College, Greensboro.

The opening session on Friday afternoon was conducted in a very appropriate manner by Rev. A. D. Thaeler. Mr. Thaeler is one of the most prominent young men of our State in Christian work, and it was a source of much regret to all that he could not remain with us throughout the entire Conference.

The address on "The Word of God, the Foundation Upon Which We Build," given by Professor Mims, was very broad and scholarly. He brought out the thought that our familiarity with the Bible may often be a hindrance to its study. We have been so accustomed from childhood to reading and hearing the Scriptures quoted that we often neglect to stop and study them so as to get the real meaning and thought.

Professor Mims also showed that in order to study the Bible in the most effective way we must not simply study it by texts or even by chapters, but rather by books. Just as in the study of any other subject, we must know the writer, the circumstances under which he was led to write, and the condition of the people to whom it was especially addressed, then study the book as a whole, keeping these things in view.

Saturday morning was spent in discussing different topics of association work, and hearing reports from the Associations represented.

Mr. S. W. Beck, of Catawba College, read a very interesting and instructive paper on "The Fall Campaign." This was followed by a paper on "The Importance of Well Organized Bible Study in Our Associations," given by Mr. I. W. Johnson, of Elon College. Mr. Johnson discussed the subject very ably, and brought out many valuable thoughts in connection with Bible study in the colleges.

One of the most inspiring addresses, to an association worker, delivered during the convention was the one Saturday afternoon by Professor Claxton on "The Value of the Association in College Life." Professor Claxton showed what a great revolution has been brought about in college life through the influence of the Association within the last twenty or thirty years, and how the college is becoming more and more a training ground in Christian work, as well as in other lines.

Mr. W. M. Lewis in an address on "Early History and Recent Developments of the Y. M. C. A.," traced the great work which the Association has been doing for many years, and showed how the work is broadening each year, and bringing in all classes of young men, from the student to the mechanic and railroad man.

Saturday evening at 8:30 o'clock the young ladies of the College gave a reception to the Conference. An hour and a half was spent in a very enjoyable way, and the visiting delegates had an opportunity to become acquainted with each other and with our own students and faculty. Every one seemed to enjoy this occasion very much.

Sunday morning at 8:30 consecration services were held in the Association building.

At 3:30 p. m. a meeting for women was addressed by Mr. W. M. Lewis, and at 4:30 the meeting for men by Mr. H. P. Anderson. Both these meetings were well attended and much interest was manifested.

In the evening, at 7:30, the closing session of the convention was held in King Hall, with a large attendance. Mr. H. P. Anderson delivered a most excellent address, in which he showed the world-wide work which the Y. M. C. A. is accomplishing and how it is reaching young men in all departments of life.

The convention was one of the best ever held in the Winston District, and Guilford College is glad to have had the privilege of having another held here.

The first lecture of the course which has been arranged, was delivered on the night of December 4th, by Prof. W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest College. The subject was "Protoplasm," and the speaker treated it in a most masterly and scholarly manner. It was explained that this substance, composed of twelve chemical elements, forms the basis of all animal and vegetable life. That without it there can be no life, and that wherever life exists there is protoplasm as the cause—as the life itself. The Darwinian theory was mentioned as one of the most important formulated in the new biological age.

In the latter part of the discourse the effect of these discoveries upon the world of thought, was considered. The so-called conflict between religion and science was dwelt upon, and it was shown that just as Christianity absorbed the ancient Grecian philosophy,

and, later, Christianized the Roman Empire, so now it is fast absorbing the scientific discoveries and theories of to-day to its own everlasting enrichment and benefit. The fact that religion and science are becoming inter-dependent was mentioned as showing that we are making rapid progress toward the correlation and systematization of all truth, which is the goal of knowledge.

The lecture was highly pleasing to all.

LOCALS.

J. W. LEWIS, EDITOR.

—The Trustees met Nov. 24.

—A number of the students went home on Thanksgiving day.

—Eliot Stone has been at his home in Greensboro sick for several weeks.

—The Y. M. C. A. observed the annual week of prayer last month.

—Miss Louisa says Walter Blair is a poor hand to send for turnips.

—Chas. Holton was compelled to leave college on Nov. 30 on account of tonsillitis.

—President Hobbs spent several days in Randolph county during the latter part of November.

—An orchestra has been organized among the boys and is now able to dispense very creditable music.

—When Miss Josie was singing "One I Love" in the musicale, Dewy was heard to say, "That's me!"

—Oliver Pearson took a trip through Randolph county a few days ago on his wheel, visiting relatives and the places of interest.

—A very enthusiastic meeting of the football men was held Dec. 2. The prospects for football next yere were discussed, and they are indeed encouraging. Jesse Armfield was elected captain and J. W. Lewis manager of the football team for next year.

—After visiting the Philagoreans, Briles said it was a great thing to be a Websterian, but if he could only be a *Philippian* his wants would be satisfied.

—Dorman Thompson came up from the University on Thanksgiving day to see his friends at the college. His massive form was a welcome sight to all.

—Several students attended the inter-society debate at G. F. College on Nov. 25. The literary societies at Guilford received an invitation to be present.

—Rev. Mead Kelsey, of High Point, was at the college on Nov. 21. He preached in the church on Sunday morning and delivered a missionary address at night in King Hall.

—Two girls comparing notes after the reception given the delegates at the convention, found that one boy had told them both the same thing. Some stories never grow old.

—King was reported to have crossed the collection room recently without having his hands in his pockets. This is vouched for by several truthful persons and is not to be doubted.

—Dr. Jacob Hadley, of La Grange, N. C., visited the college last month while on his way to the M. P. Conference at High Point. He was very much pleased with the improvements around the college made since he was a student here many years ago.

—The museum has been moved into its new quarters in Memorial Hall. It presents a better appearance now than formerly. The old room was too small and necessitated things being crowded too much. The present room furnishes ample space for all the specimens.

—At the recent meeting of the trustees Memorial Hall was formally delivered by J. Elwood Cox, chairman of the Building Committee. It was duly received by the trustees; and they expressed their appreciation of Mr. Cox's efficient management in the construction of the building.

—Miss Bessie Riddick, of Salem Academy, and Miss Virginia Newby, of the Normal College, visited Miss Nellie Riddick at Guilford during the Thanksgiving holidays. While here they, with a few friends, were given a reception at Prof. White's cottage. The visit of the ladies will long be remembered by those who made their acquaintance while here.

—Miss Beazell, the traveling secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in the South, was welcomed among us a short time ago. She met the girls in their parlor on Sunday afternoon, and with a few earnest words showed them that opportunities for advancing the Lord's work were daily passing, and that individual responsibility was not receiving careful attention. A plan of work for the coming year was outlined; and a Bible class of eight members was organized among the girls. Miss Beazell's enthusiasm in the work was a stimulus to those endeavoring to be earnest Christians.

PERSONALS.

E. K. STONE, EDITOR.

- ✓ Gilmer Joyce is at A. & M., this year.
- ✓ Lelia Kirkman is spending the winter at home.
- ✓ J. G. White is now situated at Rodgers Park, Ill.
- ✓ Robert Hodgkin of '96 is teaching at Lowell, N. C.
- ✓ R. S. McCoin has his shingle out at Henderson, N. C.
- ✓ Pearl Benbow is teaching at Madison, Rockingham county.
- ✓ Amy Stevens is teaching at Menola, Hertford county, N. C.
- ✓ Dora Ballinger is spending the winter with her uncle, Cameron Coffin.
- W. H. Cowles is preparing for West Point at a school near Philadelphia, Pa.
- ✓ Mabel Hall has returned from Florida and is attending the Normal this winter.
- ✓ John T. Benbow is a member of the law firm of Benbow & Hall, Winston, N. C.
- ✓ Miss Mary Harris, once governess of this place, and recently a member of the faculty of Earlham, is attending the University of Michigan this winter.

✓ R. H. Hayes and Miss Nannie Roberts were recently married at the residence of the bride, near Mocksville.

William P. Henley is connected with the railroads in Los Angeles, Cal. We are glad to hear of his success.

We are glad to hear Laura Winston intends to return to North Carolina and resume her duties in the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Morganton, N. C.

EXCHANGES.

RUTH MURRAY WORTH, EDITOR.

The exchanges for this month are very interesting. We are glad to acknowledge our indebtedness for the pleasure and profit derived.

The *Earlhamite* for November has been read, and the improvement over the October issue noted with pleasure. "Autumn Leaves" is a bright little thing, not particularly well written, and yet possessing quite a charm. It serves to relieve the more solid reading.

A chasm that often separates friends—sarcasm.—*Ex.*

The Tennessee University published a centennial number of their magazine. We commend the spirit of enterprise that prompted the editors to undertake a work which would reflect such honor on the State which is being so prominently brought before the people at this time. "A Centennial Exhibition" gives a concise account of the striking features of the Fair. "A Model Exhibit" gives us a good idea of the exhibit from the University. The engravings add much to the attractiveness of this issue.

The November *Messenger*, from Richmond College, has arrived. This number marks its first appearance for the year, but this fact is not used as an excuse for poor work; for they have sent out an excellent magazine, and we assure the editors that their paper is a valued exchange. "Heredity—the Master Influence," has much good thought in it and the argument is forcible; but it could have been worked up in better style, and if shortened would have been

more effective. In our estimation "Byron the Poet" is the most finished piece of work in the literary department.

The Czar believes in the higher education of women, and has ordered the reopening of the Woman's Institute of Medicine at St. Petersburg, which was closed by the government some years ago.—*Ex.*

The faculty of Kansas Wesleyan University have decreed that all students who are not members of literary societies shall write an essay each term.

"Items from Klondike" in the *Polymnian* is instructive. Quite a number of interesting facts are put together in attractive form. We hope the editors will soon gain more self-confidence.

To him who masters present tasks the conquest of greater becomes possible.—*Ex.*

Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" appeared for the first time at the celebration of the sixtieth year of Victoria's reign. Since then it has attracted much attention, both because of the popularity of the author and its merit. The *Davidson College Magazine* says of the work, "In its elevation of thought, in its intensity of religious spirit, in the clearness and strength of its faith, in its exquisite workmanship, "Recessional" suggests, and is worthy to be compared with, Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." The *Vanderbilt Observer* makes the following comment: "Rudyard Kipling has his faults, but they do not appear in this song."

HUMANITY.

All night the nun had knelt upon the stone,
And bared her heart before God's mystic throne,
And fought with sin and conquered there alone.

Yet when the east was lit with morn's bright flame
Despair crept in her heart—the nun became
A woman, yearning for the world and fame.

All night the sinner strayed in paths of wrong;
At dawn, within—foul, hideous thoughts among—
There crept a thought more pure than seraph's song.

—*Davidson College Magazine.*

ON MAKING BOOKS.

Let the feeling be strong,
 Let the study be long,
 Let the writing be short
 And the book will be bought.

—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Great thoughts alike do visit all
 To gain, expressed, the world's enlightenment;
 From some unyielding minds they fall
 As arrows 'gainst a frowning battlement.

Round some they find but open field
 Opposing naught to such cohabitants.
 What power, then, might these souls wield
 But for the chilling blight of ignorance?

To others still they come quite near,
 Like spirits at their portals glancing in;
 Vague, timorous shadows they appear,
 Then, frightened, flee—perhaps from lurking sin.

Thus callous, feeble, sinful minds
 Can never entertain a noble thought;
 Reception true, it only finds
 Where truth and love and God have lived and wrought.

—*The Vanderbilt Observer.*

Just to bury my face in the green,
 By the crickets, the grasshoppers only be seen;
 To forget the clamoring face of the crowd;
 To forget in the silence the voices so loud.

To be chirruped to sleep
 By the crickets wee;
 To be hushed by the sound
 Of the surging sea.

Chirrup, chirrup, voiceless glee!
 Hush, hush, the sound of the sea!
 Crickets and ocean are singing to me.

—*The Wellesley Magazine.*

OBITUARY.

✓ Eunice Hill Clark, relict of the late Dr. John M. Clark, of Carthage, Ind., was suddenly called from works to reward, at the home of her daughter, near Cincinnati, O., on the 23d of last month. She was buried at Carthage by the side of her husband on Thanksgiving day. She was one of the pupils of this school in its early history, from '38 to '42. With her brother, Fowel Hill, and Eliza Lindley she made a visit to the College and attended Commencement last spring. Her many friends were sad on hearing of her death, and extend sympathy to the bereaved family.

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The Guilford Collegian.

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JANUARY, 1898.

No. 5.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN AMERICA.

* * *

Like all other social institutions, the public library of to-day is the result of a long course of evolution. In ancient times, the library was not so much for the diffusion of knowledge as for the preservation of it. It was a storehouse of knowledge handed down from one generation to another, available to scholars only. The origin of such libraries defies research. Row upon row of inscribed bricks upon shelves, unearthed from the Assyrian sands, bespeaks an ancient collection that goeth beyond the memory of man. Many of them are undoubtedly copies or compilations of books already centuries old. At centers of education, and wherever books were known, collections grew up and libraries were formed like that famous one of Alexandria, perhaps partly mythical, but the destruction of which has made such a wide gap between the wisdom of the Old World and the learning of to-day.

During the Dark Ages of Europe, the little spark of learning was kept alive in the Universities and Monasteries. All day long and far into the night did the copyist toil at his table, thus rendering a service to future generations that is immeasurable. When, then, was the origin of the public library? Not the Reformation with its wonderful assertions of the rights and freedom of men, but perhaps the spirit of the Revolution, the child of the Reformation, moved Benjamin Franklin and such other men to think and act seriously on questions, both political and social, causing the idea to formulate in the philosophical brain of Franklin more than in any other, of forming a library "for the diffusion of knowledge to the end that men at large might be capable of self-direction and better fitted for civil and political independence." Franklin was no more a man of

words than of deeds. Accordingly, in 1732 there was established, The Philadelphia Library Company, the mother of all subscription libraries in America, as he himself called it. The idea is often advanced that the public library of to-day grew out of the custom, made so by law, of using public funds for libraries. But we can readily see how easily the system of to-day developed from the little seed Franklin planted and matured more than a century ago. For several years, he, with a few others, brought their books to a small room, where all could have access to them. But dissatisfaction grew out of this plan through the injury to the books, and the owners took them away. Books were very expensive at that time, and of great size. Franklin being deprived of this collection, conceived the idea of a subscription library. In 1831, he drew up a plan whereby each member should pay two pounds sterling, and ten shillings a year for the increase of the library. Money was scarce, and few of the people of Philadelphia had it to spare, and fewer cared to read. He found his self-imposed task very difficult. Finally he decided upon a plan in which he says: "I put myself as much as I could out of sight, and stated, it was a scheme of a number of friends who had requested me to go about and propose it to such as they thought lovers of reading. In this way the affairs went on more smoothly, and I ever afterwards practiced it on such occasions, and from my frequent successes I can heartily recommend it."

In 1832, several subscribers having been secured, and the money collected, the books were ordered from London. One of the directors, James Collison, who was going over, undertook the purchase and added two books on his own account. For thirty years he continued to transact all the business of the library and always added some valuable books to each yearly purchase. The success of this library thus begun was great, and many libraries of similar character sprang up all over the country. Thus the public library movement was inaugurated in America. The influence of this movement was felt in New England. The public was addressed through the columns of the Connecticut Courant, 1st of March, 1774, in behalf of a proposed Library Society, (out of which has grown the splendid public library, now the pride of Hartford), beginning with the following words: "The utility of Public Libraries consisting of well chosen books under proper Regulations, and their smiling Aspect on the interests of Society, Virtue and Religion are too mani-

fest to be denied." Thus we see that the free spirit does not belong to a recent free library system, but was inherent in the public library idea of which Franklin was the first exponent. From the beginning, these libraries were not for the few, but for the many. In most cases the fees were so small that it was thought no one could be excluded, but it seems that even there were some, and we find among the records of the Philadelphia Library Company a rule that the Librarian was permitted to "allow any civil gentleman to peruse the books of the library in the library room, but not to lend or suffer to be taken out of the library by any person who is not a subscribing member, any of the said books."

In another instance, the design of the Redwood Library in Newport, Rhode Island, founded in 1747, was stated, though in rather curiously stilted language, to be "a Library whereunto the curious and impatient Enquirer after Resolution of Doubts, and the bewildered Ignorant, might freely repair for Discovery and Demonstration to the one, and true knowledge and satisfaction to the other; nay, to inform the mind in both, in order to reform the Practice." That this was the public spirited and charitable view of the public libraries as a means of enlightenment and elevation to the community was common to the movers of the subscription libraries, is evident in all their public utterances concerning the movement. Thus we trace naturally a movement begun the middle of this century when towns and cities began the establishment of libraries at public expense.

Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor of Boston in 1847, seems to have been the first exponent of this idea. In October he proposed to the City Council, and they passed a request to the Legislature that the people of Boston be allowed to tax themselves for the establishment of a public library. The same winter the Legislature gave permission, and this probably was the beginning of such legislation in the world. Soon after, other cities and towns asked the same permission, and the law was made general. In thirty years after this legislation, nearly every Northern State had taken similar action, those especially in the lead whose early settlers came from New England. Thus we see why so much culture is possessed by New Englanders, and why so many of our poets, historians, and philosophers have lived in New England. All their lives they were surrounded with an atmosphere of books, and they had access to comparatively good libraries. If books were not in easy reach they

heard of them and knew something of a library, which was more than a great many of their brothers and sisters were permitted to know and see.

Massachusetts now has over two hundred towns which have public libraries, containing an aggregate of two million volumes, nearly as many as all the other States put together. A great many of the Western States have nearly kept step with Massachusetts. Public libraries are numerous in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and springing up rapidly in Minnesota, Kansas, and Colorado. About twenty-five States have library laws whereby any city or town can vote a special tax for a library. The Southern States have done almost nothing in this line. They need to be educated up to the necessity because it is a necessity and should accompany a school as an indispensable part of its equipment, being to the student what the laboratory is to the scientist.

The largest library in the world is the National Library of France, containing over 2,600,000 bound volumes, and about half that number of pamphlets. Our own Library of Congress, or "National Library" as it should be called, stands fifth in the list of the world's libraries, but the libraries of the United States contain more volumes than all those of France, Great Britain and Germany combined.

Since 1850, when there were only 694 such institutions, most of them with a subscription fee, there has been a wonderful growth. According to the last report, 1893, there are 3,804 public libraries supported wholly or in part by public money. The prominent libraries that have been founded by bequest during this time are the Astor, Lennox, and Tilden in New York, the Newberry and Crerar Institutions in Chicago; the Carnegie Libraries at Pittsburg and Alleghany, and the Enoch Pratt Library of Baltimore. These are only a few from the long list of private munificence.

We can but notice briefly the University and College libraries, the oldest and chief among them, Harvard, founded 1636, by a donation of books from John Harvard, now containing 430,000 volumes, noted for its Americana; Princeton, with its magnificent new home; Yale, with its next oldest, founded in 1701, particularly rich in Oriental subjects; Columbia, with its 165,000 volumes, and reputation for rapid accumulation and where the first school in the world for training librarians was founded; Cornell, with the finest home in the country, the gift of Henry W. Sage, with an endowment fund of \$300,000; and Chicago University, which created

quite a sensation when it purchased at once a whole library in Germany of 150,000 volumes, thus outnumbering in the beginning all other Universities except Harvard. Many other College and University libraries have grown rapidly by bequest in later years. Indeed nearly all the Colleges in the land are giving increased attention to the libraries and library buildings. Nor can we give in detail State Libraries; Historical Society Collections, special Government Collections, Archaeological and Geographical Societies, many of which are valuable, and all open to the public.

Among the best of State Libraries would we mention first the New York State Library, under the able management of Mr. Melville Dewey, who is considered the foremost librarian in America, and is the author of the famous Dewey System of Classification, which has done so much to simplify the work of the librarian. He inaugurated a system of traveling libraries of which over three hundred are now traveling throughout the State. Any town in the State can by a petition from twenty-five of its tax payers, procure one of these libraries of a limited number of the latest and best books.

The highest rank of public libraries in America, is attained by the Boston Public Library. It is a noble institution, and is the largest free circulating library in the world. Books of great rarity and value relating to Colonial History are upon its shelves. It has over 600,000 volumes, and under the able direction of Mr. Herbert Putnam, with the help of two hundred trained assistants, it is fast becoming one of the wonders of the United States. The building is in a severe classic style, and is typical of the purpose to which it is dedicated. It is only surpassed in rank by our National Library, and then not the interior which is said to be much grander and more artistic.

New York City has just entered upon a new era in library management, when only a few days ago it decided to unite the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden libraries into one great Public Library. Each is particularly strong in some one point, and a great many rare works will thus be housed together and will be of inestimable value to writers and students.

In many cities and towns, there are Y. M. C. A. and various Club libraries open to all, but only members can procure books. But there is still, with all the advantages offered by the various organizations, the mass of the people yet unreached. The average

man will accept and use to its utmost the opportunities of the public library more readily when he feels a sense of ownership in it, by taxation. The library of the future for the American people is undoubtedly the free public library, and the public in its truest sense, either being established or maintained at public expense. Some individual may liberally endow it, but to be successful, it must remain under municipal ownership and to some extent municipal control.

The late Justin Winsor, of Harvard, once said: "We have raised expectations that we are bound to fulfill," and when we observe the rapid growth of the libraries during the last half of the century, we are led to ask in wonder, "What is to be the result in the future?"

In 1850, there were 100 libraries with an aggregate of 1,000,000 volumes, and in 1890, the last statistics, over 4,000 libraries reported with 27,000,000 volumes. The movement is more rapid than ever, as seen in the establishment of libraries both by public and private munificence, and by cities and towns adopting legislation calculated to foster and develop the movement. Many libraries are outgrowing their buildings and are being provided with magnificent new homes. Many have grown up from small beginnings, and very few owe their existence to municipal adoption. It appears certain that no State will adopt generous legal measures for its public libraries without first experiencing some of its benefits. So in nearly all of our States, libraries have preceded library legislation. A library in its beginning will perhaps be very humble. Some one interested will give a room, another his service for the few hours each week required, a few books given, or a fair or concert held in which a book is the price of admission, and in various ways the library grows and is maintained. In a few years it has become a power and an influence in the community, and requires better quarters and service. It has gained a foothold and the people are interested. As it grows and becomes useful, it attracts attention as a large factor in the well being of the town, and draws to itself gifts and memorials in the form of buildings, endowments, and books. This has been the history of many American libraries. The way then to start a library is not to make great plans and in the beginning ask State aid, but in a simple and humble way make the beginning from which the library may grow.

It is said the Yale College Library was founded by a meeting at

Lynne of a few Connecticut clergymen who brought together from their meagre store a few books, and when these were laid together the Yale Library began its existence, and only by slow and gradual growth has it become one of the largest in New England. Not all of our libraries have been founded in this way, for many have been launched upon the way right in the beginning by munificent bequests, but the rule has been the other way, and no community can afford to wait for such a windfall. It may well be questioned whether a community would be benefitted as much by a library coming in the shape of a gift as one that has grown out of the efforts of the people themselves. Let us not sit down and fold our hands and wait for a gift that may never come, but go to work, when the process of forming a public library is so simple and easy.

IN THE STAR-LIGHT.

Oh tranquil reach of starlit sky,
Thy peaceful, changeless depths of night
Inspire in me a deeper trust,
And lure me to the God of light!

How glad I am to turn my thoughts
To you, when work of day is done!
When golden crown on western hill
Has faded with the sinking sun.

O lovely stars, so far from us
That earthly turmoil ne'er comes near!
Beyond the reach of any stain
That might mar glorious nature here!

What joy, which tongue can never tell,
And peace doth fill my restless heart
As thro' your constant beams there come
Whispers which holy calm impart.

GREENE'S RETREAT AND THE BATTLE OF GUILFORD COURT HOUSE.

DR. M. B. STUBBS.

"Cornwallis led a country dance ;
The like was never seen, sir ;
Much retrograde and much advance,
And all with General Greene, sir.
They rambled up and rambled down,
Joined hands and off they ran, sir ;
Our General Greene to old Charlestown,
And the earl to Wilmington, sir."
Tune, "Yankee Doodle."

After Gates' defeat at Camden, where he lost the laurels won at Saratoga, and also the confidence of his men and officers, Congress perceived that a more efficient commander must be appointed for the Southern department, and directed General Washington to make the selection. The Commander-in-Chief appointed General Nathaniel Greene, lately the quarter-master general. General Greene was born of Quaker parents, in Rhode Island, in 1740. While a boy he learned the Latin language and got together a small library, giving much of his attention to military history. He was chosen representative in the Rhode Island legislature at the age of twenty-one, and after the news of Lexington was appointed commander of three regiments in the "army of observation" raised by his State. Against orders he led them to Roxbury, and was disowned by the Quakers on account of this violation of their discipline; but General Washington perceived his worth, and in August, 1777, he was made major-general in the Continental army. He was at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth.

He took command of the Southern department, December 3rd, 1780, at Charlotte, receiving from Gates less than two thousand men. He divided his army into two parts, the larger of which, commanded by himself, was stationed on the east side of the Pee Dee, near Cheraw, S. C., about seventy miles north-east of Cornwallis, who was at Winnsboro, Fairfield county, S. C. The smaller part of Greene's army, about one thousand men under General

Morgan, was placed fifty miles to the west, near the junction of the Broad and Pacolet rivers, in Union county, S. C. Cornwallis sent Colonel Tarleton to fall on and disperse the army of Morgan. Tarleton was badly defeated at the Cowpens. Tarleton retreated to Cornwallis. Morgan, though victorious, feared he would be cut off from Greene's army by Cornwallis, so immediately after the battle moved by forced marches for the fords of the Catawba, or Wateree. Cornwallis pursued with the hope of regaining the prisoners and destroying Morgan's army.

Greene in the meanwhile had been informed of the battle and its result. Leaving the camp on the Pee Dee under the command of Generals Huger and Williams, he rode, with a small escort, to meet and confer with Morgan. On the route he was informed of Cornwallis' pursuit, and sent an express to Huger and Williams to break camp and join Morgan at Charlotte or Salisbury. Morgan succeeded in crossing the Catawba at the Island ford, on the northern border of Lincoln county, N. C., just two hours before the British vanguard, under General O'Hara, came up. That night it rained very hard and the river was unfordable for the next forty-eight hours, thus giving Morgan a respite.

As soon as the waters fell Cornwallis crossed at Cowan's ford, six miles below, where his passage was disputed by General Davidson and three hundred North Carolina militia. Davidson was killed and the militia routed and dispersed by Tarleton's cavalry. The British army reached Salisbury February 2nd, and next morning started after Greene and Morgan. These generals, however, had gotten up in the night and crossed the Yadkin at Trading Ford, but when Cornwallis got there the river was swollen from the heavy rains in the mountains. So the little army of Morgan and Greene again escaped.

Greene now pushed on to Guilford Court House, arriving there on the 7th and meeting Huger and Williams with the rest of the army. He was also joined by "Light Horse Harry" Lee and his legion. Greene now had about two thousand men, including two hundred superior cavalry. Cornwallis, on the other hand, had between twenty-five hundred and three thousand men—veteran soldiers—about three hundred of them mounted. Seeing no prospect of the river falling, Cornwallis marched up the western side of the Yadkin to the ford at Huntsville. There he learned of the junction of the two parts of Greene's little army. He now resolved

to cut off Greene's march into Virginia and make him fight or surrender. He was within twenty-five miles of Greene at Guilford and nearer the shallow fords of the Dan, and on the 9th he started north-east to head Greene off. Greene resolved to retreat as rapidly as possible into Virginia, avoiding battle. To guard his main body, encumbered with their baggage and prisoners, he formed a light army out of Lee's legion, Colonel Howard's infantry, Colonel Washington's cavalry and some Virginia riflemen under Major Campbell—in all about seven hundred of the best troops of his army.

The two main armies marched almost parallel to one another, Greene on the right and Cornwallis on the left. Colonel Otho Williams, in command of the light army, moved between to watch the movements of the enemy. Lee's legion, which was rear guard, was often in sight of O'Hara's vanguard, and great vigilance was necessary to prevent a surprise. Patrols were so numerous that the men enjoyed sleep only six hours in forty-eight and had only one meal a day—breakfast, for which they had to get up at three in the morning to steal a march on the enemy. Cornwallis was equally active, and both armies made thirty miles per day, which, for clay roads, wet with the winter rains, was something wonderful. On the morning of the 13th of February the British army left their direct route and were only four miles behind the light troops.

Two fierce encounters took place this day, by one of which the Americans lost their breakfast and by the other their dinner. The British van pursued all day long, frequently in sight, sometimes in rifle shot of Lee's rear guard. Cornwallis was directly behind the Americans, and now was the time to strike an effective blow. So that night instead of camping he pushed on, Lee and Williams doing the same. At 8 o'clock they were alarmed by the sight of camp-fires a mile in advance, which they supposed were Greene's and that he would certainly be overtaken by Cornwallis. Williams prepared to face the enemy while Greene should escape, but was agreeably relieved to find that Greene had camped there two nights before, the fires having been kept burning by friendly neighbors. Pressing on a few miles until the British had camped, they lighted their own fires and got a few hours rest. Cornwallis was now only forty miles from the Dan. Before dawn he was again in pursuit over the worst of red clay roads. During the forenoon only an hour was allowed to each army for a repast. At noon a courier,

covered with mud, his horse reeking with sweat, brought a letter from General Greene to Colonel Williams announcing that he had crossed the Dan at Irwin's Ferry, seventy miles from Guilford, on the preceding day, February 13th. At the news a loud shout went up from the Americans. It was heard by O'Hara, and Cornwallis regarded it as ominous. Still he pressed on. At 3 o'clock, within fourteen miles of the river, Williams turned off towards Boyd's Ferry, leaving Lee to confront the enemy. At dark Williams crossed the Dan, and at 9 o'clock Lee embarked in the last boat, having gotten his legion safely across. When Cornwallis heard of Greene's crossing and the escape of Williams and the light troops he realized that the prize was lost, and with heavy heart moved back to Hillsborough. Greene encamped in the friendly county of Halifax, Va., and there his troops rested after one of the most skilfully conducted and remarkable retreats on record. The condition of the army was wretched. Their shoes were worn out, so that their way was marked by bloody tracks; their clothing in rags, and no more than one blanket for four men. During the retreat from Guilford the tents were never used, and Greene, in his note to Williams announcing his passage of the Dan, declared that he had not slept four hours since he left Guilford.

The practical results of this arduous but successful retreat were of the greatest importance to the American cause. The beaten, disorganized remnant of an army received from Gates was now resting among a friendly population, near to reinforcements, filled with admiration and confidence in their leader, and confident in their power to slip away from the more numerous and veteran British army. Soon, with renewed spirits and increased forces, they were to re-cross the Dan and in general battle with the enemy deplete his forces so much that he in his turn must sound the retreat. The account of this, however, will be given in the next number.

DOWN AT THE VILLAGE STORE.

ELIOT KAYS STONE, '00.

Ef ever yer diskeriged, an' yer can't git at ther facts
 About ther Money Questien, an' about ther Income Tax,
 Jest fling away yer paper an' don't read it no more;
 But listen ter them argyments down at the village store.

An' when ther German War Lord thinks he's gwine ter make a haul,
 An' wipe yer Uncle Sammy off this "terrestual ball;"
 Yer needn't git excited an' think yer'l wade in gore:
 But listen ter them argyments down at the village store.

An' when yer can't disciver why Cuber ain't set free,
 An' why Chiner's gettin' et up by all ther "powers that be,"
 An' yer wonder if yer Uncle Sam will get a slice—er more,
 Jest listen ter them argyments down at the village store.

Ef ther guver'ment ain't keerful it'll soon run in ther ground,
 Ef it doesn't stop to listen to them argyments profound—
 But there ain't no use er talking, fer yer Uncle Sam knows more
 Than all them argyfiars down at the village store.

 I LOVE HER YET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BROWN EYES."

Yes, I know thou false hast proven,
 Played the cruel deceiver's part,
 Scorned my love sincerely given,
 Brok'n thy vows and crushed my heart.

Yet this cold, relentless reason
 Cannot quench a love so dear;
 Mem'ries sweet are full of treason,
 And I brush away a tear.

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JANUARY, 1898.

The clean, white page of another new year is spread out before us. The writing thereon should be a painstaking task.

In the article on "The Educational Condition of Friends in North Carolina," published last issue, a misprint occurs which so completely changes the thought that we deem it best to make the following correction: About the middle of page 84, following the suggestion as to appropriations for Quarterly Meeting schools, the sentence, as it is printed, continues: "And the very best it could consistently do," etc. This should read, "And the very least it could consistently do."

CONCENTRATION OF THOUGHT.

It has been said that a student who can fix his mind on one subject, or line of thought, to the total exclusion of all others, for the space of fifteen minutes, has bright possibilities before him. This is evidently true. The enviable brilliance of which we hear so frequently consists mostly in the power to direct the mind to one

subject and keep it there. And the dullness so often lamented among students is little more than a mind not well disciplined and controlled, wandering, by some vague association, through a whole list of subjects while the one upon which it should be thinking is neglected. The oft-heard expression among students, "I just can't get my mind on it," is literally true. Bad lessons, low marks, dissatisfaction, etc., etc., are largely traceable to this cause. There most of the trouble lies. Now some are gifted in the possession of this power of thought-placing in a large degree, while others are not. Were this the end of the whole matter this editorial would not be written; but this power can be acquired—must be acquired to a greater or less extent if anything is to be accomplished. And now while in college is the time to do it. That is an enormous part of our business here. Exercise will in governing the mind as in directing the body. Practice concentrating the thoughts upon certain subjects every day. Yes, practice it in all the studying we do, having clearly before us the knowledge of what we wish to do and what to avoid doing. The habit will grow like any other, and in the course of several years we shall find ourselves possessed of an ability and power such as only the man with mind perfectly under control can have.

FICTION IN THE COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

That fiction holds a very important place in the literary world—a place which nothing else can fill—cannot be denied. It is an attractive vehicle for geographical, historical, scientific, religious,—indeed every form of knowledge. It is the province of the highest form of mind activity, imagination. Taken in a very broad sense, it includes the masterpieces of English and some of the most popular books in the language,—the works of Scott, Bunyan, Dickens, Shakespeare, Hawthorne, Holmes, and scores of others. The superiority of the work of imagination is beautifully expressed by Keats,—

"What care tho' owl did fly
About the great Athenian admiral's mast;
What care tho' striding Alexander pass'd
The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
Juliet leaning amid her window-flowers, sighing, weaning

Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow
Doth more avail than these; the silver flow
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires."

There is little danger of too much really good fiction being written. But the very best writings are not the most popular. The poorer qualities have an alcohol-like power of creating appetite for themselves, and many writers simply try to fill the demand and send out their utterly worthless and injurious work to stimulate nerves already diseased by such stimulants and fill empty minds with weak and frivolous ideas. The fact that such literature is so popular is the greater reason for vigorous opposition, and if this opposition is not to come from educated men and women and from those who can and will help give something wholesome in its place, from whom is it to come? Hence in part, the importance that the fiction which students write and read be noble and true to life.

In the college magazine one sometimes comes upon a story original and noble in plot, healthful in tone and bright and fresh in expression. For its author we have only words of encouragement. But something vitally important is often lacking. In writing fiction it is as needful to have something to say as in writing anything else. Sometimes the idea seems to have crept in that "just any old thing" is good enough material for a story. Something worth saying need not be heavy. It may be "in lighter vein," bright and witty. If anyone has a right to be happy and hopeful, next after the Christian, it is the student.

Then the spirit should be healthful. One of the worst mistakes to be guarded against is setting a false standard and giving wrong ideas of life. To picture life as it is and to grasp its truths and lessons is success, but no sentimental ideal, nor theory of chance, nor of immediate reward for every virtue will improve upon the plan.

Too much space cannot be given even to the best fiction without injuring the symmetry of the magazine. By all means we should publish whatever is demanded in so far as it accords with a high standard, but ought not the student's own paper to represent well all departments of his work and seek to form proper taste for all rather than give undue prominence to any one?

JUNIOR EXHIBITION. •

The annual Junior Exhibition took place the evening of Dec. 16th., at King Hall. Seven-thirty o'clock, the hour for the exercises to begin, found the auditorium well filled with an audience which proved to be appreciative and attentive. The program was an agreeable variation from those usually rendered. Instead of the customary long list of oratorical efforts, the class had only five representatives, whose names and subjects are given below. The program was filled out by especially prepared selections by the Music Class and Glee Club.

As the class of '99 mounted the stage with measured tread, the ripple of conversation which had constantly proceeded from the audience, subsided and the Exhibition had begun. After the first three musical exercises, President Hobbs in few words welcomed the audience, introduced the class and announced the first oration of the evening.

This was given by Elizabeth W. Coffin. It was a precise account of "The Bering Sea Dispute," and traced the development of the diplomatic relations between the United States and Great Britain in regard to this affair.

The next oration was delivered by John W. Lewis. The "Economic Problem" of which he spoke was that of prohibition or liscence, temperance or intemperance. He dealt simply with the economic side of the question and furnished many statistics and arguments in favor of complete prohibition. The extravagance of the trafic was shown in a most convincing way.

Nellie Lancaster Jones next spoke on the subject, "Horace Mann," Her account of his life was clear, and remarkably comprehensive for the usual limit of an oration. His greatness as an educational reformer was dwelt upon. The speaker's delivery added much to the impressiveness of her production.

The oration on "Character Building" by Chas. A. Holton was not delivered, the speaker being absent from school on account of sickness.

"Is it a Blighted Hope?" was the subject of the last oration. It was concerning the return of the "Scattered Nation" to Palestine, and the speaker, Ruth Murray Worth, in her pleasing and convinc-

ing manner brought out many arguments and indications pointing to this return.

We print below the program of the entire exhibition.

Chorus—Gaily o'er the Ocean.....*Abt.*

Duo.—Le Sylphes.....*Bachman*

1st Piano, Mrs. Albright; 2nd Piano, Kathlene Lindley and Effie Coltrane.

Solo—Lenore.....*Trotere.*

Clara Woodward.

The Bering Sea Dispute,

Elizabeth W. Coffin, Denison, Tex.

An Economic Problem,

John W. Lewis, Greensboro, N. C.

Male Quartette—The Skippers of St. Joes.....*Roeckel.*

Messrs. Redding, Petty, Blair and Tomlinson.

Duet— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} a. \text{ Spanish Dance.....} \\ b. \text{ Romance.....} \end{array} \right.$ *Moszkowski.*

Tours.

Mrs. Albright and Ruth M. Worth.

Horace Mann,

Nellie Lancaster Jones, Guilford College, N. C.

Character Building,

Chas. A. Holton, Yadkinville, N. C.

Is It a Blighted Hope?

Ruth Murray Worth, Raleigh, N. C.

Jubelateo Deo,

Chorus Class.

AN OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION FOR NEW GARDEN BOARDING SCHOOL AND GUILFORD COLLEGE.

On the last day of the year 1897, in Friends' Yearly Meeting House at High Point, a meeting of former students of New Garden Boarding School and Guilford College was held to discuss the feasibility of forming some kind of an association that would include all students of the institution, whether of the College or the Boarding School, from which the College has developed.

For several causes—chiefly lack of sufficient advertisement of the meeting—very few were in attendance, but the enthusiasm manifested by the few made up for lack of members. Students were present who attended the Boarding School as far back as 1853.

The meeting was organized by calling Walter Blair, of Archdale,

to the chair, and Annie F. Petty, of Greensboro, as secretary *pro tem*.

After much discussion, in which the desirability of such an organization was emphasized, the following committee was appointed to prepare and send to all old students, wherever they may be, a pamphlet stating the object of the association, urging all to join, thereby strengthening the school and giving much pleasure and profit to the members: Elwood Cox, High Point, N. C.; Florina G. Worth, High Point; Emma Blair, High Point; George Wilson, Altamahaw; William Worth, Raleigh; William T. Parker, Archdale; Roxie Dixon White, Brunswick; B. G. Worth, Wilmington; Annie F. Petty, Greensboro.

The committee is desirous that all who read this may help them to arouse an interest in the proposed organization and assist in sending out the pamphlet by giving the names and addresses of former students.

ANNIE F. PETTY,
Secretary Pro Tem.

Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. T. U. RECEPTION.

The reception given to new students at Founders' Hall the first Saturday night of the term was a success in every way. Besides the old and new students, many visitors were present.

After a song by the audience, W. E. Blair, '98, as President of the Y. M. C. A. read a portion of scripture and Pres. Hobbs made the invocation. Each of the college organizations was represented by one speaker, who presented his or her particular cause and welcomed the new students. For the Y. W. C. T. U., Lena Freeman, '98, spoke; for the Y. M. C. A., John W. Lewis; for the Y. P. S. C. E., Prof. Geo. W. White; for the Philagorean Society, Anna Anderson, '98; for the Henry Clay Society, L. L. Barbee, '00; for the Websterian Society, Jno. M. Greenfield, Jr., '98; for the Athletic Association, J. O. Redding, '98.

Following a song by the College Quartette, cards were distributed to the new students and prizes offered to the lady and gentleman securing the largest number of names of those present in a given time. The contest was very spirited and when the count was made Stella Williams and Ernest Spencer were declared winners. Mrs. Lydia N. Blair, with appropriate remarks awarded the prizes.

An hour of social concourse followed, and when time for adjournment came, it was with a realization of friendships formed, and true college spirit more firmly established, that the company said good night.

The evening will long be remembered as one of the brightest spots in College life.

LOCALS.

J. W. LEWIS, EDITOR.

—"Oats" is again taking breakfasts at G. C.

—T. G. Pearson was on the campus during the holidays.

—Dr. Stubbs spent the holidays at his home near Philadelphia.

—Calvin Cowles was quarantined from Pomona for two weeks.

—Dr. Stubbs has charge of the bach's table in the dining room.

—Several students remained at the college during the holidays.

—A number of students are lodging in the Y. M. C. A. building.

—C. C. Kerner and C. L. Glenn were present at the Junior exhibition.

—Rev. David Sampson was at the College during the first week of this term.

—Ed. Taylor returned from Oklahoma Christmas and is now a student here.

—Prof. Howard visited Randolph and Yadkin counties during the Christmas holidays.

—The boys were glad to see a fresh pile of sawed wood at Archdale when they returned.

—Rev. J. R. Jones has built a nice residence near Prof. Woody. It is now occupied by the family.

—There are two ladies' bicycles here, among the boys. As soon as the weather permits somebody is going to receive the offer of a ride.

—Since the arrival of the Foxes Petty is no longer the most "high-minded" man on the campus.

—The classes in chemistry and physics now recite in the spacious and commodious laboratories in Memorial Hall.

—The baseball men are limbering up when the weather is fine. The outlook for a good team is the best for many years.

—Dr. Robinson was in Baltimore for several weeks taking the Pasteur treatment, he having been bitten by a mad cat. He is now at home again.

—At the close of the fall term E. C. Watkins and Jesse Armfield were elected manager and captain respectively of the baseball team of '98.

—With few exceptions, all the old students returned, and with the large number of new ones we have a much fuller school now than last term.

—B. W. Leavitt was unable to leave the college for a week after the close of school on account of sickness. He is now entirely well and in school again.

—Miss Annie Armitage, of Cleveland, Ohio, visited Miss Ruth Worth recently. Miss Armitage has been engaged in religious work in this part of the State for some time.

—The community Sunday school played "The Last Loaf" in King Hall on the night of December 11th. A small admission fee was charged, the proceeds going to the enlarging of their school library.

—THE COLLEGIAN is sorry to chronicle the death of little David Moore, which occurred on December 16th. He was bitten by the same cat which bit Dr. Robinson, and in his case hydrophobia developed.

—An elegant table, to be used on the stage of the new auditorium in Memorial Hall, has been donated to the College by Mr. E. D. Steele, of High Point. For this handsome present the College is sincerely thankful.

PERSONALS.

E. K. STONE, EDITOR.

Robt. Henley is in the saw mill business in Randolph.

Will Armfield is cashier of the Bank of Randolph, Asheboro.

Capt. C. D. Cowles, of 23rd Infantry, is stationed at Fort Clark, Texas.

Albion R. Winslow has established a truck market at Greensboro, N. C.

Murry Hollowell now lives with his mother on their farm in Wayne County.

Misses Annie and Mamie Jones spent the holidays here with their parents on King street.

Mr. Walter Hobbs, who is connected with a nursery at Atlanta, spent several days here this month.

John Folsom, a student here in '90-'91, is engaged in the manufacture of furniture at Goldsboro, N. C.

Mollie Roberts, who is teacher in a school at Berlin, Va., spent the holidays with her parents at Jonesboro, N. C.

Albert Edwards, '90-'91, was married recently to Minnie Warwick. They are living on their farm near McClammy.

C. M. Hauser has resigned his position in the High Point Bank to accept a position as clerk in the Greensboro National Bank.

Daniel and Newton Hoskins, 67-'68, reside near Cotton Wood Falls, Kansas, where they have been very successful in business and are great workers in the church.

THE COLLEGIAN extends its congratulations to Mr. V. C. Lewis, who, on December 16th, '97, led Miss Rena Hollowell, of Goldsboro, to the altar. The young couple will reside at Goldsboro.

Lee S. Smith, a prosperous merchant of the village decided to enter a joint partnership and accordingly married Miss Gertrude Smith, of Greensboro, N. C., on December 21st. We extend congratulations.

Garrett Pretlow, who left School here thirty-three years ago is a memorable character. He had a generous nature and would stand by his friends. But now as his school-mates look back through the gathering mists of a third of a century and are asked, "What do you remember or know about Garrett Pretlow?" they say: "Oh! He is the one who was shot in the jaw one dark night while driving some robbers from the bee stands on the premises of the School." The mark is still very distinct. He is now a prosperous citizen of Richmond, Va.

EXCHANGES.

RUTH MURRAY WORTH, EDITOR.

Oxford University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Civil Science on Nansen the explorer.

Miss Hu King Eng, M. D., the first woman in China to be graduated from a Medical College, has become first physician for the household of Li Hung Chang the great Chinese statesman.

We are to live like human beings. We are to live so that the best in our experiences has a direct and vital action upon those with whom we come in contact so that our separate individualities work together for the good of mankind.

The qualities which go to make up a live and likable person are genuineness, serenity and a sense of honor.—*The Westonian*.

Courage, sincerity, firmness of purpose, and thoroughness of conviction strive always to utter themselves in resonant vowels and clear cut consonants, while sloth, indifference, vagueness of thought, fear, fawning and hate tend to mould and color the thought into a tell-tale drawl, whine, whisper or growl. "Voice Training."—*Wake Forest Student*.

Robert B. Gailey, Princeton center rush on last year's foot-ball team, is making a tour of the American Universities in the interest of the Student Volunteer movement and is soon to enter the missionary field in China.—*Ex.*

The Harvard Observatory in Peru has accomplished what was thought impossible, it has caught by photography the spectrum of a meteor in its swift flight.—*Ex.*

Self dependence is essential to success—'tis the only way to true excellence; and he who constantly depends upon his friend to carry him through in his work or upon his class-mate to carry him through school, will never attain to anything great and noble. There is no better place to learn the value of self reliance than in the school-room—*The Mont Amœuean.*

LINES.

Every statue has its sculptor,
Who has wrought by skill divine,
Ideal grace from lifeless marble,
Beauty in each flowing line.

In the sands of far-off Egypt
Rise the pyramids sublime,
Triumphs of a mighty labor,
In the early dawn of time.

Thus by toil and perseverance
Are all lovely ideals wrought,
Moulded firm by care and conscience,
In the treasure caves of thought.

—*University Cynic.*

LIFE'S HARMONY.

My dearest wish, sweetheart, for thee,
Is that thy life be writ in grand,
Full chords struck by a master hand,
That make a perfect harmony.
And should He touch a minor key
Whose low notes seem to throb and beat,
'Tis but to make the tune complete.
Some notes of sadness must there be,
That when its music steals away
To join the realm of harmony,
Its echoes still may softly play,
And may an inspiration be
To those from whom it were in vain
To listen for a noble strain.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

TO OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunity! thou stands't so lightly poised upon the air!
 Why hast thou outstretched wings of snowy loveliness?
 Ah! we can see; thy pinions are of fleeting moments made,
 That are and are not ere we know they are.
 Opportunity! why stands't on tip-toed feet as if to flee?
 Before thy shadow falls upon the senseless air,
 Art hastening onward, not again to pass? Wilt thou not tarry here?
 Wilt from our sight be gone while yet we gaze?
 Ah, Opportunity! Stay while we, wakening, rouse and startled, see;
 Stay, till we stir our languid limbs and clasp thy pinions fast,
 Thou precious Opportunity, our own!

—*The Macalester Echo.*

RONDEL.

(*En esperent de mieux avoir.*)

Still hoping for a happier time,
 The present hour may work its will,
 The present hope may fail, but still
 Assured my heart and glad my rhyme;
 For tho' in sorrow's somber mime
 A part I play, forget the ill,
 Still hoping for a happier time
 When o'er to-day's dead hopes I climb
 To higher, that Time may fulfil,
 And last to know the victor's thrill,
 Assured my heart and glad my rhyme,
 Still hoping for a happier time.

—*Yale Courant.*

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OLD FASHIONED HONESTY.

W. A. BLAIR.

There are some persons to whom, as Shakespeare puts it, all things, "past and to come seem best, things present, worst." Others do not even include the future but seem to think that everything true and good and noble belonged to days gone by. They seem to feel in regard to this present age, that

"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right."

With Goldsmith they "love everything that is old—old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." With neither class of these can we quite agree. The good and bad have been, are and will be found in every age of the world's history, but the careful observer may always find "sermons in stones and good in everything." Whether the world is growing better or worse, a little more respect for obligations and a little more of what is called "old-fashioned honesty" would surely be no disadvantage to us in North Carolina.

It has come to pass in these latter days that when a man wants a loan from a banker or from a neighbor he hastens to say, "I can make you safe," and offers endorsers or a mortgage on his property. The banker or neighbor aforesaid would prefer to know that the man who applies for the loan is honest and careful and truthful, and that he will do exactly as he promises to do so far as it is possible. Perhaps our laws have, to a certain extent, taught the people to believe that what the law allows is right and that justice goes no further. Take the homestead law for instance. Instead of helping the poor man for whose benefit it was supposed to be enacted, it has hurt him. It has taken away his credit. He cannot borrow money without a mortgage or endorsement because the law

protects him if his real estate is not worth more than \$1,000 and his personal property more than \$500. By degrees he sometimes learns to believe that if the debt he owes cannot be collected by law it is all right for it to go unpaid. An honest man who makes a debt will pay it, or do his best to pay it, whether or not it could be collected by law, or whether or not it is out of date. Again, demagogues and politicians are in part to blame for the dishonesty of the age. When a political campaign comes on the dear people hear so much about Wall street, the money power, corporations and the rich, and are told so touchingly how they are oppressed and are so strongly advised to rise in their might and thrust aside these "thorns in the flesh" that some even seem to think that verily they are doing God's service in cheating somebody or in borrowing money with no intent to pay it back.

It is surprising how demagogues can inflame the people, when the people ought to know that these noisy agitators care nothing for them or their interests, but are simply filled with an unsatisfied yearning for office. Dishonesty is made semi-respectable, too, in some instances by the very church of God itself. Oftentimes the fellow who prays loudest and occupies the highest seat in the synagogue, or is superintendent of the Sunday School, does not pay his debts, and the more he owes the louder he prays. Others less intelllgent observe and say to themselves, "Well, perhaps it is all right to cheat somebody out of his just dues. There is——— who does it, and he surely prays long and loud and beautifully." Some, too, teach the pernicious doctrine that the government ought to take care of the people anyhow, or that they ought to have a part of this world's goods without working for them, and that if they can swindle somebody they are only getting their share. From individual dishonesty grows the dishonesty of corporations and bodies politic. If a county or town, for instance, issue bonds for a certain purpose and afterwards, on some technicality, repudiate these bonds there is no milder name for the process than stealing. The officials who countenance it are dishonest and the people who do not rise up in their might and demand an honest payment of an honest debt are dishonest, too.

These things are coming home to us in North Carolina and we need to think of them carefully and honestly, and to decide always in favor of the "old-fashioned honesty," which has always characterized our people.

ROBERT BURNS.

JULIA S. WHITE.

“Fresh as the flower whose modest worth
He sang, his genius glinted forth,
Rose like a star—that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.”

In these lines Wordsworth has embodied three important points in the life and works of Robert Burns—his humble birth, his sudden popularity—“rose like a star,”—and his unfailing power to interest his readers in the works of his genius.

The expressions “the Ayershire poet” and “the peasant poet” have been applied to Burns so often that the casual reader can but know of his “humble birth.” A closer acquaintance with which adds greater wonder to the beauty of thought and tenderness of feeling found in his poetry.

Robert Burns was born near the village of Ayr, in 1759. His parents were true Scotch peasants, strict in their integrity and honest dealing with those about them. Under the discipline of such parents the happiest years of Burns’ life were spent. During his boyhood he and his brother helped their father to till the little farm, besides spending a few months of the year at the country school. Even at this time Burns showed a decided liking for the Scotch songs which he found here and there among the people. Many of them he memorized, These he repeated to himself as he followed the plough, together with those of his own composition.

The Burns family lived successively at Lochlea and Mossgiel. In the meantime Robert set up business for himself at Irvine, but made a failure. It was at Lochlea that he frequently overstepped the limits of true enjoyment; at Irvine that his reckless habits became more fixed, and at Mossgiel that he continued to indulge in those dissipations which wrecked his life when he had given forth “no more than a mutilated fragment of what was in him.” With life a social failure, with conscience a severe goad, with reputation gone, he resolved to go to the island of Jamaica. To secure suf-

ficient means for this journey he published his first volume of poems. No sooner had this little volume left the hands of the printer than its merit was recognized by literary people, and its author became a central figure in Edinburgh society, rather than an exile in Jamaica. In these new surroundings, differing widely from those in which Burns was born and still more widely from those to which he had allowed himself to sink, he assumed no affected manner, not even in his style of dress. Having always possessed a wonderful degree of gentility, he was seldom, if ever, ill at ease, and proved a source of amusement on account of his sparkling wit.

After the first wave of Burns' popularity had passed he bethought himself of his last days at Mossgiel and the disgrace upon his life. He set about to redeem himself as far as possible, publicly married Jean Arumour, leased a farm, secured the position of exciseman and seemed to be really beginning life over again. But failure was his lot as a farmer and his excise duties only served to aggravate and increase his dissipated habits. In 1796 he died a victim of these habits, a slave to passion. Wordsworth says of him:

"With holly spray
He faltered, drifted to and fro.
And passed away."

Burns characterizes himself thus in "The Epitaph:"

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame.
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name."

Burns is a narrative poet, a letter writer, a writer of love poems, and above all, a song writer. Carlyle thinks that the songs are the most truly inspired of his works and that upon these the fame of the author will ultimately depend.

Of the narrative poems "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Tam O'Shanter" are the best. The first of these is most graphic in its descriptions; in it is a clear-cut picture of the fireside, the simple meal of porridge and cheese, the evening prayers of the family and, above all, the maidenly modesty and unfeigned love-making of Jennie and the "neighbor lad"—in fact the whole is a

perfect picture of rural life, simply told. Aside from this the poem has renewed interest in that it gives a peep into the early life of the author and shows his veneration for his father, a veneration which reaches its climax in "The saint, the father and the husband." Tam O'Shanter has a great charm, both in the weird superstitions and in cunning of Tam to allay the fury of his wife. Although the whole poem has the breath of a debauched nature, yet in it are found such gems of thought as the following:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed.

* * *

Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

"Halloween" shows an authorship akin to that of Tam O'Shanter. It is full of the gentler and less ghostly superstitions of the peasantry of Scotland.

The keen analysis of human nature which enabled Burns to write the above named poems also enabled him to detect the foibles and inconsistencies of man. Hence his success as a writer of satire. "The Twa Herds" and "The Holy Pair" are poems of this nature. Closely linked with the satires is "Death and Dr. Hornbook," in which Death breathes out invectives against his rival, the Doctor. But it is not in poetry of this kind in which Burns wins our admiration. It is when he takes a subject most commonplace and paints beautiful pictures which reveal a tenderness and pathos not to be surpassed. It is in poems like "To the Mouse," "To the Mountain Daisy," "The Auld Farmer's New Year's Salutation to His Auld Mare, Maggie," "The Twa Dogs," and in the poem of later years, "On Seeing a Wounded Hare." In these Burns makes himself the brother and playmate of all nature, and almost gives the dignity of humanity to beings of lower animal creation. Let us note the tenderness of this from "The Wounded Hare:"

"Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains,
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield."

Burns as a letter writer is much the same as Burns the poet. The two persons to whom most of them are addressed are Mrs.

Dunlap, a lady who seemed a sort of god-mother to him and who seemed to call forth the best that was in him, and Mr. Thompson. The latter set himself to compile many of the national melodies, and he applied to Burns for help to render the work more perfect and to improve the poetry wherever it seemed necessary to make it better fitted for use both in public and in private concerts. This work occupied the leisure hours of Burns' remaining years. He not only amended the songs of others, but also wrote many new ones, contributing one hundred in all, "the best of which are now ringing in the ears of every Scotchman." These letters to Mr. Thompson are most valued because they give to the songs which they frequently include a setting which tends to fix them in the memory. Of Burns as a song writer Carlyle says, "It will seem a small praise if we rank him as the first of all our song writers, for we know not where to find one 'worthy of being second to him.'" One source of the popularity of these songs is the great variety of subjects, ranging from the pure love songs like "Highland Mary" through the tender strain of "Auld Lang Syne" to a sadder note like "Mary in Heaven." In all of his poems Burns has a happy way of letting his patriotism show itself, and often, too, he gives them touches of a reflective nature:

"Oh would some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!"

Often, too, whole scenes are embodied in a few lines:

"Where summer first unfolds her robes
And there the longest tarries"

is his description of the home of "Highland Mary." "In whatever he has written there seems a certain rugged sterling worth, a virtue of green fields and mountain breezes, it is redolent with natural life and hardy natural men." In these very qualities the genius of Robert Burns "doth glorify its humble birth with matchless beams."

GREENE'S RETREAT AND THE BATTLE OF
GUILFORD. II.

DR. M. B. STUBBS.

In a previous article we have told how Greene's little army of weary and ragged patriots escaped by the passage of the Dan from the hot pursuit of Cornwallis' veterans. On the 16th of February the Dan began to subside and Greene realized that Cornwallis might attempt to cross and keep up the pursuit. He therefore moved his prisoners and baggage further north and erected fortifications commanding the fords. Cornwallis, however, did not think further pursuit on Virginia soil advisable, but hoped that by the general rising of the Tories of the Carolinas, since the rebel army was driven out, he might have his army increased. On the 20th he raised the Royal standard at Hillsborough and issued a proclamation, inviting all loyal subjects to his standard. Many hundreds came to his camp, but few enlisted.

Word was brought to Greene, however, that the Tories were flocking from all quarters to the royal standard. He saw that if undisturbed, Cornwallis would soon have complete control of North Carolina. Sending Lee and Pickens in advance, he recrossed the river on the 23rd to give Cornwallis check. Lee's great desire was to surprise Tarleton, commander of the British light troops. In attempting this he fell in with four hundred Tories under Col. Pyle. These were surprised and completely dispersed. The Tories were awed by the fate of Pyle's command and stopped enlisting.

Cornwallis had stripped the country around Hillsborough and thought best to move to the south side of the Alamance, on the west side of the Haw. Lee and Pickens with the light troops crossed the Haw below Buffalo Creek. Greene with the main body reinforced by Virginia troops and North Carolina militia, crossed the Haw above Buffalo Creek and encamped on the heights between Troublesome Creek and Reedyfork, fifteen miles above Cornwallis. Greene constantly changed his position, keeping Col. Williams and the light troops between himself and Cornwallis. His plan was to cut the British off from the upper counties, to harass by skirmishes, but avoid a general battle, thus giving time for his reinforcements to come up.

On the 6th of March, Cornwallis under cover of fog crossed the

Alamance hoping to beat up Williams' quarters and surprise Greene. The attempt was discovered through Williams' vigilant patrols and he fell back, covered by Lee's legion, who disputed the passage of Reedyfork. A smart skirmish followed, in which the Americans lost about fifty men. As soon as Greene heard of Cornwallis' approach he fell back to the head waters of the Haw, changing position daily, so that Cornwallis, not getting any positive information concerning his whereabouts, retired to rest his troops to Bell's Mills on Deep River, thirteen miles below Jamestown.

On the 10th of March, Greene was reinforced by a brigade of militia from Virginia under General Lawson, two from North Carolina under Generals Butler and Eaton, and four hundred regulars. He now felt strong enough to fight, and, crossing the Haw and Reedyfork, encamped near Guilford Court House on March 13th. Cornwallis had also advanced from Deep River towards New Garden meeting house. Seeing that Greene wanted to fight, he gladly prepared to meet him by sending his baggage back to Bell's Mills and moving forward on the morning of the 15th with twenty-four hundred veteran soldiers. Lee, vigilant and ready, was near the New Garden meeting house when the van of the British army consisting of cavalry and light infantry, under Tarleton, came up. To draw them away as much as possible from the main body, Lee made a slow retreat. Tarleton's troopers pressed forward in pursuit and emptied their pistols on the retreating Americans, when Lee's men wheeled suddenly and in close column thundered down on Tarleton's column. One front section only of the British cavalry met the charge and these were all dismounted and most of the horses knocked down. About thirty British dragoons were killed or captured in this charge. The rest of Tarleton's troop fled and as Lee tried a short cut to head them he came upon and received a heavy fire from the infantry among the tall oaks at the meeting house. Lee had ordered a retreat, when his infantry came up and returned the British fire and a brisk general action arose for a few moments, until Lee, perceiving the main body of the British coming up, ordered the retreat, the cavalry covering the rear. While this skirmish was going on, Greene was preparing for battle.

From Guilford Court House, or Martinsville as the village then was called, the ground to the southwest slopes abruptly down to a little valley. At the time of the battle there were some pretty broad clearings around the Court House, extending southward along the

Salisbury Road. On each side of the road was a forest of oaks. Within the southern border of the forest and behind a fence and small trees were posted the North Carolina militia under Generals Butler and Eaton. Within the woods and three hundred yards back of the first line was the second line. This was near where the railroad now is. It was composed of Virginia militia under Generals Lawson on the right and Stevens on the left of the road. The continental infantry, four regiments, were drawn up near the Court House to the north of the road, four hundred yards back of the Virginians. The two continental Virginia regiments, commanded by Colonels Greene and Hewes, were under Brigadier-General Huger on the right. The Maryland continentals were under Col. Williams on the left. Col. Washington's light troops and cavalry was on the right flank, and Lee's legion on the left ready to support the flanks on the front line. Captain Singleton's two six-pounders were in the road a little in advance of the front line while the remaining two pieces were with the rear line, near where Gen. Greene took his station.

About noon the British army defiled from the road into the fields presenting a gorgeous appearance, their scarlet uniforms and burnished arms strongly contrasting with the sombre aspect of the country, barren of leaves and grass. A cannonade was opened from the six-pounders and answered by the British artillery neither doing much damage. The British now advanced coolly and steadily in three columns, Gen. Leslie commanding the Hessians and 71st Highlanders on the right, the artillery and guards under O'Hara and Norton in the centre, and Webster's brigade of the 23rd and 33rd regiments on the left. The North Carolina militia waited until the enemy were within one hundred and fifty yards, when agitated by their undaunted advance, they began to fall into confusion, some fired without taking aim, others threw down their guns and fled. A volley from the foe and a bayonet charge routed them. A few men under Gen. Eaton, falling back on Lee's legion maintained their ground. Had the first line done their duty, the result of the battle would have been far different. Gen. Stevens of the second line ordered his men to open and let the fugitives through. Under his spirited command and example, the Virginians held their ground, fighting bravely until the right of the line under Gen. Lawson hard pressed, wheeled around on the left and retreated in confusion back to the continentals.

Col. Watson with the British left now advanced across the fields under a terrible fire and attacked the right or continental troops while Gen. Leslie with the Hessians and Highlanders drove back the American left. The action was now much broken up on account of the extent of the ground and the forests. The enemy pressed with increasing vigor on the American right composed of continentals, Col. Washington's dragoons and Kirkwood's Delaware troops. Greene counted on these fresh troops to retrieve the day. He rode along the line and exhorted them to "stand firm for victory. Trust in God and fire low." The 1st Maryland regiment under Col. Gunby, received Webster's attack bravely and seconded by some Virginia troops and Kirkwood's Delawares, drove him back across a ravine. Very soon Col. Stuart with the 1st battalion of royal guards and a company of grenadiers attacked the 2nd Maryland regiment under Col. Ford, supported by Captain Finley's two six-pounders. It gave way at the first shock and abandoned the cannon to the enemy. Stuart was pursuing when Col. Gunby, freed from Webster's attack, wheeled upon him with fixed bayonets while at the same time Col. Washington charged with his cavalry. Col. Stuart was slain, the cannons were retaken, the enemy gave way and were pursued with great slaughter. Cornwallis came up and ordered McLeod's artillery to fire grape into the mingled mass of pursued and pursuers. It was effectual and Washington and Howard of the 1st Maryland fell back to the continental line. Webster having perceived the effects of Stuart's attack on Ford was recrossing the ravine, about to fall on the Hawes, Virginians and Kirkwood's Delawares. On the left, Lee's legion and Campbell's riflemen had had a fierce contest with the Hessians and Highlanders. Lee and Campbell withdrew and joined the continentals near the Court House.

The flight of the North Carolina militia, the retreat of the 2nd Maryland regiment, the scanty supply of ammunition and the junction of the two wings of the British army convinced Greene that there was no hope of success in a conflict with Webster's 23rd and the 71st Highlanders who were now pressing forward with a good hope of turning the American right. He therefore resolved to retreat before it was too late. Ordering Col. Greene with the brave Virginia regiment to cover the retreat, he led off the Americans in regular order, leaving the artillery behind, for almost every horse was killed. Webster's advancing regiments and Tarleton's cavalry,

commenced a pursuit, but Cornwallis, unwilling to risk such a movement, soon recalled them. Thus ended the battle of Guilford Court House,, a battle highly beneficial in its effects to the American cause, though a nominal victory for the British.

No battle of the revolution reflects more honor on the courage of the British troops than that of Guilford, for the number of Americans was double that of the British. The battle lasted two hours and the British lost six hundred killed or wounded; the Americans four hundred, besides the missing, who were, however, according to Lee, always to be found safe at their own fireside. While the roar of battle boomed over the country, groups of women in the Alamance and Buffalo congregations were engaged in common prayer to the God of Hosts for His protection and aid and for the success of the American army. While the British claimed the victory it was at fearful cost and small advantage. One-fourth of their army was killed or disabled, their troops exhausted by hunger or fatigue, their camp encumbered by the wounded.

The Americans retreated to Reedy Fork, thence to Troublesome Creek, ten miles from Guilford. Cornwallis remained on the field that night burying the dead. The next morning he fell back to New Garden. On the 19th he decamped, leaving seventy or eighty wounded British soldiers and officers in the meeting house, which he had used for a hospital, and retreated as rapidly as possible southward to Fayette ille, afraid that Greene would rally and attack him. As soon as Greene heard of this he commenced a pursuit and kept it up as far as Ramsey's Mills on Deep River, Chat-ham Co., where Cornwallis had broken the bridge behind him, making pursuit hopeless.

This battle which ended in the retreat of the Americans was especially favorable to the American cause, since Cornwallis' army was so depleted that he no longer dared fight with Greene, but was driven in his turn to the seaboard, thus leaving Greene the master of the Carolinas.

In some degree the line from the Scotch ballad might well be applied to the combatants, for

"They baith did fight, they baith did beat, and baith did rin awa'."

A MISSIONARY HEROINE.

C. E. W., '93.

The courage requisite for a missionary must be very great; to us it appears to be of the most sublime and noble kind. The applause of the world would of itself be insufficient to incite any to sever the affection for home and friends, nor could it sustain a man or woman amid the desolate wastes of heathen lands during a lifetime: nothing but the religious sense of duty and the applause of a pure conscience could so elevate and sustain the soul amongst weary labors and pestilential airs, for the work always has been and still is one of hardship and suffering.

The missionary field, however, has not been exclusively occupied by the strong, and faithful, and forward man. As Christianity is woman's bond of equality with man, so is the vineyard of Christ equally her place of labor, and she has gone forth in the faith that maketh strong to do the will of Him who sends her.

The lives of all these amiable heroines of the cross are full of true courage and faith, but I wish to tell you something of the life of only one of these—one of America's heroic daughters whose maiden name was Sarah B. Hall. Alstead, New Hampshire, was her birthplace, but most of her childhood was spent at Salem, Mass. Her parents were poor people, so she had not the advantages of children to whom fortune has been more indulgent. She was deprived, much of the time, of the privilege of attending school, yet opportunities for improvement presented themselves in various ways, which she was always willing and eager to embrace. She was early trained to habits of industry, thoughtfulness and self-denial which distinguished her through life. At an early age she took great delight in reading, and later found delightful recreation in the composition of poetry. Many looked upon her as a rising poetess, but hers was a higher vocation. The missionary spirit was developed in her heart when she was a mere child, the situation of the ignorant heathen and idolaters often calling forth her pity even before her conversion, and when she was enabled to consecrate her whole being to the service of her Maker the leading idea of her life was toward the path of a missionary.

In 1825 she married George Dana Boardman, a young man of Maine who had offered his services to the Board of Foreign Missions and was accepted as a missionary to supply the place of Judson's fellow-laborer in the Burmah field. The same month they sailed to join the American missionaries in Burmah, and Sarah's ardent aspirations were gratified—she was a missionary to the heathen. It was here that the most interesting and eventful part of Sarah's life began; it was here that all her self-reliance and courage were called into requisition.

Burmah at this time was in a most unfavorable condition for receiving the religion of peace. The Burmese war had been renewed and hung as a dark cloud over their prospects, but they were not discouraged and at once began the study of the language, which is the key to the heart of the heathen. After residing some time at Amherst, where they were assisted in their study by Dr. Judson, they moved to Maulmain to a lonely and dangerous mission-house situated close behind a thick jungle, where, during the night, the wild beasts made dismal howlings. They might have found a home within the protection of the fort, but their object was to benefit the Burmans, and to do that they must live among them. The necessity of having an armed guard was suggested by the English general, but it was declined as it would have deprived the missionary of gaining the confidence of the people. In their little bamboo hut, therefore, so frail that it could be cut open, as Mrs. Boardman says, with a pair of scissors, they prosecuted their study of the language under a native teacher, and even ventured to talk a little with the half-wild natives around them, and for a short time were unmolested.

Just across the river was an old decayed city which served as a refuge for a horde of robbers who, with knives and swords, would often sally forth in bands of thirty or forty, cross the river, pillage in the British town and return with their spoils to their own territory, where they were safe from British retaliation. Considering the insecurity of the home of these missionaries, it is not surprising that they soon made it a point of attack. The family, enabled to put confidence in Him who never slumbers or sleeps, assured that He would protect them, had retired, leaving a lamp burning as usual, and were soon sleeping soundly. Toward morning Sarah Boardman awaked and noticed the light extinguished. It was soon relighted, and to their consternation they found that their

house had been entered by the lawless plunderers and robbed of nearly every valuable article it contained. While regarding this loss of their goods, Sarah chanced to raise her eyes to the curtain about their bed and noticed with horror two large cuts through which the murderers had watched their slumbers, ready to stab them had they offered the slightest resistance, or even had they waked to consciousness. Notwithstanding her alarms from these lawless plunderers and from the wild beasts of the jungles, she did not wish to change her residence; she was in the place of her choice, among the people whom she had long desired to see, and among them she found a field of usefulness.

From various motives the natives began to visit them constantly, to whom they conversed as well as they were able concerning the new religion. A school for boys and one for girls was opened, but was soon left in charge of other missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Boardman changed their place of abode in accordance with instructions from America, and moved to Tavoy, where their real labors began, and here they had to struggle with the utmost difficulties. The acquirement of the dialect of the people was the first thing necessary, which difficulty they speedily surmounted, but they had to exert themselves to the utmost in the pursuit of plans for the people's instruction. Not only did they contend with the climate and failing health, but they were subject to extreme danger during a revolt of the province of Tavoy against the British government. The situation of Mrs. Boardman and her family was most appalling. When we read how she was forced to flee from her frail hut by bullets actually whizzing through it, to pass through the town amid the yells of an infuriated rabble, and at last to take refuge in a wharf-house where death threatened in every form, we are ready to ask, "Can the female heart endure such fearful trial?"

The fatigue, agitation and exposure hastened the decline of her husband's already failing health and hurried him on to that grave which he found on Burmah's distant shore.

New circumstances now called Mrs. Boardman to new and untried duties. "Three courses of life were now open to her—either to devote herself to her domestic duties, manage her household, educate her only child and in quiet seclusion pass away the weary days of her widowhood, or she might return to America, where she could give her son those advantages which he could never have in a heathen land; or thirdly, she might continue to employ her

time and faculties in instructing and elevating those in whose service her husband had worn out his life." The latter course she chose to take, and devoted herself with all the energy of her soul to the instruction of those about her, moving about from place to place, encountering much fatigue, yet cheered by the consciousness that she was in the path of duty. She went into the jungles amongst the simple Karens and established schools, employing natives as teachers, who were under her constant superintendence. Little is known of her tours among the Karen villages, as she shrank from writing or speaking much on the subject. It is known, however, that such tours were made, and that the progress of the gospel was not suspended while her husband's successor was engaged in the study of the language.

After three years of widowhood she became the wife of Dr. Judson. With him she moved again to Maulmain. Wonderful changes had taken place there since she left it with her first husband. Then the only church there had only three native members; she found now three churches numbering two hundred members.

Her life at Maulmain was one of love, labor and trial; she instructed in the schools and translated into a new language such tracts as were thought most calculated to acquaint that people with Christian doctrines; she afterwards translated into that language the New Testament and life of Christ.

The next trial to which Mrs. Judson was called was to part with her only child, for reason and judgment told her that the good of the child required that he should be sent to America.

Her work during the latter part of her life was more of a literary character, and it is surprising that with her maternal and domestic duties she could find time and strength to accomplish so much, but the longer she was in the missionary field the more endeared the missionary cause became to her, and her zeal was untiring.

In the forty-second year of her age, and the twenty-first of her missionary life, her health began to decline, and it soon became evident that her earthly career was near its close. A sea voyage was recommended, so Dr. Judson decided to accompany his wife to America. For a short time this change produced the most beneficial results, then her life ebbed away rapidly, and she died at sea September 1st, 1845, and was buried at St. Helena.

Strength as well as loveliness of character was apparent in Sarah Boardman-Judson. "She could do and endure as well as love and

please. Sweetness and strength, gentleness and firmness were in her character most happily blended. Her mind was both poetical and practical. She had a refined taste and a love for the beautiful as well as the excellent, but all these fine gifts and endowments were consecrated." She was unreserved in her offering to her Saviour, nor do we find that she once desired it otherwise.

The strength of her life was spent as a teacher in the wilds. Though she is dead, Mrs. Judson's works still live; and generation after generation of Burmans will associate her name with that of her honored husband as benefactors to their race.

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FEBRUARY, 1898.

SHALL THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT BE CONTINUED?

The time has come when it is necessary to consider seriously the question stated in the above heading. Of late years the interest of the student body in THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN has been steadily declining, and at last it has reached a point which necessarily produces, in the minds of the editors, some revolutionary thoughts. The present staff, upon the assumption of their duties, foresaw that the greatest difficulty confronting them would be the lack of literary contributions by the students. We were not sure, though, that interest in this important feature of college work might not be aroused, and in case it could not be, we could keep in the same old rut—depend upon the Alumni, faculty or any other persons upon whom we should not depend, to fill the literary department. Once or twice we have mentioned editorially the importance and absolute necessity of student support, but these appeals have met with a cold, indifferent silence. We have spoken personally with a number of students whom we thought most likely to comply with our request, but have been put off by petty excuses. So the other resort has been used. The Alumni and editorial staff have furnished, about equally, the literary articles which have thus far ap-

peared during the present collegiate year, with two noteworthy exceptions, the one an essay, the other an oration; neither written for THE COLLEGIAN, and only to be had by a ridiculous amount of persuasion and supplication. These two contributions stand out among the other matter, in conspicuous isolation, the only two which have been supplied by the source which should have furnished nearly all our literature. The time has come, we repeat, to speak plainly about this subject. Bluff and deceit in the form of unsigned articles by the editors and Alumni, giving the student the advantage of the doubtful authorship, have become abominable.

THE COLLEGIAN is supposed to be published by the three literary societies here. This is not the case, however: After the societies have balloted for, and elected the editors for the year, they consider that they have fully and faithfully discharged their duty to the Magazine, and wash their hands of any further bother or responsibility in the matter. The editors have not been supported in the slightest degree. They might to-day tender their resignation to their respective societies and no member could enter an intelligent objection. There is a by-law upon the books of each society to the effect that every member belonging to either of the three higher college classes must contribute an article to THE COLLEGIAN during the year, or pay a specified fine, and although no one dares attack the justice and wisdom of such a law, no serious endeavor is made to carry it out.

Now what is the purpose of the literary department of the average college magazine? It cannot be to furnish students suitable reading matter. The large magazines of the country offer something vastly better. It is more pleasant and profitable to get science, philosophy and history from the sources of such thought than from the pen of the unoriginal amateur. The fiction of the college paper is entirely eclipsed by that constantly coming from modern authors of established reputation. Therefore we must conclude that the chief object of such a department is to give students practice in composition and to encourage literary activity. Viewing the matter, then, from this, the only logical standpoint, to what purpose has this department of THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN been published during the current year? It had been customary to get up from fifteen to twenty pages of literary matter from some source or other, and we followed suit. We see the error of our course. That the literature of a college magazine is

largely the work of the students is the only possible ground upon which this department can reasonably exist. Of this we entertain not a particle of doubt. We fail to see the good in publishing a certain number of pages of matter which is not representative of, nor gives benefit to the student body, and do not care to be guilty of the unreasonable, much longer. We shall make one more earnest effort to draw our literature from its proper source, and if that fails we shall advocate the discontinuance of the literary department and the making of THE COLLEGIAN mainly the recorder of College news.

THE prospects for unusually good work in the literary societies is very encouraging. The way new members are coming in and the speakers in debate ransack the library shows clearly that society work is considered worth while and the members are making it worth while. Those who have been in the habit of visiting society once in awhile and staying away twice are wakening up to the fact that they are losing too much and they wish a share in the work. Older members of the Clay and Web. Societies are rejoicing over the longest roll for several years, while the Phi. boasts nearly all the Founders' girls and some from the neighborhood.

The number of Preps. and Freshmen who have joined is unusually large. This is very encouraging, not only in the outlook for the society, but in advantage to the individual. Every term one does good literary work he is more benefitted than the last, so that to begin early is not alone a gain proportional to the time,—we might rather call it an investment which will yield ever increasing dividends in later college years.

In a recent number of the *Outlook* is an article on "The Passing of the Art of Oratory," and rightly does the author show the lack of interest in college oratorical work to be largely responsible for this decline of eloquent speaking. He contrasts the enthusiasm for athletics with the half-hearted interest in debating clubs, oratorical contests, etc, in some of the foremost American colleges, so we feel still more like congratulating Guilford students that the literary spirit promises well nigh to keep pace with athletics this term.

LOCALS.

ELIOT KAYS STONE, EDITOR.

—Snow!

—Ice!

—So

—Nice!

—Skating!

—Crash!

—Senior!

—Splash!!

—Have you seen Wilson's plug?

—What about that Joint Entertainment?

—Poetry and pink paper seem to make good impressions on the girls here.

—The "Foxes" have requested Governor to take a *reaf* in their beds, they are too long.

—Mrs. David Samson spent several days at the college visiting her daughter, May.

—Mr. Johnson is very happy over his report in History which he still insists is Nearly Perfect.

—Prof. Howard:—"What is a poor use of the word beat?"

Foster Copeland:—Dead-beat, Sir.

—Pearl Moffit was here last month visiting her sister Rosa. Her many friends were glad to see her.

—Scientists contend that there is no such thing as perpetual motion. They have never seen Carl chewing gum.

—Dewey states that when you cut your finger the blood "quagulates" and catches the fibrin which causes it to bleed.

—There is some talk among the boys of a debate between the Henry Clay and Websterian Societies. "It is a good thing, push it along."

—The ground hog, who has his abode in the ground somewhere about Founders, woke up on Jan. 11th for the first time.

—Recently there were seated at one of the tables in the dining room a *King*, a *Governor*, a *Senator*, a *Reverend* and a *Professor*.

—On Monday, Jan. 16th the Sophomore's held their first regular class meeting in the parlor at Founders. The Soph's report a "lovely" time.

—One of the College teams ran away some time ago leaving a trail of cord-wood from Founder's to the newly ploughed ground in the rear of the Y. M. C. A.

—We are glad to welcome Mr. John Griffin and his family to Guilford. He has purchased the house lately occupied by Rev. Jas. R. Jones. His daughters Misses Janie and Josie attend College as heretofore.

—"Top" talks in his sleep. The other night he was heard to say, "O! Miss —— will you be mine?" Then after some muttering he exclaimed, "I will commit my suicides."

—Instruction in Bible Truths are much appreciated at our Sunday Evening Services. Prof. White lately gave us a sound doctrinal reading on the "Duty of Christ," by Luke Woodard, showing that Jesus of Nazereth was more than mere man and was indeed "Lord of All."

—One pleasant Sunday afternoon two boys determined to take a walk, and procure some plants for botany. After some consultation they decided to go to Sunset Hill, because one of the boys had seen some pretty flowers over there. So they went over there and while searching for the "forbidden fruit" ran across the Governor. There was no use running for he had them. So they put on what they called a bold face and entered into conversation with him. Being kind hearted he broke the news to them as gently as he could, that it would be necessary to pay their respects to the President at 8 o'clock the next morning.

—On Saturday, February 5, the students and people of this neighborhood assembled in the lecture room in King Hall to hear Dr. Henry Louis Smith of Davidson College, give his celebrated lecture on the X rays. In remarkably clear and simple language, and without the use of a single technical word, he described the X

ray apparatus, so that the youngest child in the audience knows something about the X rays. After the lecture he showed coins in purses etc., and invited everyone to come up and see the bones in their arms or hands. It was an excellent lecture and Prof. Smith left a fine impression among our people here.

—The lectures this term have been unusually good. The first was given on Saturday night, January 22, by Prof. White. His subject was, "Our Northern Constellations," which he illustrated by a large chart of his own make, showing the Stars in their relative positions. He clearly portrayed the movements of the Heavenly bodies and pointed out the numerous groups.

—A very instructive and interesting lecture was given on Saturday, Jan. 29th, by Prof. Davis, in which he told of the different languages and of their similarity. He gave his attention more especially to the Greek which is so generally thought to be a dead language, and showed that it is not a dead language but that its influence is still felt, and that it is one of the most beneficial of the Oriental languages to the traveler.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Achsah Jones the wife of Rev. James R. Jones, departed this life on the evening of 1st month the 27th.

She was a life long member of the Friend's Church, an earnest christian woman and will be much missed by the community.

As an invalid, she was patient, and cheerful. The sympathy of THE COLLEGIAN and the entire neighborhood goes out to the bereaved family.

PERSONALS.

J. W. LEWIS, EDITOR.

Flavius V. Brown is selling tobacco for his father.

Herbert Peele is on a farm near Rich Square, N. C.

Sallie Copeland is assistant matron at West Town, Pa.

Numa R. Thornburg is teaching school at Pender, N. C.

S. H. Williams is teaching at Lewisville, Forsyth county.

J. O. Ragsdale is a clerk in the freight depot at High Point.

Frank Armfield is a clerk in the National Bank of High Point.

W. H. Watkins, Jr., is staying in his father's office at Ramseur.

Joseph A. Love is in the lumber business at Red Springs, N. C.

James Cox is clerking in a general merchandise establishment at Ashboro.

Nathan Andrews is book-keeper for Royal & Borden, furniture dealers, of Goldsboro.

Byron B. Hauser is in Baltimore studying medicine. He will finish his course there this spring.

C. F. Osborne was recently appointed clerk in the Greensboro post-office. We congratulate him on his success.

W. K. Gibbs, a N. G. B. S. student in the war times, is a prosperous farmer and excellent citizen of Rockingham county.

The *Tar Heel* says that Miss Sallie Stockard, '97, will have the honor of being the first female graduate of the University. She is the only woman in the class of '98.

Joseph H. Peele is at present in Cleveland, Ohio, attending the Walter Malone Bible Training School. Mr. Peele was a very popular preacher during his pastorate in Iowa.

EXCHANGES.

RUTH MURRAY WORTH, EDITOR.

It is interesting to know that Miss Abigail Laughlin, '98, Jaw, a Cornell "co-ed.," has recently won a prize debate over the 'Varsity men of Cornell.—*Ex.*

It is related that Kipling declined payment from the *London Times* for the poem called "Recessional." It seems that he preferred that the poem should go out as a purely disinterested ex-

pression of feeling. The "Recessional" was a poem beyond price and it is pleasant to believe that no price was put upon it.—*Ex.*

The most interesting number of the *Westonian* is the first one for '98. "Kraeplin on Mental Work" is a sensible article written to justify Americans in giving their school children short hours for work. We notice that doctors have agreed that the demand which the German schools make upon their pupils is too severe. "Home Study of Literature" is an article of merit. The number for Second Month is before us. A supplement showing the winter sports adds much to the attractiveness of this issue.

An "Unsatisfied Need" in the *Tar Heel* has been read with interest. We heartily endorse the writer's idea that students who expect to make the best use of their opportunities should learn to express their thought in graceful and effective language. This weekly contains for the most part items of only local interest.

In a number of exchanges we find earnest words about making the most of time. The *Wesleyan Advance* takes up the thought in an editorial, and tells us that when we use to best advantage the present privileges and opportunities "we have no time to worry or to sigh for things that are not." We quote from another exchange the following: "Only moments—yet what wonders are wrought by their improvement in the small opportunities of our daily life. * * * He who turns to account the odd minutes and half hours achieves results which astonish those who have not mastered the secret."

We find much to enjoy in the *Magazine* from the North Carolina State Normal. After reading the articles contributed by the students we do not feel oppressed with the idea that the writers have been laboring to impress us with their thorough understanding of all the scientific and political questions of the day, but we do feel that they have written about things in which they are interested, and we are conscious that they have succeeded in interesting us. "A Critical and Interpretative Study of Maud Muller" shows clear thought and good taste in the selection of words to express the thought. We would be glad for the *Magazine* to visit our table more frequently.

I stood in a crowded thoroughfare,
 A splendid pageant passed along;
 Throat-rending shouts insult the air,
 Mad with delight that mighty throng.

In sadder mood
 I longed for solitude.

More splendid far than castled car
 The wealth of prince or king e'er bought,
 In quiet night from dreamland far'
 There comes the pageantry of thought.
 —*University (Texas) Magazine.*

CONTENTMENT.

This life is sweet though we have lost the rose;
 And what care we that into darkness goes
 The little span that's left to you and me?
 Not all the beauty banished with the spring,
 For new joys rise while other charms take wing.
 The day was bright? Lo, stars light up the sea.
 —*Nassau Lit.*

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Fair, white-robed child, that lingerest at the door,
 And yieldest to the passing black-palled bier
 Where lies the body of the dead Old Year;
 Fearless, pass thou the waiting threshold o'er!
 Thy welcome is assured. Whate'er the store
 Of joyous hours thou bringest, what the drear
 And desolate days of grief, have thou no fear!
 If undreamed blessings in our cups thou pour,
 Or if thou come to make our hearts full sore,
 By taking from them what they hold most dear,
 We welcome thee; heaven-sent thou standest here.
 God thought thee in his mind the worlds before
 Thou comest, new create, immortal guest,
 To obey a loving Father's wise behest!
 — *Wellesley Magazine.*

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To the Guilford Boys :

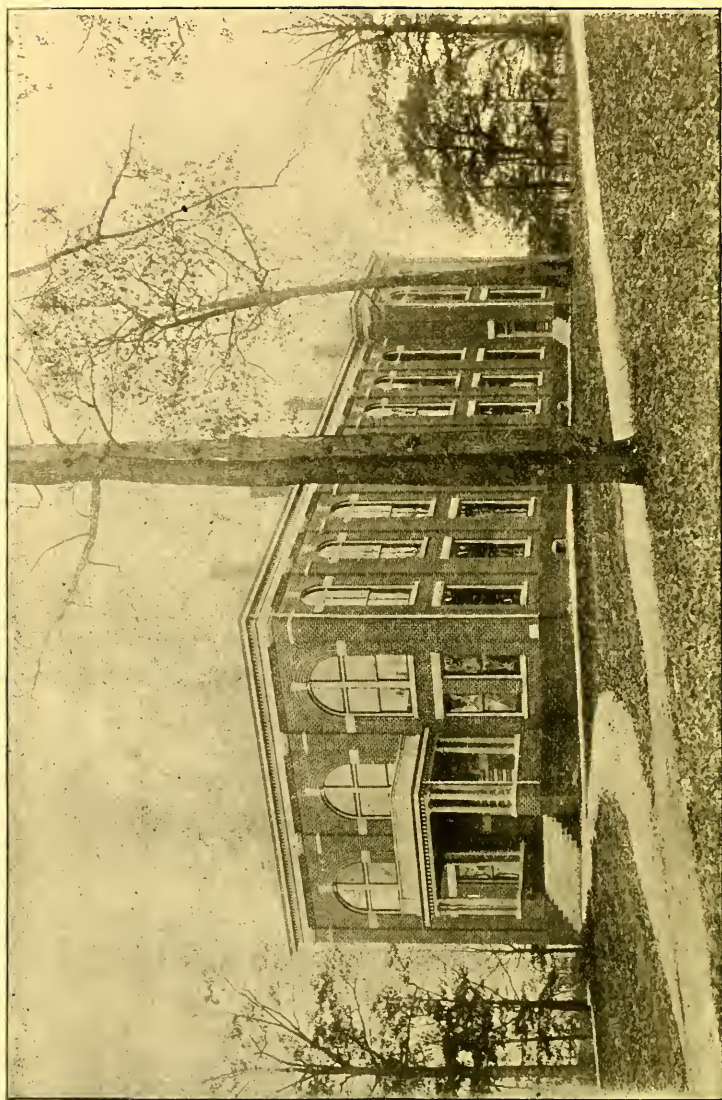
We thank the college students for their patronage during the past term and advise them of a larger and more complete equipment this season in

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W. R. RANKIN, MANAGER.



MEMORIAL HALL, GUILFORD COLLEGE.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1898.

No. 7.

REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO THE HAUNTS OF WHITTIER.

E. M. M. '93.

On New England soil there is scarcely a little hamlet to be found that does not have some place of interest about which clusters incidents of history or romance.

The Quaker bard has done well his part in gathering both traditions and facts and weaving them into poetic story.

Perhaps the first place one calls to mind that Whittier has made famous is the Old Homestead so clearly portrayed in "Snow Bound." If a tourist takes the Amesbury Trolley Line in Haverhill, there is to be seen an ever-changing panorama of grand views, through a gently rolling country of hill and dale, with here and there pleasant glimpses of the pine-clad shores and blue waters of Lakes Kenoga and Sattonstall. Four miles are soon gone over and at a country cross-road is seen a large granite post on which is engraved "Whittier Homestead." A few rods up the road that crosses the Amesbury road at right angles, over a little stream, (perhaps the "duck branch") on a gently sloping lawn is found a typical representation of New England architecture of Miles Standish days. This long, low-roofed, square house, built by Thomas Whittier more than two centuries ago, was the birthplace and loved home of the Puritan poet.

Like the proverbial colonial design, the house ends to the road. The visitor steps upon the cramped box porch, shading the entrance door, and is at once ushered into where the family circle sat, "Shut in from all the world without." On the left of the door is the cherry writing desk at which "Snow Bound" was composed and written. Near by is the carved mahogany sideboard and sand-polished oak dining table. Many fine pieces of ancient table ware and queer

cooking utensils are there to puzzle the modern house wife as to name or use. Perhaps the most attractive part of the room is the old-fashioned fire-place thoroughly equipped with kettle and crane, andiron, slice and tongs, and the oven, where beans and brown bread, baking over Saturday night, were ready for the Sunday morning repast. The Bible rests upon the mantle and the bull's-eye watch and almanac hang in their respective places.

Adjoining the living-room is a little chamber occupied by the poet's mother, and, since it was built over the milk-room, the excavation required the floor to be two steps above. The bedstead with canopy and draperies gives a cheerful idea of rest in "ye olden times."

The third room open to visitors is more spacious. On its walls hang several large family portraits and numerous heirlooms are to be found in every nook and corner. The sample made by Abigail Ayers, "who still her steps delayed when all the school were leaving," hangs by the fire-place. It was made when the little girl was eleven years old,—about a year before her death. We sometimes think the little scene described "In School Days" was a poetic fancy, but the little girl really fingered her blue-checked apron and confessed :

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you !"

Abigail Ayers' home was about a mile from where Whittier lived. The house still stands and is occupied by her relatives. The school-house with sumachs growing around was near by, but has since been torn away.

On the grassy lawn of the Whittier home is the "long sweep high aloof" that guides "the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well." The spacious barn stands across the road and one can almost hear the father as he said, "Boys, a path," and see them come forth with caps pulled low, mittened hands and buckskins on, to make

"A tunnel walled and over laid with dazzling crystal."

The visitor is free to wander where he chooses, and the family

that occupies the house, save the three rooms mentioned, are ever ready to relate pleasant reminiscences of the poet's family. The estate of one hundred acres has been purchased by Whittier Memorial Association, who have organized a perpetual board of trustees to see that none of the curios or landmarks are removed and indeed are collecting a number of family heirlooms and having them placed in their proper setting.

Passing down one of the pleasant streets of Amesbury the attention is arrested by what is at once recognized as the well where

"The travellers, heat oppressed,
Pause by the way to drink and rest,
And the sweltering horses drink, as they dip,
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank."

The history of the well is true and is attractively told by Whittier in "The Captain's Well."

The poet often sought quiet and rest among the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont during the Summer months. Near the station of West Ossipee in New Hampshire is pointed out the sight of the inn where Whittier wrote "Among the Hills." The country roads wind in and out near the banks of the Bear-camp river. Here and there nestle white farm houses, a pleasing contrast with the fresh emerald of the lawn and field. Almost any one of them might well have been the home of the sun-brown farmer who

"Shook hands, and called for Mary;
Bare armed, as Juno might, she came,
White-aproned from her dairy."

Almost every one delights in reading "Barefoot Boy," but some, perchance, do not know that he is still living in a part of our country, wild, beautiful, and historic, where he was discovered by the poet.

The little town of Hague lies stretched along the western side of Lake George, about twelve miles from the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga. During the long, cold winter the folk pass a quiet restful time, the only excitement being to attend meeting and go to the village for supplies. In the Spring and Summer months people, weary of the heat and hurry of the city, find rest and recreation in this primitive little town with its magnificent scenery. Among these surroundings grew up the "barefoot boy", called by his companions

"Cub" Miller. As for his Christian name, it is not known, and why he should be called Cub, remains a mystery. All boys must have some nick-name, and this one seemed to suit the lad, as he was strong, stout and stubby. The poet accurately describes the appearance and contented life of the "bare-foot boy," but failed to tell of an accident that happened in his childhood. The waters of Lake George are wonderfully clear in all parts. Logs, stones, and weeds can be plainly seen at the depth of thirty feet, and fish are watched as they play around the line before the nibble is felt. It was a favorite sport among the boys to dive for nickles thrown into the water by passengers on the steamboats as they touched at the wharves. Whittier no doubt saw the lad as he stood barefoot, watching the steamer coming in. This amusement was not as safe as lucrative for the boys and was indulged in too much by "Cub" Miller. The shock of the water affected his ear drums and in a short while the sense of hearing was entirely destroyed. At present the "barefoot boy" has lived about two of his three score years, but seems in many respects a "barefoot boy" still as he trudges whistling along the road, hands in his pockets and hat, if any, on the back of his head. Having seen the man and known his affliction one is surprised to find him the owner of a profitable farm, neat house, a horse and wagon, and having a wife and barefoot boys of his own.

"For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks."

No better guide over the mountains can be found, than the "bare-foot boy," for he knows every wild animal, the habits of every bird, the favorite hiding place of every flower, and approach of every storm. "Cub" Miller seems to retain his boyish happiness, and habits. The "turned-up pantaloons" are still worn, "the merrily whistled tunes" are heard, and "the sunshine on his face" cheers all whom he meets.

"Prince thou art,"—
"From my heart I give thee joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy."

BOB HICKSON, HAZER.

'98.

The Spring term of the college had begun, and Bob Hickson, the notorious hazer, and his disciples, were assembled in one of the rooms planning the discomfiture of some of the more presuming Freshmen who had just entered school. The hum of the power house which furnished electric lights, had ceased an hour since, but with lamp, a by no means scarce article in the dormitory building, and carefully veiled transom, the schemes for the term's hazing slowly proceeded. The attendants at this important council, six in number, were seated around the table in the centre of the room. By an effort they had partly succeeded in inducing upon their mild, pleasant faces something of the grim aspect of the desperado, and their coarsely whispered conversation made it evident that they would fain imagine their mission as dangerous and heroic as possible. Now and then a smothered laugh would pass around their circle as the ludicrous predicament of some intended victim was pictured. The object of their remarks just now was a large, well proportioned fellow by the name of Carson Rogers. He was a new student, of course, and, at present, was rooming with the hoboker's chieftain himself, Bob Hickson.

"I'll tell you fellows," said the leader, "it would take half the boys in the building to black that man; besides blacking is getting awfully common. We must reach him somehow though, for he's as conceited as an old hen with her first brood of chickens."

"Throw a bucket of ice water on him in bed the next zero night we have," suggested one.

"I'd thought of that," replied Hickson, "but I didn't like it exactly. We may have to use it, however. His estimation of himself must be lowered and it may require a deluge of ice water to do it. He's continually talking about where he's been and what he's done. I know more about his achievements already than those of my life-long acquaintances. The stage is a favorite topic of his—says he acted the part of Hamlet with some second-class dramatic company. He was slow, though, to admit the 'second-class' part of it and only after I asked why he gave it up did he confess that he had failed as an actor, or as he expressed it, that his 'talent lay in a different direction.' But let's see if we can't think of something better than wetting. I have also discovered about our man that

he's very superstitious. May be we can operate some on this weakness. How would a scare do?"

Thoughtful silence prevailed for some moments, when another fellow spoke up.

"My father," he said, "was telling me when I was home, how, during his college days, he scared his room-mate. He first got the rumor started that sounds of a rocking chair, supposed to have been caused by a spirit, had been heard in his room during the night, and then while the reports were fresh tied a white object in his chair and awakened his chum while he rocked it with a thread. Pa says this was very effective and if Rogers is superstitious enough it might work up some enthusiasm in him. Now Bob, there's your rickety old rocker."

The leader and all the others seemed at once to fancy the idea. One recommended that the skeleton be stolen from the laboratory and placed in the chair to strengthen the scene, which suggestion was heartily received.

During this confab, Frank Wilkins, the youngest of the group, had listened in silence. He was often accused of being chicken-hearted and several times had been made the object of flings about his being a hindrance rather than a help in fun-making. So no one was altogether surprised when he said :

"I can't favor the project. There's too much danger of serious consequences. It might be funny, and it might— well, you all know of instances of minds being ruined by the terrible strain of such scares. I like a joke when all possibility of injurious effects is removed, but in this case it is not. Besides, I have taken a liking to him and don't care to be conspiring against him. I should call him a jolly, good fellow, very little bothered by conceit."

"Do as you like!" exclaimed Hickson, becoming somewhat angry. "You needn't 'conspire' if you prefer not; but your foolish whims shall never stand in the way of our fun. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. Special friend of yours is he?" he continued, blending sarcasm with his anger. "Our friends can be hazed, but your friendship for a man is the infallible guarantee of his perfect peace and security. Wonder that friendship is not universally courted by new men! Well, for my part, I think we can get along without any farther hindrance from you and suggest that you no longer listen to plans which are so distasteful."

Wilkins was much moved by this stern arraignment, and having

said he didn't mean his remarks as they were taken hastily left the room. No one cared to discuss the action of the chief so it was only jokingly remarked that there might be something in what Frank said—that to be awakened from a sound sleep and see by the faint moon light a skeleton deliberately rocking away the time would scatter a man's wits if anything would. They all agreed that the bigger the scare the better the joke, and decided to carry out their plan in the course of a day or two when things should seem ripe for it. After laying other schemes each man went to his own room. Hickson found Rogers still up but they both retired immediately.

Next morning as they walked over from breakfast one of Hickson's companions of the night before stepped up and cordially asked: "What were you fellows doing up before daylight this morning?" Of course both were surprised at the inquiry, and stated that they were never up until a few minutes before breakfast. Their companion then went on to say that he, being in the room beneath them, was awakened by the sound of a chair rocking above him—that he thought he recognized the peculiar squeak of Hickson's old chair, but went immediately to sleep again. Both Rogers and Hickson were ready with explanations and ridiculed the idea, although their informer contended to the last that he heard the noise. Soon afterward a similar inquiry was made by a fellow rooming next door. He had been awake with the toothache the night before—remembered when they retired and several hours afterward, he didn't know how many for he was in great pain, he heard the creaking of the chair. His tooth was still paining him and he would see the dentist that day, etc.

This deception went on in the smoothest way possible. Hickson played his part to perfection. While he persistently denied his fear, his half frightened manner when speaking of the subject was anything but reassuring. At Rogers' anxious inquiry he grudgingly admitted that some fellow had died in the building, and in their room, so they said; but added that he didn't believe a word of it. The next day they decided to play the joke the coming night. Everything indicated success. All five hobokers expected fun enough from that night's work to last all term. They triumphantly declared: "It will simply scare him to death!"

Another fellow who had watched the proceedings was of the same opinion. This was Frank Wilkins. His friendship for Rogers

had not been cooled by the latter's superstitious tendencies, and he dreaded the result of the scare. At first any thought of disclosing the plot did not enter his mind, but the second day of his ostracism from his former associates brought different feelings. The fellow whose unkind words so wounded him had scarcely noticed him since, and his other companions were so completely under the influence of their leader that they paid him almost as little attention. The natural result of this treatment was an irresistible desire to get even somehow, and while in this spirit he resolved to tell all to his new friend and let him pretend fright, so as to prevent any suspicion of betrayal. Then his old love for a harmless joke asserted itself. This, and the stinging sense of having been treated unjustly, decided him. He quickly assumed an aggressive policy and laid a little plot of his own. It might work; Rogers could probably act just such a part, and the professor rooming in the building would no doubt assist in some innocent fun. He didn't know what night the scare was to take place, but with carefully laid plans, awaited developments.

That night Hickson and his room-mate sat up late. At last the former, having worked himself into a mild rage over a difficult problem, left the room with the declared intention of taking it to the professor. An hour later he returned, and finding Rogers in bed asleep, again noiselessly left the room. Soon five dark-clad figures walked stealthily from the building in the direction of the biological laboratories. Upon reaching a particular back window, which had previously been unfastened from the inside, they carefully pushed it up with a long stick and lifted the leader through the opening. After some tumbling, in which a skull was knocked off a shelf and a microscope upset, Hickson reappeared at the window with the hideous object of his search. He handed it to the others, who hastily wrapped it in a blanket which had been provided. He then jumped lightly to the ground, and all walked silently away.

It was now past midnight, and the moon hung in the clear western sky only a little above the dim outline of the encircling hills. This moonlight effect had been calculated upon, for Hickson's room was on the western side of the second floor. In this room the low-turned lamp cast a faint light, but with the exception of this and the lamp in the lower hall, the great building was in darkness. The party repaired first to the room where such suffering

had been caused by the toothache two nights before, while Hickson went into his own room to reconnoitre. There satisfying himself, by asking a careless question, that Rogers was asleep, he blew out the light, slipped off his shoes and went out for the skeleton. He soon had this fastened securely in his creaky rocker, and jumped into bed, holding in his hand the thread by which the chair was to be operated. The appearance of the thing was indeed frightful, illuminated by the pale moon-beams. For about a minute complete silence reigned, save Rogers' regular breathing. In the next room all were patiently waiting for the fun. The skeleton began slowly rocking to and fro in the rickety chair. Rogers did not stir. Hickson kept pulling the thread, and the squeak of the chair and the rattle of bones became louder, still his room-mate slept peacefully on. He now spoke to him in a terrified whisper. "Rogers! Rogers! Wake up and save yourself! Look at that chair!"

Rogers drew a long breath, as if waking from a sound sleep, and raised himself on his elbow. When first his eyes met the scene before him he screamed out, threw up his arms, and a shudder passed through his whole frame. Then he began to moan in a choked, convulsive way, and then, as if in a spasm of fright, he leaped from his bed, violently snatched the door open and fled from the room. Hickson, for a moment, almost exploded with laughter, while sounds of great merriment came from the adjoining room where all four fellows rolled in unrestrained hilarity. But although Hickson's numerous pranks had somewhat deadened his humane feelings, he was not entirely inconsiderate, and suddenly felt compelled to stop laughing and follow his frightened room-mate. The pitiful moans which a moment since had so much amused him, now rang unpleasantly in his ears. He had not forgotten Wilkins' words. He opened the door and stepped out into the dark hall. At the end was visible in the failing moonlight the white figure of Rogers standing silently by the window. Hickson smothered the exclamations of dismay which rushed to his lips and hastened to the figure's side, the most terrible fears thronging his brain. They seemed confirmed when he beheld a blank face gazing aimlessly into the night. Not knowing what to say to Rogers, he took him by the arm. Rogers cast at him a scornful, idiotic glance, and striking a dramatic attitude, exclaimed, "Where wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no farther."

"Oh heavens," murmured Hickson, "he's mad, entirely mad."

The white, simple face seemed to defy any explanation of the affair. He only said as calmly as he could, "Rogers, let's go to our room." And pulling him gently away from the window, led him slowly toward it. The other fellows now rushed out ready to finish their laugh in Rogers' face, but they instantly saw that something was wrong, and going up to Hickson, asked, "What's up now?" "Something awful has happened," he replied. "Boys, get away; you can't help any in a case like this." They understood, and, with the most unenviable thoughts, willingly hastened to the room of one of their number in the farthest part of the building.

Hickson, as soon as in the room, lit the lamp. Rogers stood stiffly in the center and asked where he was. At this moment there was a rap at the door and the professor entered, and a welcome visitor he was. He would have been called for in another minute. He glanced from the simple face in the middle of the room to the skeleton, and then spoke in his sternest voice. "Bob Hickson, you have played one too many of your heartless pranks. I warned you to stop it long ago. You needn't take time to explain anything. I perceive all. Now to your poor room-mate's condition. I don't know that anything can be done, but go with all haste for Dr. ———, the specialist. He lives just in the edge of town, you know—not more than half a mile away, and will know what to do.

"Is not parchment made of sheepskins?" asked Rogers.

Without a word Hickson slipped on his shoes and rushed off on his midnight errand.

As soon as he was gone the strained situation collapsed. Frank Wilkins soon joined his friend and the professor, and while the tragedian, whose insanity for once had not raised a single question, brushed the powder from his face they all laughed long and heartily. "Our kind errand-runner will soon be back," finally remarked the professor. "I will meet him down in the hall and send him back after some one else. He will not bring the specialist with him, for he went to Washington yesterday. As Bob is about to leave, Rogers, you may come out and call him back."

The professor was walking anxiously up and down before the dim hall lamp when Hickson came in, breathless from running. The roads were always bad that time of year, and the mud covered his shoes. "The specialist is away from home," he panted. "What shall be done?" "Go for some physician—it makes no difference who," replied the professor in deepest despair, "only be quick."

Hickson turned and passed out the door on a run, when Rogers appeared and called after him: "Say, old man, you needn't go."

"What's this?" exclaimed the excited runner, recognizing the calm, natural voice of his room-mate.

"Yes," said Rogers, in his provoking drawl, "I think maybe I can get along without medical assistance, till the roads get better anyhow."

"What does this mean?" said Hickson confusedly as he walked slowly back toward the door.

Frank Wilkins came out and joined in the laugh as the breathless hazer walked up. Hickson soon comprehended all, and after a few moments righteous anger at Wilkins, joined in the laugh, tho' not very heartily. At this point his four comrades came walking down the hall with the most inquisitive expressions on their faces. They had been hid away in fear and dread as long as they could stand it, and the loud laughter led them to suspect some new development. They soon "caught on" and were compelled to join in the laugh to conceal their own "sold" appearance.

The merriment finally subsided, and the professor suggested that all turn in. "We've had enough fun for one night," he said. "At last we have a joke on the jokers, but I think we'll agree not to let it out," he added with a humorous glance toward the hazers, "if you will all be quiet and studious boys the rest of the term." And the secret was faithfully kept, although the noises of the night and returning the skeleton brought forth some questions which were hard to answer.

WHO YOU VAS.

Who vas it vas so very meek,
 He vas almost afraidt to shpeak,
 Pecause he does not haf der cheek?
 Der Freshman.

Who vas it dinks he knows it all,
 Und drows der stove-vood down 'der hall,
 Und makes der leedle Freshman bawl?
 'Der Sophomore.

Who vas it shvell's himself mit pride,
Und carries him fraueline py his side;
Und vas already tignified?
Der Junior.

Who vas it on commencement tay
Vill read ein grand sublime essay,
Und schow der goferments der vay?
Der Senior.

MEMORIAL HALL, GUILFORD COLLEGE.

The donation of ten thousand dollars last year by Messrs. B. N. and J. B. Duke for the erection of a Science Hall at Guilford College is an event in the educational work of our State worthy of consideration; and the building now completed and named Memorial Hall, in honor of the late Mrs. Mary Lyon, makes a most valuable addition to the equipments of Guilford College, and a splendid appearance on the campus,

The plan of the building appears from the following sketch and the external appearance from the cut:

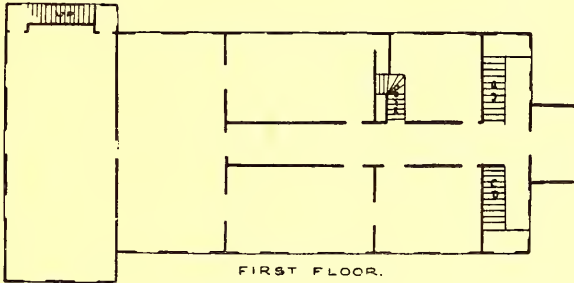
The building is 117 feet long, besides portico at east entrance 12 feet; the width varies. The first thirty feet on west end is sixty feet wide, and this space thus enclosed on first floor forms the museum of natural history, the elevated ceiling in this room serving for floor of the rostrum in the auditorium above.

The second room adjoining the museum extends the width of the building, 47 feet in the clear by 23 feet, and forms the chemical laboratory. Adjoining this on the south side is a class-room for physiology and botany, 30x19 feet, and a similar one on the north side used as a physical laboratory. A second room on south side, 32x19 feet, is intended for biology, and on the north side is the office of the President of the College, 16x19 feet.

The front entrance, 40x12 feet, contains a double stairway leading to the auditorium. In the stairway entrance, over the arch entrance to the hall extending through the building to the chemical laboratory, hangs a marble slab with the following inscription in gold letters:

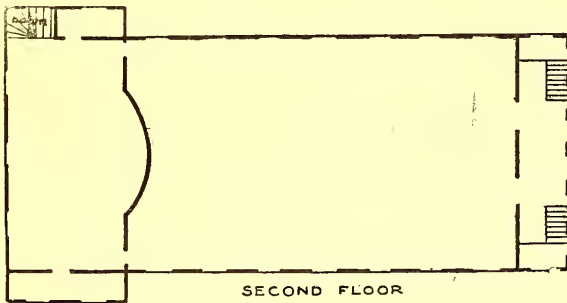
"This building was erected to the memory of Mary Elizabeth Lyon, by her brothers, Benjamin N. and James B. Duke. 'This woman was full of good works and alms deeds which she did.'—Acts 9:36."

The auditorium occupies the entire second story, having a seating capacity of eight undred, seated with opera chairs. The floor



is slightly inclined to the capacious rostrum in the west end extending across the building, and having a depth of 30 feet and a width of 50 feet, with $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet elevation.

There is ample space in the basement for heating apparatus, storage, and a carpenter's shop.



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MARCH, 1898.

VOICE.

Few students need to give less attention to text-books, but nearly all might with profit give more attention to other lines of development. We have heard until we are tired of it that we need to build up a symmetrical life; yet, tho' we may "know by heart" the words, we keep forgetting their truth.

There are some ways in which we can improve ourselves without taking a moment from regular work, and one of the most neglected of these is the very means by which most results of our years of training will reach the world—the voice. Few people are gifted with a very beautiful voice, fewer still have time and opportunity for years of training, but every voice can be cultivated, and that, too, with little time and thought. Indeed most people have better voices than they realize, and almost all the harshness and the high, sharp tones that rasp our nerves are acquired. If we would only think for a few minutes how much more we enjoy talking with a person or hearing a speaker when his voice is natural, clear and gentle, and then notice how easily we can eliminate bad elements from our own voices, we will be surprised. If it is true that "Americans wear out their nerves by the noise they themselves make," speech must have a share in the process.

Then, too, voice is taken as an index of character. We feel that

a whine belongs to a fault-finder, a snarl to a cynic. Tones often convey more than words; they may bring more joy and may wound far deeper. A pleasing voice is power and is indispensable to a good conversationalist or public speaker. He who would find the best reception for his thought must send it forth in pleasant tones as well as fitting words.

A RESPONSIBILITY.

If our base-ball team this spring proves to be a poor one we can easily see that the only plausible excuse is that our candidates are not active enough in getting to work. With a half morbid feeling and no interest in the success of the team, a man need not expect to do the team any good by going out on the ball-field after school. The *idea* of men announcing themselves to be candidates for the team and then go out in their citizens' clothes to play ball! Many that are faithful enough to put on their suits daily, seem to be afraid of getting their hands dusty and will not try to slide or do any base running to amount to anything.

What do we expect to oppose us when we get out against the other colleges? Will we be so foolish as to think they have thrown away their precious time in the same manner? Certainly not. Other teams are working hard, and have been all this term. They know that they have the college to represent. We should realize the same fact. Last year our team showed good training, and we were highly praised for it. What laudation can we hope to receive this year, if we do not hustle? Let us remember that the student body will not feel so enthusiastic over supporting a weak team, and our college friends will not hail with joy the news that "Guilford sent out an untrained team."

Let us put all possible energy in the work from this on, and a good result will follow.

WE LIKE to recall the words of a Y. M. C. A. State Secretary who once said, in speaking of Guilford, "That is the most heavenly place I ever visited," and we are anxious that the same might be said yet. All through the year good work has been done in the Christian organizations, but in the evening meetings held a few weeks ago the interest culminated in a grand revival. We listened

with responding appreciation to a series of excellent talks on the highest subject that can engage the human mind, and then many who already knew by their own experience that real happiness, real freedom and real success can never be found except in Christ Jesus went earnestly to work to help somebody else find the precious new life. Yet there was no excitement or undue emotion. We are very glad that the choice on the part of those converted was calm and deliberate. It means a genuine and permanent choice.

The Christian life of Guilford has received a great impulse forward and upward. With new recruits and "more abundant life" in each individual, we will go forward in the strength of the King, with confidence and with quickened step under His banner.

ATHLETICS.

With new suits and good men to put into them we should be able to make it warm for some of our opponents this year. We do not exaggerate in the least when we say that there is better material here now than has been since '95.

We have behind the bat either English, Ballinger or Taylor. English is doing best now, but needs to use his head more and steady the pitchers.

Petty is an old hand at twirling the ball and is far ahead of what he was last year. John Fox will also pitch and it will probably be "nip and tuck" as to which of the two pitch more games. With Armfield at 1st, Tomlinson at 2nd, Watkins at short and James Fox holding down 3rd, the in-fielding will be a strong item. In the out-field Barbee, Holton, Taylor and Ballinger are candidates. With all this to urge us to better work—success will surely follow.

The schedule of games so far is as follows: Trinity College, April 2nd, at Durham; Trinity College, April 4th, at Durham; A. & M. College, April 11th, at Greensboro; Oak Ridge Institute, April 16th, at Guilford; Roanoke College, April 23rd, at Greensboro. Games with Danville Military Institute, Mebane School and others will be arranged later.

THE PHILAGOREAN ENTERTAINMENT.

When it was announced that the "Phi's" were going to give an entertainment, the students and people of the neighborhood began to look forward to a pleasant evening. At seven o'clock the evening of Feb. 26th, the large audience began to file in, and in a short time all the seats were taken—the young ladies of the Normal occupying the seats reserved for them. The crowd continued to pour in, however, and standing room became scarce. The audience impatiently awaited the rising of the curtain and expressed their desires by vigorous cheering. The play was going to be "Chronothanatolettron" and divers were the surmises at its pronounciation.

Promptly at 8 o'clock Miss Ruth Worth appeared upon the stage and addressed the audience with words of welcome.

Miss Clara Woodward then sang "The ship I Love" so clearly and distinctly that every word could be heard throughout the house.

The violin solo by Miss Elsie Weatherly was particularly fine—not that classical hum-drum over which we all pretend to run into ecstasies of delight, but which so few of us really do enjoy.

The play, "Chronothanatolettron" was very cleverly acted. All of the characters played their parts well. Emma King in her character as "Mother Bickerdick" did some good acting, making one hit after another in rapid succession.

Miss Rosa Moffitt deserves high praise for the masterly way in which she recited "The Shadow of a Song"—a rather difficult piece.

The whole performance was a success from beginning to end and greatly applauded by the audience. If we could write but one sentence, we would say, it was worthy of the Phi's.

PROGRAM.

Solo—The Ship I Love.....*Felix McGlennon.*
Clara Woodward.

Violin Solo.....Miss Elsie Weatherly.

PLAY—CHRONOTHANATROLETRON.

Cast of Characters.

Inventress.....Estelle English.
Genius of the Nineteenth Century.....Ada Field.
Sarah.....Anna Anderson.
Pharaoh's Daughter.....Edna Hill.
Cornelia, Roman Matron.....Ida Millis.
Cleopatra.....Lena Freeman.
Queen Elizabeth.....Annie Kirkman.

Mother Bickerdick.....	Emma King.
St. Cecelia.....	Rosa Moffitt.
Agnesi, Mathematician.....	Lilly White.
Hypatia.....	Annie Blair.
Pocahontas.....	Arta Anderson.
Joan of Arc.....	Ruth Copeland.
Sappho.....	Clara Woodward.
Martha Washington	Lola Moore.
Priscilla.....	Pearl Lindley.
Recitation--The Shadow of a Song.....	Rosa Moffitt.
Violin Solo.....	Elsie Weatherly.

LOCALS.

ELIOT KAYS STONE, EDITOR.

—Only half a holiday!

—Washington's birthday!

—Mrs. Macon was at the College a few days this month visiting her daughter Metta.

—Four hundred neat and handsome opera chairs have been placed in the auditorium in Memorial Hall.

—It is asserted on good authority that Calvin has used no less than three boxes of tan shoe polish on his bicycle seat.

—The Soph's are wearing class pins. They (the pins) are very appropriate colors—pink and green.

—Solicitor Holton, of the Fourth North Carolina District, spent a day with his nephew, Charles Holton, a few days since.

—At this writing about twenty delegates expect to attend the annual State Convention of the Y. P. S. C. E. at High Point, February 18-20th.

—Newton Farlow says, "Please do not tell me thy troubles; thee can make the best of thy wild oats since thee was so determined to sow them."

—Preston says if this is a high school they ought to say so. If it is a college they ought not to keep one in when he is wicked, but mark it in black and white,

—Several of the young ladies of Founders' were favored(?) with valentines on the day St. Valentine claims. Some were pleased, some delighted, some were miffed, and some were slighted.

—Rain! mud! snow! slush! or in the words of King, "If the atmospheric conditions don't hesitate to consolidate there will be a heterogeneous conglomeration of hyperbolic elemental fragments."

—At a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A. the following officers were elected: President, J. W. Lewis; Vice-President, Charles Holton; Secretary, Leslie Cartland; Corresponding Secretary, J. R. Howard.

—The members of the Hoboker Orchestra did not think it so funny when Prof. Howard marched them up to King Hall at 9 a. m. and kept them in close confinement till noon. Perhaps he didn't either.

—The trustees have decided to open Guilford College as a summer resort during the months of June and July. The cool, shady verandas and the seclusion make this an ideal place to spend those hot summer days.

—Robert Swing is no longer a student here. He has accepted a position with the C. F. & Y. V. railroad, where we bespeak for him great success. His many friends in the College and community will miss his pleasant face.

—Several new books have been added to the library. Henry Stanley Newman, one of the greatest Friends in England, has presented his book "Banani" to the library. "The Library of the World's Best Literature" has also been purchased.

—The Henry Clay and Websterian Societies have elected contestants as follows: Clays—C. D. Cowles, Leslie Cartland, Charles Holton, F. S. English, L. L. Barbee and E. K. Stone; Websterians—J. W. Lewis, Frank Kerner, H. C. Taylor, Carl Hill and B. T. Hinton.

—On the evening of the 5th of March an informal reception was given by the ladies of Founder's to the young men. The event was characterized by some pleasant music and games. The evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner, and the hilarity only ceased at the ringing of Miss Louise's bell.

—Cartland—"Why was King so anxious to break through the ice?"

Dick—"I don't know."

Cartland—"There was half a dollar in the pond."

King—"Couldn't that be construed as lack of *sense*."

—George Washington is not the only one that can call February 22nd his own. Uncle Joseph Parker celebrated his birthday at the same time the "patriotic demonstrations were taking place in Founders'. With him were his sons and daughters and Prof. and Mrs. White. He is seventy-eight years old, and is still in good health. Long may he live to celebrate his birthday with that of the "Father of his country!"

—Among other familiar faces at the "Phi." entertainment we noticed Mrs. W. J. Armfield and daughter, Lucile; Mrs. A. J. Tomlinson and daughters, Deborah and Annie; W. A. Hall, Mrs. Laura Fields, J. Wray, Miss Bertha Snow, Charles Petty, Miss Bessie Wray, S. A. Hodgins, Miss Maie Brown, H. B. Worth, Miss Henryanna Hackney, Cyrus Wheeler, Will Snow, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Freeman and daughter, Mabel.

—The moon shone calmly o'er the peaceful scene. The dogs had retired, leaving behind them a noiseless night, save where the plaintive hoot owl produced his nightly solo. Sleep, sweet sleep, and peaceful dreams had long ago possessed the inmates of Founders'. Suddenly there resounded through the still night air "a conglomeration of metallic discords." The inmates shrieked, while the huge bass drums—a brand new milk can and a wash boiler—little drums, kettles, frying pans and dinner bells reverberated their tuneful melodies, and—and—well, the Hoboken Orchestra proceeded on its journey.

—For several nights last month the students had the opportunity of attending a protracted religious meeting at Founders' Hall. It was conducted by Rev. James R. Jones, assisted by Mrs. Mary C. Woody and Ruth Worth. Mr. Jones made himself very popular by his attractive way of illustrating. The meeting was very successful, for many took a new start for the better life. Soon after the meeting closed Mr. Jones left for New York, where he took passage for England. He will spend eight or ten months there

visiting the various meetings and Friends of that country. He expects to be in London at the time of the London yearly meeting.

—On Thursday evening, March 3rd, the home of Mr. Barbee, on Archdale avenue, was the scene of unusual festivities. On that evening at 7 o'clock Mr. Barbee presented his daughter Cora to Mr. R. W. Winchester, the Rev. A. G. Kirkman officiating. The house was tastefully decorated with calla lilies, ferns, &c., in tropical profusion. The bride's maid was Miss Minnie Blackburn, a cousin of the bride, while Mr. J. W. Winchester was the groom's best man. It was a quiet home wedding, none but the family witnessing the ceremony. The young people have moved to Summerfield, N. C., where they will make their home. THE COLLEGIAN congratulates them and extends best wishes.

—Saturday night, February 19th, Dr. Stubbs gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on "The Water We Drink." Among other things, he said: "Water was thought by the ancients to be one of the four simple elements, the others being air, earth and fire. It was only at the close of the last century that Lavoisier discovered that water consists of two elements—hydrogen and oxygen. Hydrogen is the lightest known gas, and is colorless, odorless and tasteless. * * * Water possesses a very grateful cooling property which is due to its property of absorbing heat. One pound of water will absorb as much heat as seventeen pounds of alcohol, so what's the use in taking beer to keep cool in summer?" Dr. Stubbs clearly showed that water was very much more important than it was thought to be, and illustrated his lecture by several interesting experiments.

—Washington's birthday was observed here by a candy-pulling. It was a noisy crowd that gathered in the old gymnasium at Founder's to participate in the "patriotic demonstrations." When the candy was brought in there was a wild rush for the plates, and the boys and partners, "with firm grasp," proceeded to pull. While engaged in this it was announced by Dr. Stubbs that a contest was to take place between Messrs. King and Bennett to determine who could make way with a half-pound stick of candy the quickest. In about two minutes King was declared the winner and received as a prize a large box containing a great deal of paper, a dozen toothpicks and a 10-cent piece. Mr. Cartland and Miss Lena

Blair received the prize for pulling the best candy. Jesse Armfield was sitting in the corner of the gym. with one of the fair ones of Founders', when Dr. Stubbs announced that the booby prize would be presented to Mr. Armfield and Miss Sampson. Jesse was always considered by the boys as being very bashful, but he vindicated himself on this occasion, for no one was ever prouder to stand by the side of a girl and receive a prize. He made his bow and speech without a falter.

—The Henry Clays will not soon forget the evening of February 25th. On that occasion a number of the young ladies from the town were invited to attend their regular debate. The exercises were to begin at 7:30 o'clock, but some time before that there were a number of jolly faces in the spacious hall of the Clays. When Charles Holton took the president's chair he was a little shaky, for there was a girl in the audience he wished to make a good impression upon. But woe unto him! The first on the program was a song by Barbee, Cowles, Cartland, English and Tomlinson. Then E. K. Stone increased the hilarity of the evening by giving one of his comic declamations. The question, "*Resolved*, That foreign immigration, according to the present laws, is beneficial to our country," was decided in favor of the negative by the judges, Misses Robinson, Hill and Coffin. It was a lively debate, and many did themselves great honor for their masterly handling of the subject. When the question for the extemporaneous debate was announced Barbee made some good argument on the side that "the world do move," and Cowles refuted it to a large extent. The next song was good and closed the literary exercises for the evening. Under the head of speeches from visitors one of the ladies said, "The Clays are all in all." Evidently the house was highly pleased, for over two-thirds of the visitors pledged themselves as honorary members and said, "Long may the Clays live and prosper."

PERSONALS.

J. W. LEWIS, EDITOR.

Miss Rena Worth, '89, is a teacher in the Wilmington High School.

W. T. Frazier is with W. B. Farrar & Son, jewelers, Greensboro, N. C.

The friends of Wilson J. Carroll will be glad to hear that he will be in college again as soon as the school which he is now teaching closes.

David White, '89, is in the insurance business with Wharton & McAlister, Greensboro, N. C.

W. C. Hammond is principal of a large and prosperous school at New Salem.

S. A. Hodgin, '91, is one of the popular proprietors of the McAdoo House, of Greensboro.

Miss Virginia Ragsdale, '92, who received the European Fellowship at Bryn Mawr, writes that she is spending a pleasant and profitable year in Germany. She is at the University of Gottingen and expects to return to America late in the Summer.

E. J. Woodward, '93, is in the ice business at his home, Wilmington, N. C.

J. A. Morris is engaged in the mercantile business with his father at Thomasville, N. C.

E. E. Bain is one of the firm Pitts & Bain, lumber dealers, Greensboro.

EXCHANGES.

RUTH MURRAY WORTH, EDITOR.

As I review the trackless pathways of the future, I see the footprints of an invisible hand.—*Ex.*

People who are always wondering what the future will bring forth seem to have the most difficulty with the present.—*Hiram College Advance.*

A Latin sentence, "*Malo malo, malo malo*;" translation, "I would rather be in an apple tree than a bad man in adversity.—*Ex.*

To study is not to do, but to learn how to do.—*Ex.*

We are always glad when the *State Normal Magazine* comes to

our table. The February number is unusually good, and contains much that is of general interest. An editorial on "Individuality" we found helpful. We quote from it the following: "Too often the aim of life is the imitation of some great man or woman. We like to try to be like them, to appropriate their knowledge as they have learned it. How false is this ideal! Each individual has a God-given plan which he must work out in his own life."

"Hugh Wynne Quaker" is the title of a very interesting and instructive article in the *Vanderbilt Observer*. The writer thinks that probably "Hugh Wynne" may, in time, come to be to America what "Henry Esmond" is to England. The *Observer* is a well gotten up magazine. We clip from the last number the following lines:

TO THE OCEAN.

O, wandering water dashed from shore to shore,
My soul doth yearn for thee and will e'er more!
What are thy waves but beings on life's breast,
Which tossed, forever tossed, still long for rest?

In the *Carolinian* a strong article is contributed on "Coeducation in Colleges and Universities."

'Tis better to have studied hard and flunked,
Than to feel that from a duty you have shrunken.—*Ex.*

WHEN SHADOWS FALL.

When shadows fall at eventide,
When o'er the great world far and wide
The dark's gray mantle covers all;
We know somewhere the sun shines bright
And that at home there's love and light,
And full of beauty is the night
When shadows fall.

When shadows fall on happy hearts,
When joy, with saddened mien departs
And deepest sorrow broods o'er all,
The sun still shines, the grief but hides
The light of home where God abides,
And pure-eyed faith toward Heaven guides
When shadows fall. —*Mt. Holyoke.*

We are glad to express our appreciation for the following exchanges which we read with pleasure and profit: *The Central Ray*, *Silver and Gold*, *Tennessee University Magazine*, *Texas University Magazine*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Wellesley Magazine*, *Trinity Archive*, *The Earhamite*, *The Reveille*, *Mount St. Joseph Collegian*, *Emory Phoenix*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *The Tar Heel*, *N. C. University Magazine*, *The Crescent*, *Southern University Monthly*, *Hiram College Advance*, *Central Collegian*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Penn Chronicle*, *Haverfordian*, *Swathmore Phoenix*, *The Academy*, *The Davidson Magazine*, *Vanderbilt Observer*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *Ursinus College Bulletin*, *University Courant*, *The Messenger of Richmond College*, *University Cynic*, *Latin and High School Review*, *The Erskinian*, *The College Message*, *The Normal Monitor*, *The Westonian*, *The Crucible*, *The Polymnian*, *Add-Ran Collegian*, *Orange and White*, *Oak Leaf*, *Oakwood Index*, *Western Maryland College Monthly*, *The Georgian*, *The Collegian Forense*.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1898.

OUR FIFTH SEASON

IN THE

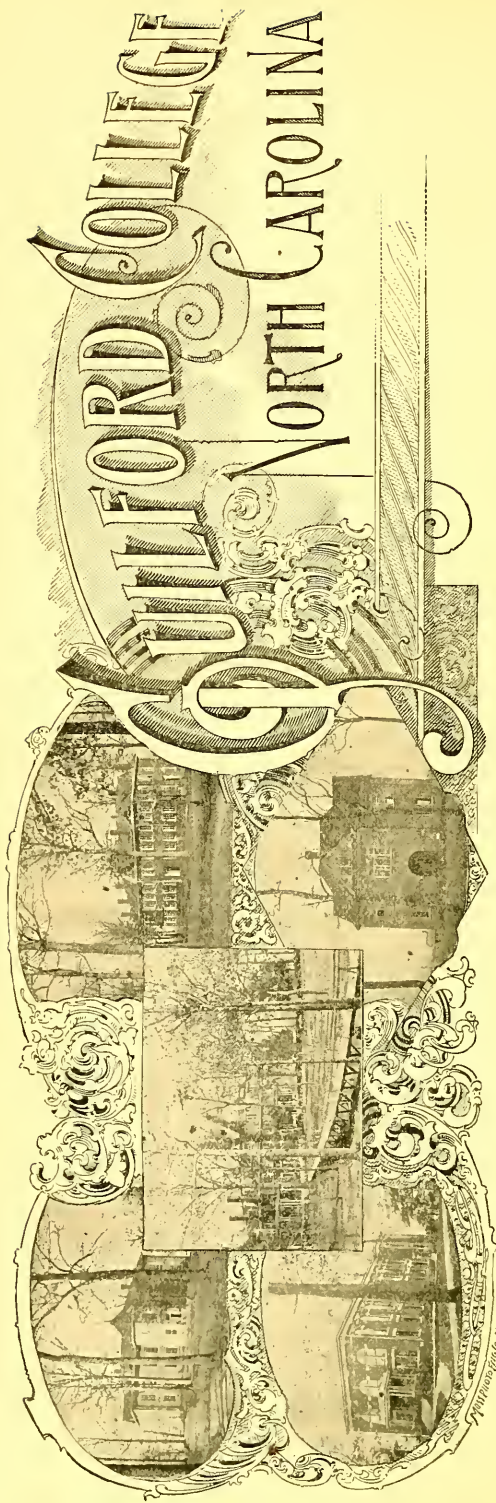
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THE PRESIDENT,

GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. X.

APRIL, 1898.

No. 8

CARPE DIEM.

LUCILLE ARMFIELD.

Wake, wake, my heart,
How slow thou art,
Ten thousand living things awake!
Be glad and gay,
An hour, a day,
If only for sweet April's sake.

The ivy leaves
Beneath mine eaves
Like careless children clap their hands;
And in and out,
Around, about,
Birds sing the songs of foreign lands.

Oh! do not miss
The lover's kiss
That lurks in Spring's caressing breeze;
The peach tree's blush
Foretells the flush
The happy sweetheart only sees.

The whip-poor-will
Sets hearts athrill—
An old, old friend returned from harm;
And dove's low coo
Proclaims anew
That Peace prevails o'er strife and storm.

Hopes lost and dead,
Dear dreams long fled,
New bloom in lilies fair and sweet—
Full well I see
Eternity
In living green beneath my feet.

Then snatch the joy
Without alloy
That everywhere the Springtime throws!
No thorn e'er yet
Made me forget
The bloom and perfume of the rose!

Hearts, young and old,
Come hoard your gold
'Gainst cruel Winter's cheerless day;
Nor ice can chill,
Nor grief e'er kill
The heart that's had its month of May.

“AN UNSUPPLIED DEMAND.”

MARY C. WOODY.

Under the above title Dwight L. Moody writes in the *Record of Christian Work*: “At the present so nearly everything seems overdone that such a suggestion seizes the attention at once.” But after following the thought of the writer it is easy to see the situation. In opening the institutions at Northfield and Mount Hermon he says, “There is no difficulty in securing able and efficient teachers in classics, mathematics or science, but when we need a teacher in the Bible it is with difficulty, and only after tedious searching, that we are able to secure the right person.”

Mr. Moody only discovered an overlooked deficiency. There is enough theory and theology; the market is groaning under the burden of those who talk *about* the Bible and give learned disquisi-

tions upon the possible meanings and deductions of certain texts, but "*What saith the Scriptures?*" is the real demand of to-day among the masses of the people.

In the days of our grandfathers they read the Bible more and philosophy less, and who shall say that they were not wiser than we in the things that make for righteousness? With some of the old-time Christians it was their habit to read the Bible through every year. They might not have had the light of geography and history as it dawns at present from the *rocks*, and for which we are so thankful, but "the entrance of thy word giveth light," and "in thy light shall they see light."

They read the illuminated text, touched by the Spirit's light, which is first of all to be chosen. Now it often happens that the real incidents of the Bible are so unfamiliar that in using these as an illustration explanation must be given of the literal fact before the application can be made. We have been so accustomed to analysis and the use of the microscope that we wish to take a fragment—a sample—here and extract all the theory from it or bring all its parts to life size, and still are not aware of the general truths. Many people decide whether they will accept the Bible or not by a few isolated expressions which appear contradictory. A young man out West is a fair illustration of this basis of decision. His anxious sister at home plied him with points to establish his faith; but the young man replied that he was very happy in his decision to reject the Bible as the word of God since it made such blunders as to state in one place that Joseph was the husband of Mary, and in another that Joseph was married to Asenath, the daughter of Potipharah.

A book, which is a whole library upon God's dealings with His wayward people, covering a period of thousands of years, filled with oriental types and pictures of highly civilized peoples, which shows God's covenant with man and his plan of restoration in the person of the Redeemer, cannot be subjected to the tests of the scientific methods of any one century; for this library is not to teach science or literature, but only the way of salvation and spiritual life. It can only be understood by the one who comes under its spiritual teaching, and this is a whole course embracing a lifetime.

The one who has only learned the A B C of the hidden life cannot translate the experiences given in advance of his knowledge.

They are perfect enigmas to him. There is a *first* in God's arithmetic, but how many attempt surveying and astronomy before the easy additions. Great interest has been awakened in Bible study during the past winter, especially in some of the larger cities, where churches have been filled night after night to hear the simple facts of the Bible.

There is a multitude of courses for home study, some having continued several years and others new, but those which confine the student more closely to the Bible itself are most to be commended. The captive prince at Babylon was intelligent—a Bible student—as he tells us he “understood by the books the number of the years,” &c. In the eighth chapter of Nehemiah the effect of hearing God's law is shown, and it has been repeated many times since, especially as the Bible has been translated into the language of the people. The present awakening in Bible study will bring a harvest of spiritual blessing, just as there was an outburst of divine truth following the dates of the different translations of the Bible. The sword of the spirit cuts through to the inner consciousness.

The present manner for Bible study should be synthetic, not analytic. Again, “*What saith the Scriptures?*” The suggestion of simple methods has been so often given that it seems scarcely necessary to repeat them here, and yet upon reflection it is these very simple ways that are overlooked in the search for some scientific plan.

In reading a book of the Bible it should be read as a whole at one sitting if not too long—certainly not by chapters, but by subjects. A. T. Pearson's suggestions for beginning the study of a book are excellent. At the beginning of each book write five P's:

Person by whom written.....
 Place where written.....
 Purpose why written.....
 People to whom written.....
 Period when written.....

Fill out this blank, and then see under this light *what is written*. Read as though it were new and written for your eyes also. Lay aside all questionings and read. Try the gospel of John in this manner, or the Epistle to the Philipppians. “Believe your beliefs and doubt your doubts,” and address yourself reverently to the work as the written message of God.

One reading will be found insufficient, but a second and a third

reading will bring out points of the incident—teaching and style wholly unnoticed at the first. If more people addressed themselves to this simple reverent reading and stored up the truth read, the hungry masses would be fed with the Bible. There would not be "the unsupplied demand."

Let every Christian student, as some one suggests, assume this attitude toward the Bible:

1. Admit its truth.
2. Submit to its teaching.
3. Commit to memory.
4. Transmit to others.

MY FIRST DEER.

In the Fall of '66 I was sent to look after land which my father owned in the great valley of the Arkansas River. The valley is very fertile, but, like all alluvial soils, is unhealthy. For this reason much of the time I spent in the State was among friends who lived on a healthy ridge, about forty miles from the river—a settlement made of planters who owned farms on the river. This ridge formed the watershed between the Ouachita and Arkansas Rivers, and the uplands between these river valleys were then covered with forests and afforded excellent range for wild game. Having been unmolested during the four years of the war, game, excepting wolves, panthers and catamounts, was said to be as plentiful as when the country was first settled. For the first time in my life I found ample scope for the exercise of my taste for hunting, and that, too, in pursuit of nobler game than could be found in my native State.

A few days after my arrival I went to visit an uncle who lived upon the Moro, a locality abounding in deer. There were boys in the family from nine to eighteen years of age, generous, manly and all enthusiastic hunters. An old Indian had trained the elder boys in the mysteries of woodcraft—from the art of tracking and shooting a deer to that of dressing its hide and converting it into mocasins. He also taught them to distinguish the points of the compass by feeling the bark of a tree. Although possessing great aversion to mankind in general, and the "pale face" in particular, he had become greatly attached to my uncle on account of some kind-

ness and showed this fondness by training the boys. They were apt pupils and fully deserved their title of "The Boy Hunters of the Moro."

In honor of my arrival Uncle announced at the dinner table a holiday for the afternoon, and it was unanimously voted to go deer hunting. As soon as dinner was over the preparations began. Dogs were called up and well fed, guns cleaned and oiled, and I was instructed in loading with "blue whistlers" (buckshot). This was before the advent of breech-loaders, so we used muzzle-loading, double-barrel guns. Next the horses were brought out and saddled. To an Eastern critic our mount would have been a study. It included Indian and Texas ponies, American-bred horses and saddle mules. There was some discussion as to what "drive" we should make, and the decision was made by the saying of a bright little nine-year-old cousin—the philosopher of the family, and so nicknamed Doctor—that he had the past evening seen a fine buck run into the "Old Field Drive" as he was bringing up the cows.

I doubt if a merrier set of boys ever set forth to the chase than did we that afternoon, galloping to the accompaniment of horns and barking of dogs. When we reached the vicinity of the drive the leader gave a word of caution and silence followed. Soon the edge of an old field came into view and a halt was made. One of the boys was left with the dogs to make the "drive" as soon as the rest had stationed themselves at the different "stands." According to custom, I, being a visitor, was assigned the stand by which the game would be most likely to pass.

Upon entering the old field I saw it had once been cultivated, but was now covered with broom sedge and trunks of deadened trees scattered here and there. Through the centre of the field was a half-mile stretch of dense brushwood, where the land had never been tilled, because it was somewhat boggy in wet weather. This belt of undergrowth was crossed in several places by clearings, and at one of these openings I was stationed, after we had tied our horses at some distance away.

The Doctor was left as my advisor, and, after a hasty veteran-like glance at the situation, placed me about the middle of an opening, forty yards wide, across the thicket. It seemed strange to be placed in an open space with nothing to screen me from the game, and I made a remark to that effect, but was assured by my wise little monitor that it was all right; that if I stood perfectly still the

deer in its eager flight from the dogs would not be likely to notice me. I was further told that if the deer's speed should be too great for me to take aim the animal might be brought to a standstill by giving a sharp whistle.

With a whoop the driver sent the impatient dogs into the upper end of the thicket, following them on horseback with blast of horn and loud halloo. My excitement was intense. I strained my eyes and ears to catch a glimpse of an animal or hear a twig break. The barking of the dogs grew louder and nearer and my heart beat faster and faster. All at once a magnificent buck, seeking to slip off ahead of the dogs, bounded into the opening at full speed. As he dashed by me I fired; he seemed to shie, but without apparent check of speed. As he was disappearing in the thicket I let him have the other barrel. "You hit him, Cousin B—," cried the Doctor, roused from his stoicism by the excitement of the moment. I had my doubts about that fact because of the deer's speed when last seen, but with assumed calmness replied, "All right."

At the report of my gun the dogs came rushing out, broke into full cry and started in hot pursuit of the deer. The hunters ran to their horses, mounted, and as they galloped wildly by me, as I went for my horse, each gave a hurrah for Cousin B—. With feigned composure I mounted and followed at a more moderate pace. To tell the truth, I had serious misgivings about ever seeing that deer again. Meanwhile, after making a circuit of half a mile or so, the animal doubled back into the old field; then suddenly the cry of the pack ceased and soon a horn rang out the signal, "Capture of the game." I cantered down to the spot. There in the center of the group lay the splendid buck, surrounded by the panting dogs, with look of triumph in their eyes, while the boys danced about like Indians, rejoicing at my success. As I rode up they greeted me with merry jest and banter, bidding me dismount and receive the baptism of "The Huntsman." (This rite is administered by rubbing the blood of the slain deer over the hands and face of the successful candidate.) I protested as earnestly as I could against this form of initiation; so, after a parley, it was agreed, in view of the fact that I had killed the first deer I ever shot at, to dispense with the baptismal ceremony and I was duly welcomed into the noble order by a cordial handshake given with a vim by each of the boy hunters.

An inspection of the deer showed that one of his hind legs had been broken by my shot. Notwithstanding this, he had made the

run of over half a mile before being overtaken by the dogs—a very unusual occurrence, I was told, and one which some hunters hold to be impossible.

Our jollification being over, the buck was hoisted and strapped behind the saddle of one of the hunters and we started for home, where cordial greetings awaited the successful hunter who had killed his first deer.

IS THE ART OF ORATORY PASSING?

'98.

This question has in almost every case been answered in the affirmative by the recent commentators on the subject. The time-honored institution of oratory is declared to be a thing of history only—to have almost succumbed under the chilling influence of this practical age.

It is not to be denied that those entertaining this opinion have some grounds for their views. Take the college sphere, and we find that in many cases inter-collegiate athletics is taking the place of inter-collegiate debates and oratorical contests. When one interest becomes so all-absorbing others must necessarily suffer. The athletic craze may or may not be temporary, but so long as it continues as at present contests of a different nature between colleges must experience some decline. Again, continued dealing with pure intellectual truths and facts by the student cultivate his intellectual nature alone, and has a tendency to make anything of the emotional type seem foolish and ridiculous. It creates a craving for pure information which the lofty imaginings and rolling rhetoric of the orator does not satisfy. Hence we find this style of oratory on the decline among colleges. The flowery, firmament-puncturing oration has been almost entirely done away at progressive institutions. Few persons of cultivated taste care to hear any more of the bombastic, meaningless phrases about the "crumbling monuments" and "waning stars" which the young disciples of the art delight in using. This is oratory in its crudest form and has rightly been ruled out. But because this is so we are not to infer that oratory—genuine oratory—is passing away. When some

scientific theory, which has long been accepted is exploded, we do not judge that a blow has been struck at science. Because the student world has come to prefer the didactic to the demonstrative discourse neither should we judge that oratory has been discarded. Some seem to err in making "oratory" identical with "emotional oratory." The successful scientific lecture is no less "oratory" than is the flighty, ethereal oration. The former requires the orator as much as the latter. And never indeed has the latter been more, if indeed so much, in vogue among educational institutions. Never before has there been a greater demand for men who have not only the attainments of the scholar, but can tell to a class or an audience what they know in the clear, pleasing, forcible manner of the orator. Even the small college would not think of having less than a dozen or so able lectures during the year, besides the numerous addresses made during commencement times. The adaptation of the oratorical method for communicating intelligence will keep it alive, unless the college should at some time be completely revolutionized by methods which we as yet know not of.

But passing from the college, let's consider the question in relation to mankind in general. In the nation oratory has been languishing chiefly from a cause which all will probably admit is only temporary. That cause is the absence of vast and lasting issues in our politics. The times are very different from those which produced Webster, Clay and Calhoun, and it takes the occasion to make the orator and prepare the hearers. The political parties of to-day seem to have no great or vital principles for which to fight. Our campaigns have consequently been lacking in enthusiasm and other oratory producing elements. With that of '96 came the first really exciting issue for many years, and in so short a time true orators were brought to the front and speeches were made whose electrifying effects will ever be remembered in American history. During those months every orator was pressed into active service, and the whole nation became eager listeners. It cannot be expected that political affairs are always to remain quiet, and whenever vital issues are presented to the people the orator becomes the same irresistible power which he has always been.

The past few weeks in Congress furnish ample proof of this, Time and again the Senate and House, with galleries packed, has been swept with storms of patriotic pride, pity and wrathful indignation in response to the orator's stirring words. The press of the

country has recorded the debates of Congress in full, and people throughout the nation have read them eagerly. Some might say that the press threatens oratory with extinction, but the very same things which boom the press boom oratory most. The two go hand in hand. The press quotes the orator; the orator gets most of his data from the press. They prosper together; they languish together.

But what of the emotional oratory, of which mention has been made? Must this pass away? As has been said, it has certain tendencies to combat. The amateur has murdered it; the student likes facts; the man of the world is awfully practical. Yet human nature has not changed, and the emotions are still a part of it. The oratory of the campaign and of the legislative hall, which has just been mentioned, partakes largely of this feature. The same may be said of the majority of the two-hundred dollar lectures, for which there is such a constant demand. Oratory is still one of the most effective methods of appealing to the emotions. It is hard to conceive of or understand this, especially when trying to write a logical article, but we know that audiences to-day, when under the conviction of truth, catch the inspiration of the inspired speaker, and are made to act not at the dictates of reason, but at the command of the emotional nature; and however practical we may become this nature cannot be smothered. We shall yet be able to see in the stars and stripes something more than a blending of colors. We shall still see in great principles of truth, justice, and human liberty, more than can be derived by any purely mental process; and as long as this is true the magnetic presence and voice of the true orator will continue to vibrate the chords of the human emotions.

TO THE BATTLE, COLUMBIA!

To the battle, Columbia! The enemy come
To the sound of the fife and the beat of the drum,
With proud chargers neighing and banners on high
And armor all shining like stars in the sky.

To the battle, Columbia! By sea and by land
We'll meet our insultors and take a firm stand.
We'll ne'er be disheartened; with standard displayed
We'll uphold the foundations our forefathers laid.

To the battle, Columbia! What shall we oppose
 To the cunning and shrewdness of numberless foes?
 The God of our fathers! He will be our might.
 His strong arm upholdeth the cause of the right.

To the battle, Columbia! What have we to fear?
 The God of our fathers shall ever be near,
 He ever has helped us in peace and in war;
 The God of our fathers shall aid us once more.

To the battle, Columbia! shall it ever be said
 That in Liberty's cause we're indifferent or dead?
 We'll fight till the banner of Freedom shall wave
 O'er the fair land of Cuba, the home of the brave.

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APRIL, 1898.

LEADERS WANTED.

We often hear the expression, "There is always room at the top;" 'tis just as true to say "There is always a call to the front." The foremost ranks of a worthy cause are never full; the true leader never lacks a place. There is many a cause awaiting its champion; there is many a reform awaiting the reformer. Perhaps there are men and women ready and willing to take up the work, but they lack unity, lack plan, lack, in short, vital, living leadership. There are stores of wealth, spiritual, intellectual, material, lying hidden waiting for a leader to point them out and by his own example show his followers how to delve and find. You see a cause prospering, an organization working and you know there is at least one leader. There *may* be several, for true generals can work harmoniously side by side, but there *must* be one.

To be a leader it is not necessary to be president of a society nor chairman of a committee. True leadership is by influence. Some say leaders, like poets, are born, not made. While this may in a large degree, be true, yet there is latent power of generalship in almost every character, and it is a gift which most needs to be cultivated, if one would benefit his fellowman. To the power of leadership no limit can be set and it is almost essential that this power be exercised and cultivated by educated young people. One of the

advantages of college organizations is that they give opportunity and make it necessary for some one to generalize their forces.

Like any other capacity of human nature, this gift may be strengthened or degraded. It may be developed into grand and noble power or degraded into the cunning and deceit of the demagogue. But the true leader never stoops to ignoble means. He is not a leader for his own honor, but for the sake of those who follow him.

Student, this call comes especially to you. There are great opportunities around you beside those of class-room, library and athletic field. Look for them carefully, improve them faithfully, you will surely need all their results in years to come.

A QUAKER IDEA.

There is no courage like the courage of endurance, and there is no more precious jewel in America's crown of glory than the courage and firmness of her public men in this time of trial. Without the slightest heed to Jingo cries or the shameless untruths of "yellow" journalism they have calmly waited for facts, and by so doing have sustained American dignity as it could never have been sustained otherwise.

"Peace at any price" may be wrong, and to think that almost a counterpart of our own struggle for independence—only a hundred-fold more horrible—is being acted at our very doors should and does appeal irresistably to every noble principle of the American heart. Yet we confidently believe that the matter can be settled quicker and better for Cuba and for all concerned without war than with it. We still believe in the Quaker principle of peace. Long live the strong, brave nation that has reason and self control to uphold her own dignity, right the wrongs of the oppressed and compel the respect of her opponent by higher and not by lower means.

ATHLETICS

MEBANE, 4; GUILFORD, 13.

Our base-ball team played the first game of the season with the Mebane High School nine on March 26th at Mebane. We were not sure of winning the game by any means, since they had a battery of University men—Oldham and Mangum. Mangum, however, gave up to Farrell after four innings. Tabulated score:

GUILFORD.					MEBANE.				
	AB.	H.	R.	E.		AB.	H.	R.	E.
Tomlinson, 2b.....	5	2	3	0	Oldham, J., c	4	2	2	0
Petty, p	5	3	2	0	Scott, 3b.....	4	0	0	1
Fox, 3b	5	4	2	1	Mangum, p.....	4	1	0	0
Watkins, ss.....	5	3	2	1	Oldham, W., c.f.....	4	0	0	0
Taylor, c.f.....	5	3	1	0	Farrell, 2b.....	4	0	0	0
Fox, 1 f.....	5	2	1	0	Kennedy, ss.....	4	0	0	2
Ballinger, r.f.....	4	1	1	0	Cocke, l.f.....	3	0	0	1
English, c	4	0	0	0	White, r f.....	3	0	0	0
Armfield, 1b.....	4	1	1	1	Reed, 1b.....	3	1	2	1
	42	19	13	3		33	4	4	5

Wild pitches—Petty, 2. Umpire—Mr. Mason, of Mebane.

TRINITY, 14; GUILFORD, 3.

The first three innings of this game would have been a poor exhibition of a graded school nine, so far as Guilford's part was concerned. A lack of grit and confidence at the beginning is no doubt the main cause for the loss of the game. After the third inning each team made two runs. We were not outclassed by any means, which was shown in the second game. Tabulated score:

GUILFORD.					TRINITY.				
	AB.	H.	R.	E.		AB.	H.	R.	E.
Tomlinson, 2b.....	4	1	0	0	Johnson, 2b.....	6	2	4	0
Petty, p.....	4	2	0	0	Cord, c.f.....	6	1	1	0
Fox, 3b	4	0	1	1	Anderson, s.s.....	6	3	2	1
Watkins, s.s.....	4	0	1	1	Daily, 1b.....	6	2	1	0
Taylor, c.f.....	4	0	1	2	North, l.f.....	6	2	2	0
Fox, 1 f.....	4	0	1	0	Bohannon, r.f.....	6	1	1	0
Holton, r.f.....	4	0	1	0	Howland, c.....	5	1	2	0
English, c.....	3	0	0	2	Chambers, p.....	5	1	0	0
Armfield, 1b.....	3	0	0	2	Crawford, 3b.....	5	1	1	1
	34	2	5	8		51	14	14	2

Umpire—Dr. Pierce.

TRINITY, 2; GUILFORD, 2.

The team went to Durham on April 2d, played that afternoon and remained over and played again on Monday, the 4th. The game lasted only five innings, since our team took the 4.30 train for home. Tabulated score:

GUILFORD.					TRINITY.				
	AB.	R.	H.	E.		AB.	R.	H.	E.
Tomlinson, 2b.....	3	1	0	1	Johnson, 2b.....	3	0	0	0
Petty, p.....	3	1	1	0	Cord, c.f.....	3	0	1	0
Fox, 3b.....	3	0	2	3	Anderson, s s.....	2	0	0	1
Watkins, s s.....	3	0	1	0	Daily, 1b.....	2	0	0	1
Taylor, c.f.....	2	0	0	0	North, l.f.....	2	0	0	0
Fox, l.f.....	2	0	0	0	Bohannon, r.f.....	2	0	0	0
Holton, r f.....	2	0	0	0	Howland, c.....	2	0	0	1
English, c.....	2	0	0	1	Chambers, p.....	2	1	0	0
Armfield, 1b.....	2	0	0	0	Mann, 3b..	2	1	0	0
	22	2	4	5		20	2	1	3

Umpire—Dr. Pierce.

A. & M. C., 6; GUILFORD, 16.

A. & M. came down to Greensboro on Easter Monday to twirl the ball against Guilford. Fox's home run was the most interesting event of the game. Tabulated score :

GUILFORD.					A. & M. C.				
	AB.	R.	H.	E.		AB.	R.	H.	E.
Tomlinson, 2b.....	6	3	2	0	Moore, s.s.....	5	1	1	1
Petty, p.....	6	2	2	0	Asbury, 3b.....	5	0	0	1
Fox, 3b.....	6	3	1	1	Caserly, c.f.....	5	1	0	1
Watkins, s.s.....	5	1	2	1	Shore, 1b.....	5	0	0	0
Taylor, c.f.....	5	0	0	1	Sloan, 2b.....	5	0	0	2
Fox, l.f.....	5	1	1	0	Ross, r.f.....	5	0	1	1
Barbee, r f.....	5	1	1	0	Buffalo, l.f.....	5	1	2	1
English, c.....	5	2	0	2	Gibbs, c.....	5	1	0	0
Armfield, 1b.....	5	3	1	1	Morton, p.....	4	2	1	0
	48	16	11	6		44	6	5	7

Umpire—Mr. Devin.

OAK RIDGE, 7; GUILFORD, 9.

The greatest game thus far played by our team took place on the home grounds Saturday, April 16th. It was great for many reasons. The day was the finest Spring had brought; the rival teams were the best sent out by the two institutions for many years; the game was nicely and closely played, and not least, it brought victory to old G C.

A large crowd was present, probably 400 or more, and nearly half must have been from the Ridge. The day was conspicuous with College colors, and the red and blue seemed as much in evidence as the crimson and gray. The interest in the subject of the game was intense. The suffering Cubans and prospects of war were entirely forgotten by all.

The game was called with Guilford to the bat, but she failed to get a man farther than third. Then Oak Ridge had three men to stand by the plate, but "three strikes and out" was the umpire's unfeeling comment in each case. In second inning each team scored a run. Third Guilford took a lead and sent four men across the

plate; then shut their opponents out thrice in succession. The sixth O. R. I. did her heaviest work at the bat, scoring four runs and tying the score. The seventh neither scored, and the eighth Guilford scored four in rapid succession amidst great applause by her supporters; O. R. I. then made two. In the ninth the excitement was intense, as all realized that it might decide the game. Oak Ridge came near scoring, but did not, and when the third strike was caught, which ended the battle, certain parts of the crowd went completely wild; others did not. The Guilford banner was carried across the field in the most imposing manner, while shouts and cheers and hats and handkerchiefs rent the air in the exultation of victory. Petty was Guilford's star and Jim Fox not far behind. Petty struck out 13 men against his opponent's 6. The star playing for Oak Ridge was done by the outfield.

The game was without a jar, and it is hoped that friendly rivalry may continue between these neighbor institutions. They play again at Oak Ridge on the 30th, and in case a tie in games results it is to be played off in Greensboro.

GUILFORD.					OAK RIDGE.				
	AB.	R.	H.	E.		AB.	R.	H.	E.
Jim Fox.....	6	1	1	0	Bennett.....	5	0	2	2
Petty.....	6	2	3	0	Brake.....	5	0	0	1
Tomlinson.....	6	3	1	1	Donnell.....	5	0	0	2
Watkins.....	5	1	0	2	Benbow.....	5	1	1	1
Taylor.....	5	1	2	0	Barker.....	5	2	0	1
John Fox.....	5	0	1	0	Lambeth.....	5	1	2	1
Barbee.....	5	2	1	3	Whitley.....	5	2	0	0
Morris.....	5	0	0	0	Smith.....	5	1	1	0
Armfield.....	5	0	0	1	Malone.....	4	0	0	0
	48	9	9	7		44	7	6	8

Struck out—By Petty, 13; by Malone, 6. Umpire—Mr. Lucien Smith.

THE MUSICAL.

It was to the regret of every one, on Friday night April 15th, that the musical given by Mrs. Albright and her class was so short. The program was elegantly carried out in every particular.

The first on the program was a song by the Glee Club. Nine boys compose the Glee Club and each song they sang during the evening could be heard by a deaf man. Miss Alma Kelly then rendered an instrumental solo, which was good. "Once in Dreams," a song by Kathleen Lindley, received unusual applause. She has a very sweet voice and captivates her hearers at once. The Glee Club then sang another song.

An instrumental trio was next and was by no means of the common sort. Miss Clara Woodward has a good strong voice and you could easily understand every word of her solo: "Magnetic Waltz."

After the Glee Club had sung again, Miss Josie Griffin stepped forth with a chorus of girls. She sang, "Sailing O'er a Summer Sea," and the other girls joined in the chorus. Miss Griffin has a delightful voice. The program in full is as follows:

PROGRAM.

1. Chorus—The Son of God Goes Forth to War.....Nevin
Glee Club.
2. Piano Solo—Dancing on the Green,.....Bohm
Alma Kelley.
3. Song—Once, in Dreams,Bischoff
Kathleen Lindley.
4. Evening on the Campus,.....Woodruff
Glee Club.
5. Trio—On Dress Parade,Kelley
Rosa Moffitt, Estelle English, Leslie Cartland.
6. Song—Magnetic Waltz,Arditti
Clara Woodward.
7. Sans Souci,.....Anonymous
Glee Club.
8. Sailing O'er a Summer Sea,.....Denza
Josie Griffin, and Chorus of Girls.

LOCALS.

ELIOT KAYS STONE, EDITOR.

—Base-ball!

Guilford, 13; Mebane, 4.
Guilford, 3; Trinity, 14.
Guilford, 2; Trinity, 2.
Guilford, 16; A. & M., 6.
Guilford, 9; Oak Ridge, 7.

—The base-ball team have their new suits.

—The contestants are digging away at their orations.

—Prof. Alderman was at the College one day last month.

—Miss Woodward's father paid her a short visit on April 2nd.

—Newton Farlow received a visit from his parents a few days since.

—Prof. Howard received twenty-five congratulatory notes on his birthday recently.

—The new chandeliers have been hung in Memorial Hall and the blinds have been put in place.

—J. O. Redding was a delegate to the State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Asheville, March 10th to 13th.

—President Hobbs spent March 31-April 2 in Asheboro and surrounding country in the interest of the College.

—Just a short time ago Mr. Charles Petty visited the College, or, more correctly speaking, one of the fair Juniors.

—We were glad to see the pleasant face of Joseph Peele on the campus again. We welcome him back among us.

—The last installment of the "Library of the World's Best Literature" has arrived and has been placed in the library.

—Miss Annie Petty, '94, now librarian at the State Normal, was the guest of Miss Cornelia Roberson and other friends on April 3.

—"That telegram is a fake," asserted B. as the boys gathered around the message from the game; "it ain't the Doctor's handwriting."

—Basket ball has been on a great boom ever since the girls and boys have been allowed to play together. The score was in favor of the girls.

—Mr. and Mrs. Allen Hill spent a few days at the College, the guests of Miss Lillian Hill. Mr. Hill hails from Minneapolis, but is a native of the Old North State.

—Tennis seems to be demanding quite a large share of attention just now. There is not a nice day when the court is not occupied at all available hours. Prof. Howard, Greenfield and Lewis are probably the most devoted participants. The girls play every evening.

—On Saturday night, April 2d, Prof. Davis gave his lecture on "The Transition from Jewish to Gentile Christianity." It is one of the Professor's ablest lectures, and on Sunday before was delivered

to the graduating class of the State Normal. It will be produced in full in the *State Normal Magazine*.

—Mr. and Mrs. Peele gave a supper on March 24 upon the return of their son Joseph (he is not the prodigal), to which a few of the students were invited. Tomlinson and Cartland had a rainy walk, while Prof. Howard drove two miles thro' the mud and rain, on an unknown road, in a buggy between Misses Lena Freeman and Ruth Worth.

—On Wednesday evening, March 9th, memorial services in honor of Frances E. Willard were held by the Y. W. C. T. U. in the collection room at Founders. The attendance was large. The services consisted of songs, numerous selections read by members of the Union, a poem read by Prof. Davis, and a talk by Mrs. M. M. Hobbs. At roll call both active and honorary members answered with quotations from Miss Willard. The program was ended by the singing of some of the noble leader's favorite songs.

—The following were the delegates to the C. E. State Convention at High Point: Misses Lena Freeman, Ruth Worth and Lena Blair, and Messrs. Lewis, Barbee, and Blair, and Prof. Howard. Among the non-delegates who attended were Prof. and Mrs. White, Misses Laura Worth, Lillian Hill, Anna and Arta Anderson, Ada Field, and Messrs. Holton, Cartland and Redding. They report an excellent convention. The addresses by Rev. F. E. Clark, International president of C. E., were inspiring indeed; and our own State president, Rev. A. D. Thaeler, excelled even the high estimate which Carolina had for three years been learning to place upon him.

—The following call has been issued for a reunion of the members of the class of '89 of Guilford College :

"The undersigned, as president of the Freshman Class of '89 of Guilford College wishes to say to the other members of this class that an effort is being made to secure the reunion of the class at Guilford College next commencement, '98. Such, they will remember, was the agreement before we separated in '89. Those seeing this notice will confer a favor by writing the undersigned, signifying whether they can and will attend, and also making any suggestions which might advance the interest of the reunion.

"W. P. RAGAN, President."

—Notwithstanding the dark and muddy night, a fairly large audience assembled in Memorial Hall on March 26th to hear the second of the series of lectures—that given by P. P. Claxton, of the State Normal. He is a very fluent speaker and a deep thinker. His subject was “Education in Germany,” which he treated in a logical and forcible manner. He gave some idea of the educational system of Germany and contrasted it with our own, showing its advantages and defects, and pointing out where it would be well should we imitate the Germans. He contrasted the high state of learning and prosperity of the little province of Saxony with the ignorance and poverty of North Carolina. Saxony, a little country one-sixth as large as the Old North State, with a population twice as great and a great deal fewer resources, spends annually for education about five times as much as North Carolina, and has constantly increased in importance in proportion to the advancement of learning. We wish more could have heard this lecture. It ought to open our eyes to the importance of education right here in North Carolina. We sincerely hope the day is not far distant when all our people shall be raised from the slough of ignorance to the heights of wisdom.

—The calendar of the exercises of the commencement has been made out and is in the press. The following are the occasions and dates:

Friday evening, May 13th, Philagorean Contest.
Saturday evening, May 14th, Henry Clay Contest.
Thursday evening, May 19th, Musical Recital.
Friday evening, May 20th, Websterian Contest.
Saturday morning, May 21st, Re-union of Freshman Class of '89.
Saturday afternoon, 3 p. m., Dedication of Memorial Hall.
Saturday evening, Alumni Address and Re-union.
Sunday morning, May 22d, Baccalaureate Sermon.
Sunday evening, Address before Christian Associations.
Monday, May 23d, 10 a. m., Commencement.
Monday afternoon, Base-ball—Guilford College vs. Alumni.
Monday evening, Alumni Banquet.

All the exercises will be held in Memorial Hall. Dr. Henry Louis Smith, of Davidson College, will deliver the address at the dedication of Memorial Hall. It is expected that Mr. and Mrs. Governor Russell and other dignitaries will be present upon this

occasion and make addresses. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Dr. Egbert W. Smith, of the First Presbyterian church at Greensboro. John B. Garrett, of Philadelphia, and president of the Lehigh Valley railroad, will deliver the baccalaureate address.

—On Saturday evening, March 12th, the auditorium of Memorial Hall was lighted up for the first time, and at 7:30 o'clock the audience began to assemble to hear Prof. Eben Alexander, of the State University, and ex-minister to Greece, deliver his celebrated lecture on "Modern Greece—its People, and as a Nation." Promptly at 8 o'clock President Hobbs came forward, and in a few pleasant words welcomed the audience to the new building. The Double Quartette, or, as one of the young ladies called it, the Twin Quartette, then held forth. They were heartily encored, and again flooded the room with music. Prof. Alexander then delivered his lecture, dealing with the struggles of the Greeks for freedom, and showing what progress they had made since their independence in 1827, a progress sadly checked by the recent war with Turkey. He contrasted their customs with ours, giving wages paid to workmen and their cost of living. This was very small, as they subsisted on the simplest and cheapest food. The drinking of wine is universal. The weather is delightful. The air is very balmy and the sun always shines, even in rainy weather, he says. They have a peculiar government particularly adapted to their own needs. Their method of voting seems very queer to us. It is carried on nearly always in the church, and on Sunday. The citizen drops his ballot into the urn placed. He is not satisfied with voting for his man, but votes against the ones he does not want. It was a very fine lecture, and we wish we had space to give more of it.

PERSONALS.

J. W. LEWIS, EDITOR.

John Pannil is studying law at Chapel Hill.

Frank Carrol is a student at Trinity High School.

H. H. Scales is clerk in a drug store at Reidsville, N. C.

J. E. Foscue is taking a medical course at the University.

Eugene Gillespie is doing evangelistic work in Wilkes county.

C. W. Sapp is pursuing a commercial course at Oak Ridge Inst.

Joseph H. Peele has returned from the West and is now at his home.

J. Waldo Woody is assistant postmaster at High Falls, Moore county.

E. D. Stanford is editor of the *Yadkin Ripple*, published in Yadkin county.

Gaither M. Scott has a position as stenographer in a railroad office in Raleigh.

Miss Bessie Meader, '93 is book-keeper for the Globe Furniture Co., of High Point.

Miss Laura Davidson was married to Mr. John B. Ogburn at Summerfield on April 14. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations to the couple.

Mr. Vanderbilt has ordered a specimen of all the birds found on his estate in Western North Carolina to be taken and mounted, and T. G. Pearson, '97, has been secured to do the work.

The publishers of L. C. Van Noppen's translation from the Dutch language of Vondel's *Lucifer* have issued a notice of the publication with criticism. The translation is pronounced by the leading Dutch critics as a superior piece of work. Mr. Van Noppen's late work has established him in his chosen field, and his friends will be glad to hear of his success.

EXCHANGES.

RUTH MURRAY WORTH, EDITOR.

We are glad to receive *The College Message* from our near neighbor, the Greensboro Female College. In the last number "Social Life in the XVIII. Century" is an article of interest. It shows study on the part of the writer, and we like to commend it.

The editors of the *Wake Forest Student* are to be commended for the promptness with which they send out their magazine. "His First Case" is a simple story told in a natural manner. We

are glad to see this style of writing in our exchanges, and we wish to discourage the unnatural, bombastic arrangement of words which some amateurs use.

Through the columns of *The King College Magazine* for March we were glad to become better acquainted with Browning, Robert Morris and Burns. The three essays on the lives of these men gave us a clearer insight into their character. The one entitled "Browning's Poetry and Personality" is the most literary, the thought and expression being well balanced.

"Intension vs. Extension," an article in the *Trinity Archive*, shows very plainly the tendency of American people to broaden rather than to deepen. It is well worth the consideration of all who have an opportunity to read it. To the many students who were interested in the International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement the account given in this magazine is very interesting.

The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* has among other good things a word about biographies. From an editorial relative to this subject we clip the following: "How fascinating is it to study our fellow creatures! And we are glad that men everywhere are beginning to look more deeply into the character, the personal and everyday life of the giants who have left their impress on the world's history. A search for truth it is, and we know the results will be for the best. We are inclined to think that biographies furnish the best kind of reading, especially for the young."

STARS.

Uplift your head of fire,
 Starwatchers of the night;
 Look on the dust and mire
 Of this world's loss and blight:
 Your lightnings flash from space to space,
 While earth a path obscure must trace.
 Look once again; behold
 Orbs of diviner light
 Within this planet old,
 Souls in God's image bright:
 Shrink back, eclipsed, each waning sphere;
 Immortal are the splendors here.
 —Exchange.

EVENING.

Upon the golden bier the dead day lies;
 And in the skies,
 Flick'ring star candles light its soul away.
 Farewell, sweet day!
 Earth's countless voices in a requiem flow,
 The mourning wind sobs low.
 Like smoke from censors swung by unseen hand
 Dim mists wreath all the land.

—*Collegium Forense.*

THE YEAR.

Throughout the constant cycle of the year
 The Spring's sweet voices first its anthems raise;
 With flowers thousand-hued the woodlands blaze,
 And feathered songsters carol loud and clear.

Bright Summer comes, the smile of springtide's tear,
 And joyous through her long and perfect days;
 With happy heart she glows her song of praise,
 Almost divine, with heaven bending near.

The Autumn's ripening harvests gild the world;
 Her gorgeous leaves, all bright-emblazoned, fall,
 And, whirling, fly before her chilly breath.

Behold now every leafy banner furled;
 And wrapped the earth in spotless, snowy pall,
 The Winter spreads upon the old year's death.

—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1898.

OUR FIFTH SEASON

IN THE

Clothing and Furnishing Business.

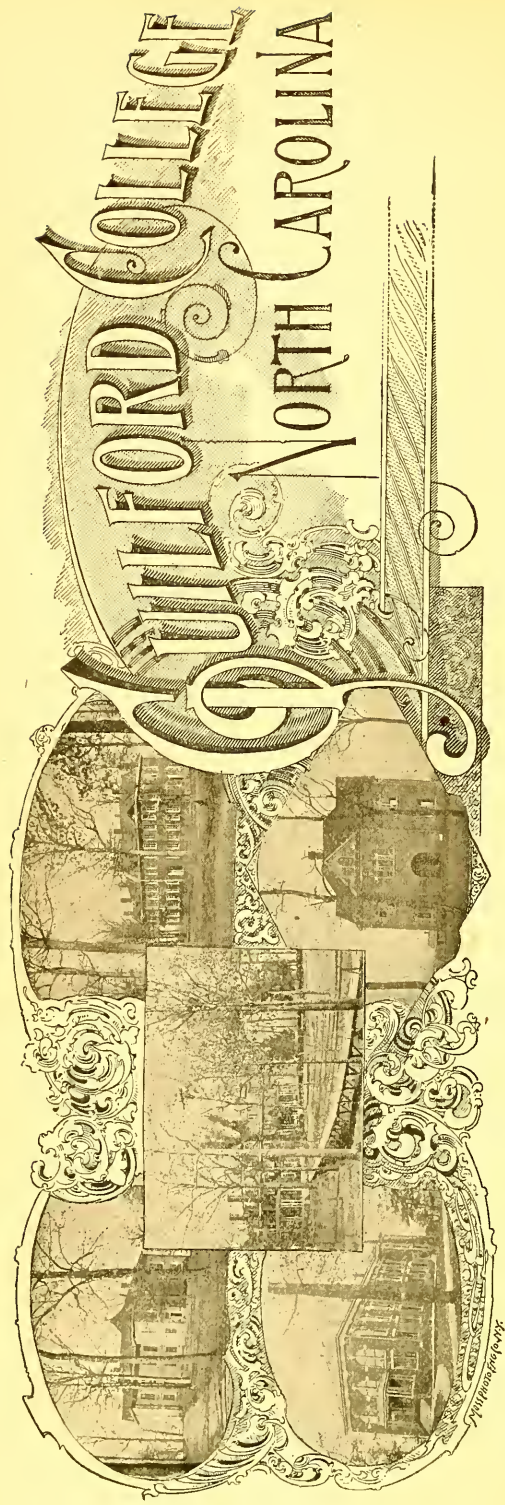
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We wish to return thanks to the readers of the COLLEGIAN
for their many past favors, and respectfully solicit their future
patronage.

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THE PRESIDENT,

GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. X.

MAY, 1898.

No. 9

CAMBRIDGE, ENG., 4-14, '98.

Editors of Guilford Collegian :

DEAR FRIENDS : I left New York on the morning of February 26 for the Old World on the steamer Campania, of the Cunard line, a splendid ship, perfect in all its appointments. We made the sail to Queenstown in 5 days 15 hours and 40 minutes. I sat upon the deck every day watching the great white-topped waves rise like the sails of some distant ship; then sink down again, only to rise again with more beauty and grandeur. The sea air gave me a good appetite, I had none of the sickness of which I heard so much and the voyage was over all too soon. But, with a thankful heart, I stood on up the shores of Old England and the dream of years was realized.

I spent the Sabbath in Liverpool to rest, as the friend said by whom I was entertained, but I had six meetings that day.

There are many things in this old country which impress an American as being very queer.

The first thing which puzzled me was the money. When I was told at the railroad station that my fare was two and sixpence and a halfpenny I was out, and in the store that an article was worth one and a twopence I was as far off as ever; so I just held out my hand with what change I had and told them to help themselves. But when I learned that a shilling is the unit of value and that twenty of them make a pound, I got on better. But it is much more complicated than our system of money.

The railroad cars are also a problem. One is thrust into their little apartments with scarcely room to turn around and with no means of heating and no way of communicating with the train officials—a position not altogether pleasant. There are no conductors and the tickets are taken up at the end of the journey; a smart Yankee would ride all over the kingdom without paying anything.

I have had two weeks in London, with about one meeting a day. I had time to look around some. London is a wonderful city, with

its six million inhabitants. Everything has the appearance of age and solidity; there is nothing modern about it. The street cars are propelled by horse-power. The streets are lighted by the old flickering gas jet, and when I go to my room at night I am given the tallow candles of my childhood with which to light myself to bed.

The most interesting thing about London is the British Museum. The wonders of the ancient world have been brought to it. I stood and looked into the well-preserved faces of mummified men who died three thousand years before Christ; men who may have seen Abraham, or might have marched with Moses across the Dead Sea. As I stood in this room full of dead men of the past a strange feeling came over me—a feeling of awe and wonder. The dead past came before me. The mighty armies, the grand conquerors; all dead now. What is life with all its glory? In the Museum are the stone statues of kings who ruled when Moses and Joshua went out of Egypt. The statue of Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Exodus, stands twelve feet high, like some mighty man of valor. The sarcophagi, hewn of rock, of kings and warriors who figured in history when the world was young. But I can give but a glimpse of the Museum.

We go to the Tower of London, which was built by William the Conqueror about 1078. It has been used as a royal residence, a cathedral and a prison. From out its grim walls have marched many noble men and women to the executioner's block, which stood within the open court in the enclosure. William Penn was once imprisoned in the Tower, but happily there was no law by which his head could be demanded.

The old block on which have been laid the necks of saints, statesmen, soldiers and kings is still preserved in the Tower. The axe with which the terrible work was done is close beside it. The center of a vaulted chamber is occupied by a double iron case, in which, suitably arranged, are the splendid objects which form the Regalia of England. The crown of Queen Victoria occupies the highest place. It is composed largely of the stones taken from old crowns, and was made especially for the coronation of Her Majesty in 1838. The gross weight of the crown is 39 ounces 5 pennyweights (Troy weight). It is a crimson velvet cap, bordered with ermine. From the center rises an orb or mound of diamonds, also a cross composed of diamonds, with a magnificent sapphire in the center. There are other crowns in the case, but this one is the finest. Then, below

is the coronet of gold. The royal scepter is of gold, 12 feet 9 inches in length, the pommel ornamented with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The scepter, surmounted with a dove of gold, 3 feet 7 inches in length, banded with diamonds, is emblematic of mercy, but as it was made in 1661, it is wonderfully out of harmony with the times. The saltcellar of gold, richly jewelled, is a model of the White Tower. The ampullâ, a vessel for holding anointing oil used in the consecration services, is in the form of an eagle with extended wings, the oil poured through the beak; twelve smaller saltcellars, with spoons, two gold tankards and fountains complete the list of great things. In another case are two long swords, with gold and diamond bespangled handles. They are the swords of church and state. I am proud that I am an American, where every man is a member of the royal family of freedom, and where there is no sword of church, but where everyone is free.

We leave the Tower taking the route traversed by Anna Askew, the christian martyr, when she left the town to go to Smithfield to be burned at the stake. A marble post marks the spot where she and many others were burned for conscience sake. Nearby is a marble slab on which are the honored names of many who thus suffered. Near this spot is Newgate prison, a name familiar to Friends everywhere, because of the work of Elizabeth Fry, who, first recognizing that prisoners had souls and needed the Gospel of Jesus Christ, began her work of love and mercy to the poor confined there.

The first meeting I attended was at old Bunhill Fields, so famous in Quaker history as the burial place of George Fox, whose grave I visited as soon as meeting was over. A plain stone two feet high with the simple inscription, George Fox, with age and date of death is all that marks the resting place of this great hero. Nearby are the graves of John Bunyan, of "Pilgrim's Progress" fame, and Susanna Wesley, the mother of John and Charles.

Across a narrow street is the Chapel in which John preached. It stands much as he left it; the same pulpit and benches are there without change. Just behind the Chapel is the grave of the great preacher and founder of Methodism, who began his work seventy-five years later than George Fox, but whose followers are numbered by the millions.

The Friends' meeting at Bunhill Fields has long since been laid down. The house has been remodeled and a fine mission work is carried on there.

The next meeting I attended was at a place called Peele. This is the oldest Friends meeting house in London. It is a quaint house, with a gallery around three sides of it. The Friends' meeting here has also been laid down. Large additions have been made to the house, but the old meeting room stands as originally built. A flourishing mission is carried on and a night school, gymnastics, boys' clubs and a music school are a part of the work. A good brass band is also connected with the mission, which, on the night I was there, went on the street and played several tunes to call the people in for meeting.

In nearly all the meeting houses in London there are musical instruments. They are not used in the regular meetings, but in mission meetings.

Another interesting old place is Deptford. The house was built in the seventeenth century and remains much the same as when built. Peter the Great attended meeting there and the Friends pointed out to me the very bench on which he always sat, so I sat on it, too, and in order to get on the same spot on which the great Peter sat I continued to sit down until I had occupied the whole bench.

From London I went to Norwich to attend Quarterly Meeting. The house there is also of ye olden time, but very well built and comfortable. There is another meeting house in town which has been closed for years, called Gildencroft. Joseph John Gurney belonged to this meeting and is buried in the graveyard adjoining, together with seventy others of the Gurney family. The present generation of the Gurneys have all severed their connection with Friends. There is an old castle in this town which was built in about the sixth century. Its grim walls rise high above the surrounding buildings. It is surrounded by a moat and was in its day an impregnable fortress, but the modern cannon would make short work of it. The castle is now used as a museum and has what is said to be the finest collection of mounted birds in the kingdom; many of them are very rare and some kinds now extinct. The display of bird's eggs is not nearly so large as that in the Guilford collection. It would make Gilbert Pearson rejoice to see the place.

At Wisbeach I was entertained by Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, who is a Friend and sits at the head of the meeting. He has a fine library, in which are some rare old books. Here I saw the first map of Virginia ever made. It would need many changes to be up to date.

Thomas Clarkson, the great emancipation agitator, was born in this town, and a splendid monument to his memory stands in the public square.

From Wisbeach I went to Cambridge, the great seat of learning. There are seventeen colleges there, with three thousand students in attendance ; besides, there is one college for women, with about three hundred students. Many of these buildings were erected by the Monks and the Friars in the days of the Roman occupation of England. They are all built around a square, having a courtyard in the center, with porches and great arches all about. At one of the colleges Oliver Cromwell was educated. The poet Milton, Dr. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood in the human body, and many others who have gained fame and will always live in history, went out from these old walls to begin life's struggle.

Everywhere in England one is reminded that he is in a monarchical government. The aristocracy rules. The royal family is made much of. If one of the royal family has a corn on one of his royal toes, it is heralded all over the kingdom by the morning papers and telegrams are sent asking his Royal Highness after the health of his royal toe. So I give three cheers for democratic America, where every man is a king.

JAMES R. JONES.

Only a little withered flower,
 Thrown in the sunshine away;
But you will seek in vain for its like
 On many a wintry day.

ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION.

J. W. LEWIS.

In these days of wars and the rumors of wars, which are merely the expressions of the barbarism remaining imbedded in the very natures of men, the spirit of peace is spreading its influence. Notwithstanding the present upheaval, to prevent which every effort on the part of the powers was made, the establishment of peace has become a demand and a necessity among civilized nations. Not an armed peace, such as exists in continental Europe at the present time, maintained by a standing army of over four millions of men and a vast navy at the enormous expense of two billion of dollars annually; but a free and unrestrained peace, maintained by the conscience of the people. These nations keenly feel the weight of the standing armies as a hindrance to progress, and if they would keep pace with the advanced civilization of to-day, these things must be abolished. Still, under the circumstances, with the present jealousy existing between the powers, this cannot now take place. But civilization is slowly and surely making progress. Time must run her course. It has not been many years since two nations would go to war on account of the slightest misunderstanding between the heads of the respective nations; but that day is past and few are the nations to-day whose destinies are in the hands of one man. As civilization advances human reason broadens and things which formerly seemed not only impracticable but impossible are to-day realized facts. Two hundred years ago any one who advanced the idea of universal peace or international arbitration was looked upon as a dreamer; but if a dream then it is now almost a reality.

It was the custom with the savage to resort to brute force to settle any difficulty with his fellow; the court of justice is the modern institution established by civilized people for dealing with such affairs. If a community of individuals and a community of States can regulate their conduct with one another by a court with laws established upon the principles of right and justice; why then should it be impossible for a community of nations to establish an international court governed by laws founded upon the same principles? This scheme is perfectly feasible from the fact that temporary

courts have been established by nations from the beginning of history and in every instance the ends sought by these courts have been satisfactorily and permanently reached. International arbitration is no experiment and legislation in regard to it is no new thing. Many of the legislative bodies of Europe have passed resolutions favoring arbitration. The public press, and also the leading men in national affairs on both sides of the Atlantic are in sympathy with the project.

This movement for international arbitration can not at first embrace all civilization, so it necessarily remains for the initial step to be taken by the two leading nations of the world, the United States and Great Britain. It is fitting for these two peoples because they are of the same blood, speak the same language and are joined together by all the ties of common traditions, common institutions, and common aspirations. With Canada on the North, whose people are really a part of our own household, having every influence for peace and good will, and with the broad expanse of ocean that lies between us and the mother country, removing the irritation of contact, diminishing the causes and increasing the difficulties of an armed conflict, it seems that every possible thing is favorable for a union of these two nations in a scheme for bringing about permanent peace. Besides this the people of both countries want it; their actions speak for it, their conscience demands it.

During the century just closing more than eighty agreements for arbitration have been entered upon by civilized powers. Since the United States began her career as a nation she has been a participant in forty-eight arbitrations, and in eighteen of these Great Britain was the other party. Even with the proud and haughty Spain we have had four. And in these arbitrations there have been embraced almost every type of international controversy, questions of both public and private law, and those involving national rights and national honor. The eighty years of uninterrupted peace which these two nations have enjoyed is no small argument in favor of a permanent treaty between them. Yet during this time many differences have arisen which might have terminated in war, but all have been peaceably and permanently settled by arbitration. The most noted example in the history of this system of settling international disputes is the Alabama case. When were national rights and national honor more at stake? When was the peace that had continuously existed between the United States

and Great Britain for half a century more subject to rupture? For a time war seemed inevitable. But reason triumphed; and when the court, which convened at Geneva in 1871, rendered a decision satisfactory to both nations, the utility and the practicability of international arbitration was firmly established. If a court for dealing with such affairs can be established after the difficulties have arisen, when the excitement occasioned by the trouble is to be overcome, does it not seem more reasonable that a tribunal which should be permanent can and ought to be established? so that when these disputes come up they can immediately be disposed of, and the people would beforehand be assured of a speedy and a peaceable settlement. Then all uneasiness would be allayed, and the animosity which so readily arises in one nation for another, and which is so detrimental to the general good, would not be given an opportunity to assert itself. Had such a tribunal been in existence previous to the Venezeulean difficulty, while really there was never any danger of hostilities, the spirit of war between the United States and England never would have been aroused.

This court, as any other court, should have a clearly defined code of laws, to which each nation should be bound and conform. It would be less difficult to agree on a constitution for a tribunal dealing with future controversies than for a present one. The jurisdiction of the court would be limited only by questions which involve independence. To be sure, any liberty-loving people, as are either the American or British, would be averse to submitting such a grave question to arbitration; but this question will never again arise between us and England. All other questions of dispute, those in regard to boundaries, diplomatic privileges, rights of navigation, indemnities and the interpretation of treaties, have been, and can still be, satisfactorily settled without resort to arms. Diplomacy covers most of this ground and the power of court would be brought into play only when this art failed. With the tribunal established the failure of diplomatic negotiations would not even suggest war, for we would have the means of settlement already at hand.

After prolonged agitation, which aroused the best sentiment in England and in America, an arbitrary treaty was drafted; and on January 11th of last year was signed by the representatives of each government. It needed only the ratification of Congress to make it a reality. It passed the lower House of Congress and was sent to the Senate with an urgent appeal from President Cleveland for its passage.

To the great disappointment of those interested in it, it failed to pass the Senate; and thus the document destined to be the most portentous of any in the annals of history was made a blank paper by only four votes. The failure of the treaty to pass the Senate was predicted a calamity, but whether it will prove a calamity remains yet to be seen. Nevertheless the administration of Grover Cleveland will ever be a memorable one on account of the signing of the general treaty; and the signers, Richard Olney and Sir Julian Poncefote, have enrolled their names among the immortals. Hereafter generals of peace and not generals of war will be held in everlasting remembrance. Nothing could more fittingly crown the closing events of the nineteenth century, which has been one of surpassing progress and prosperity, than the establishment of a tribunal which should proclaim to the world that eternal peace existed between the two greatest nations on the globe—the two English-speaking peoples. And the twentieth century would be ushered in with a visible step in the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ among men, and before its close universal peace among nations throughout Christendom would be accomplished; and the world would then know that the Almighty Creator rules in the affairs of nations, as well as in the affairs of men.

“Then, o’er Earth’s war-field, till the strife shall cease,
Like Marven’s harpers, sing your songs of peace;
As in old fable rang the Thracian’s lyre,
’Midst howls of fiends and roar of penal fire,
Till the fierce din of pleasing murmurs fell,
And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.
Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,
Which the glad angels of the advent sung;
Their cradle-anthem for the Savior’s birth,
Glory to God and peace unto the earth!”

History records the futile attempts of arms to bring about permanent results; but at the present time are seen the stable evidences of things accomplished through peaceful agencies. Notwithstanding the present war, being waged in the interest of humanity and civilization, the strong arm of peace is the only instrument by which lasting results can be attained.

After all the great Napoleon said that “War is the business of blockheads,” and “War is hell,” are the words of Gen. Sherman. If war is such a foolish and horrible thing, does it not behoove the

two Christian nations, the recognized leaders of the world, to use every means possible to avert such national and such moral calamities? and set on foot a movement worthy of imitation by every people. An armed alliance of these two powers could compel peace among the nations; and equally strong would be an alliance on Christian principles in bringing about the same results, yet more beneficently.

While the arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain suffered defeat one year ago it does not necessarily mean that it is permanent, but on the contrary, it is believed by its supporters to be only temporary. During the past few months the ties of friendship between them have been strengthened as never before. The consummation of this treaty is a duty they owe to themselves and also to civilization, and the day of its accomplishment is not far distant. The American conscience is for arbitration; the conscience of Great Britain is for arbitration; the conscience of Christendom is for arbitration; and with reverence be it said Almighty God is for arbitration, and if God be for us who can be against us?

DUTY OF THE CLASSES TO THE MASSES.

FRANK S. ENGLISH.

When we review the history of nations, we see that, as a rule, they all have had a higher and a lower class, a stronger and a weaker element, the patrician and the plebian, the baron and the peasant, the master and the slave.

Like all other civilizations, the United States has had her days of slavery. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" we have horrors of human slavery presented with all its attendant evils and results. As we read these stories of human bondage, we shudder at the thought of its recurrence and repetition.

But negro slavery in the United States has now passed away; we call ours a free nation. All men are supposed to be equal in the eye of the law, and they claim the rights of personal security, property and freedom, without regard to color, sex or previous conditions of servitude. In this respect every man is a free man, may be

the architect of his own fortune; but, in another view and higher sense, there are millions of Americans whose condition is as deplorable and as much to be commiserated as was ever the dusky population on the Southern plantations of half a century ago. The negro of this Southland was merely a slave in body; the masses of this republic are slaves in mind.

The poor black man realized his condition and passively submitted to the demands of task-masters. The great populace of this country are unconscious of their bondage, of their servitude; hence they have no desire to free themselves from their mental thralldom, making themselves content with being "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for all time. By their own efforts alone they will never emancipate themselves from this dependent and servile condition. Stupified and blinded by ignorance, they have no conception of the best things of life, and hence, they daily sacrifice their chance of success, greatness and happiness upon things of time and sense. Their aim is simply to live; it should be to live well.

There is a large class, contemporary with this great mass of humanity, whose aim is not even so noble and praiseworthy. They study how to live in passive indolence, luxury and ease, their wants being supplied by the sweat of other brows and other hands. Their life is wholly one of selfishness. They do not seem to realize that they are under obligations to society as well as to themselves to improve their opportunities, but rather they seem to think that others are under obligations to them; that the world owes them a living. The existence of such narrow-mindedness is not only a stumbling-block to their good and happiness, but it is a barrier to all social and political reforms, good government and better morals. Our commonwealth, our government, can never be the ideal of its founders until this class is elevated from this plane of life to something higher and nobler; to a sense of self-dependence. The flag of universal emancipation has never floated over a nation of human vampires and parasites.

But the great masses of our population are not alone responsible for their condition. We charge part of the responsibility to the classes, the educated, the more fortunate and strong. Economic conditions and industrial activity are such that the masses are not able to develop themselves. They need recognition and help from the more fortunate.

Then, what should the classes do for the masses? What is the

duty of wealth, station, influence, property and learning to the great mass of humanity, hampered and circumscribed by industrial laws and economic conditions? What should the strong do toward bringing the weak up to a realization of their capacities, their wants, their duties and their possibilities?

It has been said, "In the world there is nothing great but man; in man nothing great but mind." To fit man, therefore, for the highest duties, he must have mental and moral development. This growth is possible only through a broad and comprehensive education, not of selfishness, but of patriotism, and education that will fit one for a broader citizenship and self-help; that recognizes the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Without this education man cannot possibly see the higher and better side of life. He who has no knowledge of Botany cannot appreciate the higher beauty and harmony of nature. The green grass and myriads of beautiful flowers with which God has clothed the earth cannot yield to him their highest incentive to nobler thoughts and higher aspirations. Turning to the record of the ages we see the effect of causes creating great Geological and Chemical changes. We see the hillsides washing down into the valleys; we see the rocks wearing away into dust, passing off as sediment and returning again to rock. We see the plants grow up, bear flowers and fruit for a season and go back to soil—a grand, glorious, ever-changing picture! Who but the Geologist or Chemist or Botanist can realize its beauty? A person having no knowledge of moral science cannot appreciate in nearly so broad a sense as the man having this knowledge, his duty to himself, to his fellow-man or to God.

The man who has no scientific knowledge of the sun, the stars and the planets, of their inconceivable distance and uniform laws of motion cannot see reflected through them the unlimited power and wisdom of Him who made them. Only a person with some knowledge of Astronomy can realize this, the greatest of all truths, that "The heavens declare the glory of God."

Education of the lower classes will not only promote in them the growth of broader views, higher appreciation of nature and a higher intellectual and moral life, but a man having acquired skill and efficiency in his line of work through an education requires no legislation to help supply his physical wants. All he asks is that legislation put no barriers across his pathway to success. It is true, difficulties must be met by the educated as well as the ignorant, but

the educated can overcome them; the ignorant cannot. The aim and purpose of education is not to make life easier, it is to make men stronger.

It requires but a moment's reflection to see that the well-being and safety of the masses, hence society, depend upon their liberal education; but the unsettled question is, how can the liberal education of the masses be effected? The people, the voters, last summer when a proposition was submitted to levy a small per capita and property tax for the common schools, declared by an overwhelming protest their opposition to bettering the masses through the public schools of the grand old State. The record of that election is a shame and a burning disgrace to the manhood and patriotism of the commonwealth, and future citizenship will cry out against such selfish and cowardly conduct of this age.

We laud and commend the spirit of a few liberal-hearted, benevolent men of the times who have given and are still giving of their effects toward founding and endowing colleges and institutions for a small part of our population; but the great masses of mankind are forgotten, and the schools of the people are permitted to languish and drag out their short term of ineffective service. Let the strong continue their support to higher education by donations and by taxation, but let them not neglect the masses and an efficient system of public schools by which they may be able to compete successfully in the affairs of life.

When the Egyptians built those massive pyramids they knew that to support the weaker part there must be a strong foundation. They did not stick the top of the column into the earth and expect it to support the whole structure. The people of North Carolina are trying to build up a great pyramid, a system of education, something that requires a broader and stronger foundation than the Egyptian pyramids, but they have begun at the top of the structure and are neglecting the base. The classes forget the masses and give their means to support institutions attended by those who help themselves.

The classes are not only under obligations to educate the masses for the sake of the masses; it is a duty to themselves and of the greatest importance to them. They must do it in self-defence. The higher classes in this country must come in contact with the less worthy in many affairs of life. Then, to live well themselves they must elevate the masses. Education is the only means by which this can be accomplished.

Then, too, the elevation of the masses is a patriotic duty ; it is a public necessity. When the corner stones of this grand republic were placed, it was supposed that the best men would guide the ship of state; that men of character, integrity, virtue would hold the reins of government ; men of Christian intelligence ; men of honest convictions and courage to stand by them.

For half a century this early conception of the founders of the government was realized and the dreams of Washington and Jefferson became facts of history and experience. But through a vicious and ignorant population we have departed from the modes and polity of our fathers. Ignorance came into power ; greed was enthroned ; vice grew bold and impudent. But these evils must be represented in our politics in order to maintain a representative government. In consequence of this, they place men in high official positions who think and act as they do ; who think more of their own selfish interest than of the welfare of their large constituency through whose favors they enjoy the emoluments of their office.

This state of affairs in our public service is not because the country has no good, patriotic men ; not because the manhood and type of statesmanship have been lowered, but because the masses of this age know nothing of the best men and the great principles for which they stand.

In the last election the lower classes of the United States did not know what they voted for. It is true they knew they voted for Mr. McKinley, a republican, or they knew they voted for Mr. Bryan, a democrat. They knew Mr. McKinley was a gold standard man ; they knew Mr. Bryan advocated silver, and that was the extent of their knowlege. They did not know the meaning of a gold standard or of "free silver" in the ratio of "16 to 1." If they did not cast their vote for the party that paid them the most money, they cast it according to the dictates of political gossipers, who knew no more of the political issues of the day than themselves.

For the sake of good government these people should have an education. If government of the people, by the people, proves successful, educated men and women must make it so. If we had universal education the problems of the present and future would take care of themselves. There can be no collective industrial problem where each man is capable of solving his own individual problem for himself. If each man was capable of solving his own

problem the great wrangling over the questions of finance, tariff and civil service reform would be a thing of the past. By universal education these questions would be settled—settled right and for all time. Reform in education is reform in every direction ; it is the greatest of all reforms.

It is thought by many that nothing is able to save our country ; that she cannot long stand the test of financial distress which is now upon us ; that our institutions must go down on the shoals of ignorance and superstition. But, thanks to education and Christianity, this country need not fall. It is well for us to remember during these times of distress and doubt that we are descendants of a hardy historic stock. The Anglo-Saxon race is strong and invincible. If nations do succumb to vice and ignorance, the underlying causes of all degenerating agencies, it cannot be the United States. We are sons and daughters of Him that overcometh. Whether or not the people of the United States prove themselves worthy of their fathers depends mainly on the educated, the wealthy and the strong. We believe they will do their duty whenever they can properly appreciate their responsibilities, and we think the great masses of mankind are beginning to understand that all the benefaction needed for them in the race of life is the means of a liberal education at the hands of the more fortunate. The people—all of us—know these things. Happy, thrice happy, shall we be if we do them.

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MAY, 1898.

In making to the readers of the COLLEGIAN the customary farewell speech, the Editors find it very difficult to say anything which was not long ago stereotyped in the college magazine. We might truthfully repeat that our work has been sometimes pleasant, sometimes disagreeable, sometimes encouraging, often the opposite, and, in the thought that failure is often as profitable an experience as success, we feel sure that almost every particular of our work has been beneficial to the editors. We are painfully aware of the fact that the COLLEGIAN has not always been what it should have been during the past year. We could have predicted every one of the adverse criticisms it has received before the manuscript went to the printer, but as has been stated in a former number practically no assistance has been received from the students—a difficulty which we fancy none of our contemporary editors have encountered.

We can but hope that the future editors of the COLLEGIAN may perform their duties under more favorable circumstances than we have; and with the progressive changes through which the College is just now passing we believe this will be the case.

• A WORD OF CONGRATULATION.

We wish to congratulate the college and sincerely to thank the trustees for the arrangement whereby board has been reduced from twelve to eight dollars a month. Think of it! A college with equipment and accommodations much above the average, noted throughout the State and beyond it for thorough training and sterling character is throwing open its doors for so small an amount. The noble old college is proving anew that its only purpose is to help in every way possible those who come within its walls. Nor will its advantages be reduced in any way. The situation on a large farm and the careful and efficient financial oversight make the arrangement possible. Now, Alumni, old students and friends of Guilford, let us do our part in helping to extend her usefulness by everywhere speaking a word for her, and so helping to swell the numbers who next year shall enjoy her advantages.

COMMENCEMENT.

THE PHILAGOREAN CONTEST.

The first entertainment in Memorial Hall was the oratorical contest of the Philagorean Literary Society on Friday evening, May 13. The stage was tastefully decorated with palms and other foliage plants, and about eight o'clock Annie K. Blair, as president, welcomed a fairly large audience.

First on programme was a solo by Rosa Moffitt. This was followed by the oration, "Divinity of Nature," by Ruth Copeland. She treated the old but ever new thought of seeing God in His work and brought out clearly a few of the numberless ways of doing this. "Ancient Scandinavian Literature," by Ida E. Millis, was a brief history of the wonderful but neglected classics of the Norse language—that own cousin of English which flourished in Scandinavia and Iceland.

Next came a piano solo by Mrs. Albright, and then the prize oration, "Influence of the Puritan Spirit," by Lillie White. This was very logical and well written and showed careful study.

The title, "Frances E. Willard," conveys an idea of the fourth oration, that by Ruth M. Worth. It was a short biographical sketch of the great leader and an estimate of her work and influence.

Clara Woodward sang "Bid Me to Love."

Prof. J. Y. Joyner, of the State Normal, Greensboro, in a very appropriate talk presented the prize—a collection of books.

THE HENRY CLAY ORATORICAL CONTEST.

It was the opinion of everyone that the Henry Clays would have a close and interesting contest. Indeed, this was the case. A more successful and in every way satisfactory contest is seldom held by any Society at the College. A keen sense of responsibility seemed to be felt by every member and the neatness and dispatch with which the whole performance was carried on was very noticeable.

The decorations were beautiful. Ferns and palms were banked at either pillar on the stage and in the rear.

A few minutes past eight President Tomlinson announced the opening exercise to be a piano quartette, by four Henry Clay young ladies. The orations, "Charles Dickens," by C. D. Cowles; "American Magazine," by E. K. Stone, and "National Dishonor," by J. L. Cartland, were delivered in the best oratorical style. "On the Banks of the Wabash" was the name of the song sung by Calvin Cowles and chorus. This was very fine and was sung as an encore at the musical which followed a few nights later. The three orations, "Music, a Divine Gift of God," by L. L. Barbee; "The Duty of the Classes to the Masses," by F. S. English, and "The Iron Chancellor," by C. L. Holton, were every one medal winners.

The judges, however, decided on Mr. C. L. Holton as the orator of the Henry Clay Literary Society for 1898.

THE MUSIC RECITAL.

After speaking in such laudatory terms of the contest and then coming to the musical with the same words of praise, it would seem that we were of the opinion that nothing could happen at Guilford

but the best. This, however, is not the case, for the whole affair was a grand success. The reputation Mrs. Albright has made for herself brought in a large crowd, and they were not disappointed in finding a good entertainment on this occasion. It was given on May 19th. Everything on the program was good as we have said before, but we make especial mention of "The Bridal Chorus," from Cowen's beautiful cantata, "The Rose Maiden," and the vocal solo, "The Daisy," by Janie Griffin. Miss Griffin sang very easily and does not seem to put forth any unusual effort to reach the high notes.

The entire program is as below :

1. Bridal Chorus, "The Rose Maiden," *Cowen*.....Chorus Class
2. Piano Quartette, "Coquettish Smile," *Englemann*,
Rosa Moffitt, Estelle English, Mrs. Albright, Janie Griffin.
3. Song, "Let me Love Thee," *Arditti*.....Clara Woodward
4. "Forget me Not," *Rheinberger*.....Glee Club
5. Gypsy Chorus, "The Bohemian Girl," *Rolfe*.....Chorus Class
6. Piano Solo, "Berceuse," *Beaumont*.....Kathleen Lindley
7. "Evening on the Campus," *Woodruff*.....Glee Club
8. Song, "The Daisy," *Arditti*.....Josie Griffin
9. Sextette, "El Capitan," *Sousa*,
Alma Kelly, Kathleen Lindley, Mrs. Albright, Ruth Worth, Estelle
English, Rosa Moffitt

THE WEBSTERIAN CONTEST.

On the night of May 20th the largest audience ever collected in Memorial Hall with the exception of commencement day, attended the contest given by the Websterian Literary Society. All had anticipated a delightful evening and no one was disappointed. All the features of the evening harmoniously conspired to make the occasion a great success. The speeches were carefully prepared and well delivered. There were five speakers and the subjects and names are:

- "The Anglo-Saxon in America".....J. C. Hill.
 "Rienza, the Last of the Tribunes".....F. F. Kerner.
 "North Carolina Emigration".....H. C. Taylor.
 "The Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty".....J. W. Lewis.
 "The great Russian Reformer".....T. B. Hinton.

Messrs. Geo. Wilson, A. W. Blair and Addison Hodgkin acted as judges and after long deliberation awarded the prize, an International Dictionary and holder, to Mr. J. W. Lewis. It was gracefully delivered by Mr. Joseph H. Peele. The Improvement medal was awarded to Mr. T. B. Hinton, and was presented to him in a thoughtful speech by Prof. Addison Hodgkin. The President, Mr. Walter Blair came forward and announced that the Society had just had painted a portrait, which they wished to exhibit, and before the audience had time to guess as to whose portrait it was, the life-like face of President Hobbs was unveiled before their pleased eyes.

The music was furnished by Brockmann's Orchestra, and, it is needless to say, was of the highest order.

MEMORIAL HALL DEDICATION.

Memorial Hall was formally dedicated Saturday, May 21. There was a large attendance and although it was extremely warm in the auditorium the audience was very attentive throughout.

Rev. Joseph Potts, of Greensboro, conducted the devotional exercises, by reading from the Book of Psalms. This was followed by a most fervent prayer. President Hobbs followed with a five-minute speech in honor to the donors—Messrs. B. N. and J. B. Duke—who erected the building in memory of their sister, Mary Elizabeth Lyon. She, as well as her brothers, was educated at this institution.

President Hobbs spoke in very thankful terms of the gift of \$10,000 in cash, which has enabled Guilford College to erect a long-needed Science Hall.

After this the song, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," was sung by the Guilford College Glee Club.

Dr. Henry Louis Smith, Davidson College, delivered the principal address. All who have heard Dr. Smith on any occasion know of the enthusiasm which he puts into an address. His subject was the "Power and Value of Scientific Training in the Intellectual World." He took it up under four heads :

- (1.) Habits of accuracy.
- (2.) Logical habits of thought.
- (3.) Freedom from mental pride, provincialism, stubbornness and superstition.
- (4.) Inspiration.

He ridiculed especially the superstition of our people on the old saying, "*Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*," and said it could only be remedied by

- (1.) Classification.
- (2.) Induction.
- (3.) Deduction.
- (4.) And experimental applications of the sciences.

His lecture was of the finest and was highly appreciated.

The short-speech men then had their turn. Governor Daniel L. Russell was the first, and in his characteristic style of wit, spoke for a few minutes of his fellow speakers and then praised the conservatism, genuineness and nobleness of the Friends of North Carolina who founded such an institution. He said the Quakers were always known anywhere by the absence of sham.

Hon. James H. Southgate then spoke for twenty minutes on "the right of women to have an equal education with men and how Guilford had led in this step in North Carolina." He continued with words of highest praise to Mary Elizabeth Lyon, and in relating a few incidents connected with her life, did her honor and said that Guilford College could well pattern after such a noble, Christian woman.

Dr. McIver, of the State Normal College, occupied fifteen minutes in showing some of the works of the institution and how they influenced the people of the Old North State.

Dr. Alderman spoke highly of the institution and said he could not stay away from this dedication for at least one main reason, and that was that Guilford furnishes the first lady graduate at the University during its 103 years of educational work. He also spoke briefly of his trip abroad.

The occasion will long be remembered by the people here and friends of the college as being a most pleasant and instructive one. Among the distinguished guests were Governor Russell and wife, Dr. C. D. McIver and wife, Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, Dr. Henry L. Smith, Rev. Egbert W. Smith and Mr. W. H. Worth and wife.

SUNDAY'S EXERCISES.

At 11 A. M., May 22, Rev. Egbert W. Smith, of Greensboro, preached the Bacchalaureate sermon in the auditorium of Memorial Hall, from Matt. xx., 26-27, and Ex. iv., 2, he drew a message both

powerful and very helpful. Many will not forget his application of the searching question, "What is that in thy hand?"

At 7 P. M. the usual C. E. prayer-meeting was held and at 7:30 a general prayer-meeting, in which Mr. J. B. Garrett, of Philadelphia took a leading part.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

After a rainy night Commencement Day proper dawned cloudy and threatening, and many were the regrets that the success of the occasion should be detracted from by such unpleasant weather; but while it remained cloudy the whole day we were spared the annoyance of rain. The attendance would, of course, have been greater had the weather been fine, but, as it was, the crowd was larger than usually attends commencement here.

At 10 o'clock President Hobbs, Mr. J. B. Garrett, and the graduating class of eleven came upon the stage and took their seats. There were already upon the stage Mrs. Governor Russell, State Treasurer Worth and other dignitaries. Mrs. Mary C. Woody conducted the opening exercises. The President then welcomed the audience to the first commencement held in Memorial Hall and explained that Frank S. English, who was seated with the class, would be identified with it, but lacked one term's work of finishing the course and would receive diploma at end of that time.

Only four of the eleven orations prepared were delivered. They were Nos. 6, 11, 5 and 7 of the following program;

- 1.—Opening Exercise.
- 2.—Oration, "A Holy Experiment".....Anna Ray Anderson, High Point.
- 3.—Oration, "America's Policy of Territorial Extension,"
Walter Elihu Blair, Archdale.
- 4.—Oration, "The Duty of the Classes to the Masses,"
Frank Stevens English, Monroe.
- 5.—Oration, "The Bible in Literature" ..Ada Martitia Field, Guilford College.
- 6.—Oration, "A Lost Opportunity".....Lena Alvera Freeman, Archdale.
- 7.—Oration, "The Claims of American Politics,"
John Mabry Greenfield, Kernersville.
- 9.—Oration, "Modern Political Movements in Spain,"
Ora Helena Jinnett, High Point.

- 10.—Oration, "The Cotton Mill Industry of the South,"
Herbert Clinton Petty, Greensboro.
- 11.—Oration, "The Poet as Seer" John Oscar Redding, Hoover Hill.
- 13.—Oration, "Great Men as Statesmen". Sidney Halstead Tomlinson, Archdale.
- 14.—Oration, "The French Revolution"..... Percy Worth, Guilford College.
- 15.—Conferring Degrees.
- 16.—Baccalaureate Address..... John B. Garrett, Philadelphia.

The young ladies delivered their orations with occasional reference to manuscript. The young men spoke entirely from memory. These four orations were given in the smoothest manner, and it was generally agreed that they were as fine as any delivered here for many a commencement.

President Hobbs conferred the degrees and addressed the class with words full of good advice and encouragement.

The baccalaureate address was delivered by John B. Garrett, on the subject: "Some of the Modern Problems Confronting Our Government." Among these were mentioned, the proper distribution of wealth and the preservation of our past policy of avoiding foreign entanglements. He also mentioned the distressing probability that the present war is being waged for revenge rather than for the pacification of Cuba. The thought running through the whole address was of the greatest importance and was presented in a very impressive way. After the address, President Hobbs announced that Herbert C. Petty had won the Haverford, and Ada M. Field the Bryn Mawr Scholarship.

THE ALUMNI GAME.

In the afternoon at three o'clock a large crowd witnessed the defeat of the Alumni by the College team. Parker and Morris ran the battery for the former and Petty and English for the latter. Either the visitors were very much out of practice at the bat or Petty pitched remarkable ball. Probably both are true, for the scorer got tired keeping the record of number struck out. Parker in the box for Alumni also did good work. The game resulted in a score of 8 to 2 for the College team. The Alumni are to be congratulated on holding down to eight runs a team which scored 26 on Oak Ridge. It was a strong game all around.

RE-UNION OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS OF '89.

This interesting event occurred at 7:30 o'clock Monday evening. Good speeches were made by Messrs. W. P. Ragan, J. T. Matthews, Walter Grabbs and others.

THE ALUMNI BANQUET

Took place at 9 o'clock in the elegant rooms in Memorial Hall. The refreshments were delightful. After supper several interesting toasts were given, and all, especially the newly initiated class, report a very happy evening.

The following officers were elected for the Alumni Association: President, John T. Benbow. Vice-President, Cornelia Roberson. Secretary, Elizabeth M. Meader. Treasurer, A. W. Blair. Orator, Frank Benbow. Alternate, E. Eugene Gillespie.

Executive Committee.—Rena Worth, '89; David White, '90; Mary E. Davis, '91; Walter W. Mendenhall, '92; James P. Parker, '93; Ruth C. Blair, '94; S. H. Hodgin, '95; Mollie Roberts, '96; Lelia Kirkman, '97; Oscar Redding, '98.

Athletic Committee.—O'Neill Ragsdale, Addison Hodgin, Hiram B. Worth, Arthur Lyon, James P. Parker.

Reception Committee.—Henryanna Hackney, Samuel H. Hodgin, Annie F. Petty, Mary E. Davis, Walter H. Mendenhall.

ATHLETICS.

In closing this year's contests with the Alumni game we cannot but feel that the record made is one to be proud of. Again we feel doubly paid by this year's work, in that all old debts are paid. The A. & M. C. suffered defeat both at the hands of our foot ball and base ball teams. The O. R. I. crack team allowed our boys to place 22 nice safe hits in fair ground and score 26 runs, which was just double the score made by them.

We bespeak for the next year's teams much success, and with the support of the students, faculty and trustees this will be done.

THE SECOND O. R. I. GAME.

It is a well-known fact that when base ball teams of whatever rank or class follow the Oak Ridge nine to their own grounds they are usually paid for their trouble by severe defeat. A glorious exception to this rule was the second game which Guilford played the Institute boys on April 30. After playing Guilford such a close game on the latter's grounds it was but natural that with their large crowd of rooters and familiar grounds the red and blue should expect a great victory. But it was soon discovered that the O. R. I. pitcher was not giving the Guilford boys a particle of trouble and he was changed; then another change was made. But this precaution could not stay the tide of Guilford's victory. They kept up their work with the stick beautifully and scored 26 runs. Petty was not in his best condition, having a weakened back, but, notwithstanding he held Oak Ridge to 5 till the eighth inning, when he weakened and his opponents scored 9 runs. Taylor, Armfield and Petty did good batting for Guilford. Wat plays well at short. The game was entirely satisfactory and our players received very hospitable attention. The score by innings was:

Guilford.....	3	0	1	5	4	0	4	9	0—26
Oak Ridge.....	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	3	6—13

Hits—Guilford, 22; Oak Ridge, 5. Errors—Guilford, 6; Oak Ridge, 9. Batteries—Guilford, Petty and Morris; Oak Ridge, Bennett, Barker, Malone and Brake. Umpire—Mr. Lucian Smith.

BATTING AVERAGE OF TEAM OF '98.

PLAYER.	AT BAT.	BASE HITS.	BATTING AVERAGE.
Tomlinson	32	6	.187
Petty	33	17	.515
Jim Fox.....	34	15	.481
Watkins	29	12	.414
Ed. Taylor.....	31	12	.393
John Fox.....	31	8	.258
Ballinger	4	1	.250
Holton	9	1	.111
English	20	4	.200
Armfield.....	29	5	.173
Morris	11	1	.095

LOCALS.

E. K. STONE, EDITOR.

—Base ball :

Oak Ridge, 13; Guilford, 26.

G. C. Alumni, 2; Guilford, 9.

Games played, 8.

Games won, 6.

Games lost, 1.

Per cent., .857.

—How did you like the contests ?

—Wilson Carrell's brother was on the Campus during the Phi. and Clay contests.

—Misses Bertha Snow, Sallie Millis and Clara Cox were here to the Phi. and Clay contests.

—King says the faculty ought to give those lamps in Memorial Hall 5 deductions for smoking.

—Mrs. Leavitt has been at the College several days visiting her son, Bernard, and attending commencement.

—Sampson and Dewey declared their intention of bombarding examinations, but their plans were all changed.

—Miss Lena Blair, who was called home several weeks ago, returned in time for commencement and just after Exams. were gone.

—Prof. White has been leading the surveying class some long chases with the chain and transit recently. They have made a complete plot of the college estate.

—Next year's editors, so far as are known, will be : Editors, E. K. Stone and J. W. Lewis ; Associate Editors, C. D. Cowles and Robert Willis ; Business Manager for Henry Clay Society, Rush King. The others will not be elected until next term.

—Mr. W. K. Matthews, college secretary of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., spent some days at the college recently. He spoke to the young men on Sunday afternoon and took charge of the regular Sunday evening prayer meeting. His deliv-

ery is very attractive and we were very glad to have the opportunity of hearing a man so intensely spiritual and deeply in earnest.

—Right joyfully the Philagorean Society filed up the plank walk and into the Henry Clay Hall on Friday evening, April 29. As always, a good program was ready. Singing by Clay Quartette was followed by an amusing farce, "The Patent Medicine Man." Then came a lively discussion of the question, "Resolved, that war with Spain is justifiable," and, after this, song and a paper. The Philagoreans report a very enjoyable evening and wish the Clays much success.

—On May 6 the Philagoreans again very gladly laid aside their program for the evening, and responded to an invitation to visit the Websterians. Taking the opinion of the visitors, and that not expressed in the presence of any member of the society visited, the program was highly satisfactory. The Websterian String Band gave several pieces of music, and the question, "Resolved, that the U. S. should annex foreign territory," was ably discussed. A paper on "The Present Aspect of the War," completed the program. After the society adjourned, to their surprise, the girls were invited into another room and served strawberries so long as they would wish to eat. When the retiring bell rang, the Philagoreans expressed thanks sincerely felt, and went away feeling increased friendship and honor for their brother society.

PERSONALS.

J. W. LEWIS, EDITOR.

John L. Vest is selling drugs for a Baltimore house.

John H. Jordan has enlisted in the South Carolina troops.

Elwood Reynolds, '93, is in the marble business at Tucson, Ariz.

E. F. Craven is agent for farming implements at Ore Hill, N. C.

Robert Swing is coachman for Dr. Stubbs' mother near Philadelphia.

Miss Mabel Hall spent the past year at the State Normal College at Greensboro.

Miss Ellen Woody is matron in a home for crippled children at Merchantsville, N. J.

Thomas H. Redding is travelling in the interest of a machine manufacturing company.

Geo. V. Fulp was one of the principals of the Kernersville Academy during the past year.

G. R. Allen, '95, is in the employ of the Pennsylvania R. R., being stationed at New York City.

Miss Ethel Diffie was a student in the commercial department at the Greensboro Female College this year.

E. M. Cole, a student at Guilford in the '80's, is now Superintendent of Public Instruction in Moore county.

Harris Bristow is a member of the firm of Fuller Bros. & Bristow, dealers in horses and mules, Bennettsville, S. C.

Miss Lela Williams was occupied with duties at home this year. A part of her time was taken up as assistant in the post office at East Bend.

John and Frank Benbow are successful partners in law, with an office at East Bend. The former is also one of the firm of Benbow & Hall, of Winston.

Dr. N. G. Word, a student here in 1888-'89, has recently been appointed chief of the department of throat, nose and ear diseases at the St. Agnes Hospital, Philadelphia.

EXCHANGES.

RUTH MURRAY WORTH, EDITOR.

When the present issue of THE COLLEGIAN is put before the Public, the duties which have fallen to the present staff in regard to our paper will cease. When this number reaches many of the colleges it will be only after vacation has begun. Perhaps in the early fall some student who has been lately elected Exchange editor will find this, as he rambles among the the publications which he finds

on magazine table. An Exchange Department can add very much to the value of a paper or it can be almost worthless. The first requisite of a successful editor in this field is to be fair in his criticisms. We must, if possible, disengage our minds of personal considerations and preferences and learn to judge one from a standard of merit. It is very easy to let circumstances color our opinions. May greater success attend the efforts of the Exchange Editor in the coming school year.

Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride. Manners is something with everybody ; it is everything with some.—*Ex.*

Some one has said that the greatest difference which exists between an educated and uneducated man is whether he is accurate or not. Let us be careful as to details.—*Ex.*

Harvard has graduated more than any other college in America, the number of her alumni being 17,684. Yale stands next, with 16,765. The Universities of Pennsylvania and Michigan each have over 10,000.—*Ex.*

The man who risks himself in the current to save a human life may appear ungraceful to the by-standers. He may not be a professional swimmer and his strokes break every law of Boynton. But who dares to judge him with the cold eye of a critic ? It is a question of life. He is giving himself to his work with a heroism which shames the multitude of on-lookers. He ought to be judged by his practical intelligence, his decisive character and his heroic heart. These are the men who do and dare.—*Ex.*

THE CRITIC.

The critic sits with critical mien
His eye on the manuscript,
And the very first place he glances at
Is to see by whom it is writ.

Has he any kind of moderate fame,
Has he written before at all ?
Is there any chance of his having a name,
If his approving edict should fall ?

Or what has he said of his squibs before,
And what do the others say ?
And before he has looked even once at the lines,
Perhaps it is thrown away.—*The White and Blue.*

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